THE ACADEMY OF ELOQUENCE:

Containing a Compleat

ENGLISH RHETORIQUE,

Exemplified;

Common Places and *Formula's* digested into an easie and Methodical way to speak and write fluently, according to the *Mode* of the present Times:

WITH

LETTERS both { *AMOROUS* and *MORALL*, }

Upon emergent occasions.

By *T. B.* of the Inner Temple, Esq.

The third Edition, with Additions.

CICERO,

Ut Hominis decus est ingenium:
Sic ingenii lumen est Eloquentia.

LONDON,

Printed for *Anne Moseley*, and are to be sold by *Thomas Clark* at the South entrance of the Royal Exchange, 1664.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

WEre it absolutely necessary for him that should write of Eloquence to be perfectly Eloquent, I would easily confess my self too rash in this Enterprize: But having seen often those treat knowingly of Painting, that never held Pencil; and Cicero remarking, that Aratus, by the common consent of learned men, wrote excellently of the Heavens and Stars, though he was no celebrated Astronomer; Put encourag'd to say, Why then may not I too discourse of Eloquence, without being an Orator?

Galen that great Master of Physick, who wrote so learnedly of every part of that Science, was little seen in the Practick; Nor

are those, that discourse best of the embattailing Armies, and differencing military functions, alwayes the best Warriors, or the most daring. The like may happen in this subject, that he, who is able to set down the Rules and Lawes which ought to be observ'd in Speech or style, may notwithstanding finde himself defective in the application, and so may be said to give that to others, which he has not himself.

Eloquence is equally fortunate in taming Passions, and in charming senses: she imitates Musick, and makes use of the voice of Orators to enchant the Eares, with the cadence of Periods, and the harmony of Accents; whilest the gestures, apt Motions, Natural Aire, and all those graces which accompany exact Recitation steal away the heart by the eyes, and work wonders upon the will. But Eloquence is chiefly grounded upon Wisdom, and Wisdom arises principally from a due pre-consideration of all our actions; Hence that excellent saying of a modern French Author, Il est impossible de bien dire, sans avoir bien pensé, 'Tis impossible to speak well without having first well consider'd what to speak. And Plotinus says; 'Tis wisdom to think upon any thing, before we execute it.

Now, as 'tis certain no Harmony can appear in his thoughts, nor soundnesse in his reason, whose speech is faltering and preposte-

rous:

rous: So likewise no clearness nor perfection in that Fancie, which delivers it self by a confus'd abortion. Great is the disparagement which flows from the defailance of the Tongue: it not only dishonours the person of the Speaker, but even sullys the opinion of his reason and judgement with a disrepute, and oft-times renders the very truth suspected.

If then it so befal our verbal expressions, which are transient and less liable to censure, and where one handsom expression may excuse a number of solæcismes: how shall that person be esteem'd prudent, whose pen layes him wide open in a fungous and sordid stile; how shall we expect ingenuity from him, whose leisure and Genius, assisted with the examen of his eyes, yield us no spirit in his writings? He that has worth in him and cannot express it, is a Cabinet keeping a rich Jewel, and the key lost, saies a modern Author; Whereas a good stile, with choice matter and embroidery of well chosen words, is like a beautiful Woman with a virtuous Soul, who attracts the eyes and charmes the hearts of all beholders.

This excellent faculty of speech has been in high esteem even from the very infancy, and will be to the end of the World; For in sacred Story we reade, the wise in Heart shall be called prudent, and the sweetness of

Prov. 16. 21.

the

the lips encreaseth understanding: Pleasant words are as an honycomb; sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. *Hence 'twas, an ancient Authour maintained, that* Pericles *(the Orator) was no less Tyrant in* Athens *then* Pysistratus, *without acknowledging other difference, then that this exercis'd his Empire armed, the other without armes, by the sole terrour of his speech, which* Aristophanes *compar'd to a thunder-bolt, as* Homer *did that of* Ulysses *to a Torrent that beares down all with its violence. And 'twas said of old, that the* tongue *of* Cyneas *(the fam'd Scholar of* Demosthenes*) conquer'd more Cities, then the* sword *of* Pyrrhus, *the valiant King of* Epire.

To have said thus much, of the much more might be added in behalf of this charming Faculty, and of the disadvantage commonly attending those who are unskill'd in it, may serve as an inducement to the youth of both Sexes (for whose benefit this little Work is chiefly intended, and to their acceptance consecrated) to make the perusal of it their subservient recreation for vacant houres; this with little study will not only facilitate your discourse into the moding language of these times but adapt your pens too with a quaint and fluent style, then which no qualities (with confidence I speak it) can render you more accomplish'd.

Here shall you be furnisht with all necessary mate-

materials and helps in order to the acquiring so great a treasure; such helps as have been advised and often wisht for, but never before published.

I. *The first part contains a more exact* English Rhetorique, *then has been hitherto extant, comprehending all the most useful Figures, exemplify'd out of the* Arcadia *and other our choicest Authors.*

II. *In the second, you have* formulæ majores *or* Common-places, *upon the most usual subjects for stile and speech: The use and advantage whereof is asserted by my Lord* Bacon, *who (in his* Advancement of Learning) *sayes thus; I hold the diligence and pain in collecting* Common-places, to be of great use and certainty in studying, as that which aides the memory, submitteth copy to invention, and contracts the sight of judgment to a strength.

III. *In the third place you shall find* Formulæ minores *(as my Lord calls them) lesser Formes, which he then reckon'd among the defects in our Language, and sayes they are as it were, the* Portals and postern-doors of stile and speech, and of no small use.

IV. *Lastly, you have a Collection of Letters and Addresses written to, for, and by several persons upon emergent occasions; with some particular* Instructions *and Rules premised for the better attaining to a Per-perfection.*

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The Formula's *are but* Analects, *which like the Humble-bee I gather'd in Spring-time out of the choisest Flowers of our English Gardens; nor have I in the Rhetorick or Letters transplanted much from my own barren Seminary; I may say to some noble Correspondents, what the Poet did of old in a like Case,* Sic vos non vobis—*But, you will easily distinguish Tinsil from better mettal: what is mine will appear to be so, by the* Bluntismes *that frequently occur; the rest are of better allay. So that if the defects of my own Essays be but pardoned, the rest, I am confident, will abide the touch, and pass for* Sterling.

Tho. Blount.

26 SE 60

ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 1. read *differ.* p. 5. l. 6. r. *deserts.* p. 15. l. 13. r. *stood* out. p. 16. l. 19. r. death before *life.* p. 22. l. 24. r. *render* sleep. p. 25. l. 4. r. *thousand.* p. 43. l. 4. r. to *be.* p. 45. l. 8. r. of *both.* p. 55. l. 8. r. many *ways.* p. 122. l. 20. r. *to repay.* p. 125. l. 3. r. to *loose.* p. 126. l. 30. r. taxed *of*—p. 129. l. 27. *form his*—p. 140. l. 9. r. Passe *temps.* p. 147. l. 32. r. *solve.* p. 154. l. 3. r. but *hear.* p. 168. l. 14. dele the Semicolon after *live*—p. 170. l. 25. r. *Lares.*

AN ENGLISH RHETORIQUE EXEMPLIFIED.

FIgures and *Tropes* (sayes *Alexander* the Sophister) are the vertues of Speech and Stile, as *Barbarisms* and *Solecisms* are the vices; we shall then begin with

A METAPHOR or *Translation* which is the friendly and neighbourly borrowing a word, to expresse a thing with more light and better note, though not so directly and properly as the natural name of the thing meant, would signifie. As to say, *Drops* of Dew are *Pearls*; *Flowers* in Meadows are *Stars*, and the *murmuring* of waters, *Musick*; that *little Birds* are *Angels* of the Forrests; *Whales* are *living Rocks*, or *Ships* with souls; that the *Sea* is a *moving earth*, and *fountain water*, *liquid Chrystal*. And in expressing *Desirous*; a kind of *Desire*, is *thirst*, and not much different from *thirst* is *hunger*; Therefore for *Swords desirous of blood*, Sir *Philip Sidney* sayes, *hungry of blood*. Where you may note three degrees of a *Metaphor* in the understanding; First, the fitnesse to bloodshed in a weapon usurps the name of

Deſirous, which is proper to a living Creature, and then that it proceeds to *thirſt*, and ſo to *hunger*.

The Rule of a *Metaphor* is, that it be not too bold nor too far fetch'd; And though all *Metaphors* go beyond the true ſignification of things, yet are they requiſite to expreſs the roving fancies of mens minds, which are not content to fix themſelves upon one thing intended, but muſt wander to the confines; Like the eye that cannot chooſe but view the whole knot, when it purpoſely beholds but one flower in the Garden; Or like an *Archer*, that knowing his *Bow* will overcaſt, or carry ſhort, takes aim on this ſide, or beyond the mark. Beſides, a *Metaphor* is pleaſant, becauſe it enriches our knowledge with two things at once, the *Truth*, and a *Similitude*; As this, *Heads diſinherited of their natural Seigniories*, whereby we underſtand both *beheading*, and the *government* of the head over the body, as the Heir has over the Lordſhip, which he inherits; Of which in another place, *To divorce the fair marriage of the head and body*; where, beſides the cutting off the head, we underſtand the conjunction of the head and body to reſemble a *marriage*. The like in concealing love, uttered in theſe words, *To keep love cloſe Priſoner-There came along the ſtreet a whole Fleet of Coaches*, for *a great number*. *Longinus* ſayes *Metaphors* and exchanges of words, are of excellent uſe, and much conducing to height in Eloquence.

An *Allegory* is the continual proſecuting a *Metaphor* (which before I defin'd to be, a Tranſlation of a word) and that proportionably through the whole ſentence, or through many ſentences; As *Philoclea was ſo invironed with ſweet Rivers of vertue, that ſhe could neither be battered nor undermined*: Where *Philoclea* is expreſſed by the ſimi-

litude

litude of a *Castle*; her natural defence, by the natural fortification of Rivers about a Castle; and the *Metaphor* continues in the attempting her by force or craft, expressed by *battering or undermining*. Another, *But when she had once his Ensign in her mind, then followed whole squadrons of longings, that so it might be with a main battel of mislikings and repinings against their Creation*; where you have *Ensigns, Squadrons, main Battles*; Metaphors still derived from the same thing. i. *War*.

As I said before, a *Metaphor* might be too bold, or too far fetch'd; so I now remember it may be too base, and too bald a Translation; As *the Tempest of judgment had broken the main mast of his will. A goodly Audience of sheep, Souldiers of friendship*, or such like. *Too base*, as in that speech, *Fritter of fraud, and seething pot of iniquity*. And they that say, *A Red herring is a shooing horn to a pot of Ale*. But if you speak of a disdainful matter, you may use the grosser terms.

Therefore for general delight, take your expressions from ingenious Arts and Professions, to please the learned in several kinds; As from the *Meteors, Plants, Beasts* in natural *Philosophy*; And from the *Stars, Spheres* and their motions in *Astronomy*; from the better part of Husbandry; from politick government of Cities; from *Navigation*, from the military profession, from *Physick*; but not out of the depth of those mysteries; And (unless your purpose be to disparage) let the word be alwayes taken from a thing of equal or greater dignity, As speaking of *Vertue, The sky of your vertue overcast with sorrow*, where 'twas thought unfit to stoop to any *Metaphor*, lower than the *Heaven*.

An *Embleme*, an *Allegory*, a *Simile*, a *Fable*, a

Poetical Fiction differs thus. An *Embleme* is but one part of the *Similitude* in the body, and the other part under application in the words; An *Allegory* is the ſimilitude of the application expreſt indifferently, and joyned in one ſentence with words, ſome proper to one part, ſome to another; A *Simile* hath two ſentences of ſeveral proper terms compared. A *Fable* is a *Simile* acted by Fictions in Beaſts; a *Poets tale*, for the moſt part by gods and men. In the former example, Paint a Caſtle, compaſt with Rivers, and let the *Motto* be, NEC OBSIDIONE NEC CUNICULIS, *Neither by ſiege nor undermining*, that is an *Embleme*. Lay it as it is in Sir *Philips Philoclea*; *Vertue, environed, Rivers, battering, undermining*, the terms of the other part; Put all theſe terms in one ſentence, and it is an *Allegory*; But let it be thus, *There was a Lamb in a Caſtle, and an Elephant and a Fox beſieged her; The Elephant would have aſſaulted her, but he could not ſwim over the River; the Fox would make an earth to get under her, but he feared the River would ſink in upon him, and drown him*; then it is a *Fable*. Let *Spencer* tell you ſuch a tale of a *Fairy Queen*, or *Ovid* of *Danae*, and 'tis a *Poetical Fiction*: But utter it thus in one ſentence, *As a Caſtle compaſſed about with Rivers, cannot be battered or undermined*. And thus in another, *So Philoclea defended round about with vertuous reſolution, could neither be forced nor ſurprized by deceit*; Then it is a *Similitude* in its own nature, which is the ground of all Emblems, Allegories, Fables and Fictions.

METONYMIA is the exchange of a name, when one word comes in lieu of another, not for a ſimilitude, but for other natural affinity and coherence; As, when the matter is uſed for that which conſiſts thereof; *I want ſilver*, for *money*. When the efficient

efficient or author is uſed for the thing made, As, *my Blade is right Sebaſtian*; for, *of Sebaſtians making.* The thing containing, for the thing or perſon contained; As, *the City met the General*, for *the Citizens.* The adjunct, property, or quality, for the ſubject of it; As, *deſarts are preferred*, for *men deſerving. Take heed young idleneſs*; for, *idle youth. Give room to the quoif*; for, *the Serjeant*; with the like.

SYNECHDOCHE is an exchange of the name of the part for the whole, or of the name of the whole for the part. There are two kinds of total comprehenſions; An entire body, or a general name; As, *my name is toſſed and cenſured by many tongues*; for, *many men*; where the part of an intire body goes for the whole. Contrariwiſe *he carries a Goldſmiths ſhop on his fingers*, for *Rings. He fell into the water, and ſwallowed the Thames*, for *the water.* So the general name for the ſpecial; *Put up your weapon*, for *your Dagger.* And the ſpecial, for the particular; As, *the Admiral is gone to Sea*, for *Admiral Blague.* The particular for the ſpecial; As, *I would willingly make you a Sir Philip Sidney*, for, *an eloquent, learned, valiant Gentleman*; or for many; As, *the Hollander they ſay comes againſt us*, for *the Hollanders*, and ſuch like; which (becauſe they are eaſie) I have exemplified familiarly. Both theſe figures ſerve well, when you have mentioned ſomething before, that may require Variety in repetition.

CATACHRESIS, in Engliſh, *Abuſe*, is now grown in faſhion, as moſt Abuſes are; it is ſomewhat more deſperate than a *Metaphor*; And is the expreſſing of one matter by the name of another, which is incompatible with, and ſometimes clean contrary to it; As, *I gave order to ſome ſervants of mine (whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelf) to lead him out into a Forreſt, and there*

kill him; where *Charity* is used for *Cruelty*. But this may also be by the Figure IRONIA. The abuse of a word drawn from things far differing; As, *A voyce beautiful to his ears. Accusing in himself no great trouble in mind by his behaviour or action. Do you grudge me part of your sorrow, being sister in nature? I would I were not so far off a Kin in fortune.* This is a usual figure with the fine conversants of our time, when they strain for extraordinary expressions; As, *I am in danger of preferment. I am not guilty of those praises. I have hardly escaped good fortune. He threatens me a good turn.* All by the contrary. And as he said that misliked a picture with a crooked Nose, *The elbow of his Nose is disproportionable.*

The ear is not only pleased with store and variety of words, but takes great delight in the repetition of the same words; which, because they may be at the beginning, middle, end, and in sundry correspondencies of each of these places one to another; it happens, that it has purchased several names of Figures; As *Repetition* of the same word, or sound immediatly without interposition of any other, is called EPIZEUXIS. *O let not, let not: I on you be poured upon me destruction. Tormented, tormented: torment of my soul*, Philoclea *tormented.* This figure is not to be used but in passion.

ANADIPLOSIS is a Repetition in the end of a former sentence, and beginning of the next; As, *you fear: I if you should offend; offend, O how know you that you should offend? Because she doth deny, deny? now in earnest I could laugh, &c. Why loved I? alas, alas, why loved I? to dye wretched, and to be the example of the heavens hate; and hate, spare not; for your worst blow is given. — From whom they have commonly such respect, and respect soon opens the door to*

perswasion,

perſwaſion, &c. This figure is often and handſomly uſed by Sir *William Davenant* in his Preface to *Gondibert*. And as no man ſtrikes in thought upon any thing, but for ſome *vehemency* or diſtruſt, ſo in ſpeech there is no Repetition without importance.

CLIMAX is a kind of ANADIPLOSIS, by degrees making the laſt word a ſtep to a further meaning. If it be turned to an Argument, it is a SORITES; *A young man of great beauty, beautified with great honour, honoured with great valour. You could not enjoy your goods without government, no government without a Magiſtrate, no Magiſtrate without obedience, and no obedience, where every one, upon his private paſſion, interprets the Rulers actions.*

Now to make it a SORITES, or climing Argument, joyn the firſt and laſt with an ERGO. As ERGO *you cannot enjoy your own goods, where every man upon his own private paſſions doth,* &c. This, in a penned ſpeech, is too Academical, but in Diſcourſe more paſſable and plauſible. *Seeing to like, liking to love, loving to, &c. Deceived me, after deceit abuſed me, after abuſe forſaken me. What doth better become wiſdom, than to diſcern what is worthy loving? What more agreeable to goodneſs, than to love it, ſo diſcerned? and what to greatneſs of heart, than to be conſtant in it once loved.* Where the laſt word, or ſome one word in the laſt ſentence begets the next clauſe. This figure hath his time, when you are well entred into diſcourſe, have procured attention, mean to riſe and amplifie.

ANAPHORA is when many clauſes have the like beginning; *You whom vertue hath made the Princeſs of Felicity, be not the miniſter of ruine. You whom my choice hath made the Goddeſs of my ſafety. You whom Nature hath made the Load-ſtar of com-*

ſort, be not the Rock of ſhipwrack. This figure beats upon one thing, to eauſe the quicker apprehenſion of it in the audience, and to awake a ſleepy or dull paſſion.

EPISTROPHE is contrary to the former, when many clauſes end with the ſame words; *Where the richneſs invited the eyes, the faſhion entertain'd the eyes, and the device taught the eyes* ——— *And all the Night did nothing but weep.* Philoclea, *ſigh* Philoclea, *and cry out* Philoclea, *&c. Either arm their lives, or take away their lives.* This is rather a figure of Narration or Inſtruction, than of motion.

SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO, is when ſeveral ſentences have the ſame beginning, and the ſame ending. *The moſt covetous man longs not to get riches out of that ground which can bear nothing; why? Becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious perſon vexes not his wits to climb to Heaven. why? Becauſe it is impoſſible.* This is the wantonneſt of *Repetitions*, and is not to be uſed in ſerious matters.

EPANALEPSIS is the ſame in one ſentence which SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO is in ſeveral; As, *Severe to his Servants, to his Children ſevere.* Or the ſame ſound reiterated firſt or laſt in a ſentence. As, *His ſuperior in means, in place his ſuperior. In ſorrow was I born, and muſt dye in ſorrow. Unkindneſs moved me; and what can ſo trouble my courſes, or wrack my thoughts, as unkindneſs?* This is a mild and ſweet figure, and of much uſe, though ſingle and by it ſelf, not uſual in the *Arcadia*, unleſs thus, *Overthrow of my deſires, recompence of my overthrow.*

EPANADOS is, when the midſt and end, or midſt and beginning are the ſame; As, *If there were no true pleaſure in ſleep and idleneſs, then no doubt*

doubt, the Heathen Philoſophers would have placed ſome part of the felicity of their Heathen gods in ſleep and idleneſs. — *Your diligence to ſpeak well muſt be great, but you ſhall be abundantly recompenced for the greatneſs of your diligence in the ſucceſs of perſwaſion.* — *If I ſhould ever wiſh the perfection of your eloquence, it is for your inſtruction, and for your benefit, that I would wiſh you eloquent.* This kind of Repetition, and the former EPANALEPSIS, are moſt eaſily admitted into diſcourſe, and are freeſt from the opinion of affectation; becauſe words recited at the beginning of many ſentences, or at both ends of the ſame, are more remarkable.

ANTIMETABOLE, or COMMUTATIO, is a ſentence inverſt, or turn'd back; As, *If any for love of honour, or honour of love*, &c. *That as you are the child of a mother: ſo you may be mother of a child*, &c. *They miſliked what themſelves did; and yet ſtill did what themſelves miſliked*, &c. *If before he languiſhed, becauſe he could not obtain his deſiring; he now lamented, becauſe he could not deſire the obtaining* — *Either not ſtriving, becauſe he was contented; or contented, becauſe he would not ſtrive* — *Juſt to exerciſe his might, mighty to exerciſe his Juſtice.* Learned Sir *Philip* ſlipt often into this figure, yet he ſometimes conceal'd the particularity of his *affection* to it, by not turning the words wholly back, as they lay; *To account it not a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelf worthy to be purs'd up*, &c. *Men venture lives to conquer; ſhe conquers lives without venturing*, &c. *Shewed ſuch fury in his force, ſuch ſtay in his fury*; which is rather EPANODOS; Sometimes the ſame ſenſe inverſt in contrary words; As, *Parthenia deſir'd above all things to have Argalus; Argalus feared nothing but to miſs Parthenia.* Where he returns *fear to miſs* inſtead of *deſire*.

Neither could you have thought ſo well of me, if extremity of love had not made your judgment partial; nor could you have loved me ſo intirely, if you had not been apt to make ſo great undeſerved judgment of me. Where he returns, for, *extremity of love, loving intirely*; and for, *partial judgment, great undeſerved judgment.*

Though this be a ſharp and witty Figure, and ſhews out of the ſame words, a pretty diſtinction of meaning very convenient for Schoolmen, yet to uſe this or any other unreaſonably or unſeaſonably, is ridiculous. Let diſcretion therefore be the greateſt, and moſt general Figure of Figures.

PARANOMASIA is a preſent touch of the ſame letter, ſyllable or word, with a different meaning. And as for the running upon the letter more than very little, is more than too much, Sir *Philip Sidney* in *Aſtropell* and *Stella*, calls it the Dictionary method, and verſes, ſo made, *Rimes running in railing rows*, which is an example of it. There is an old Swiniſh Poem made of it in Latine, call'd PUGNA PORCORUM.

Hector, Hanno, Hanibal dead,
Pompey, Pyrrhus ſpild,
Cyrus, Scipio, Cæſar ſlain,
And Alexander kill'd.

Agnomination of ſome ſyllables is ſomtimes found in the *Arcadia*; as, *Alas what can* ſaying *make them believe, whom* ſeeing *cannot perſwade.* And, *while he was ſo followed by the valiant eſt, he made a way for the vileſt. She went away repining, but not repenting. Our almſ-deeds are turned into all miſ-deeds; our praying into playing; our faſting into feaſting.* That kind of breaking words into another meaning, is much

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uſed in *Drollery*, and youthful Diſcourſe; as, *You will have but a bare gain out of this bargain, A man not only fit for the gown, but for the gun; for the pen, but for the pike; for the book, but for the blade.* The garniſh of this Figure has been in much requeſt in leſs ſerious matters, but the more learned have avoided this kind of flouriſh, leſt their writings ſhould ſavour more of the general humor, than of private judgment.

PROLEPTOTON or TRADUCTIO, is a repetition of words of the ſame linage, that differ only in termination; as, *exceedingly, exceeding. His faulty uſing of our faults.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral caſes; as, *for fear, conceal'd his fear.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral voyces; as, *forſaken by all friends, and forſaken by all comfort.* Sometimes the ſame Adjective in ſeveral compariſons; as, *much may be ſaid in my defence, much more for love, and moſt of all for that divine creature, who has joyned me and love together.* This is a good Figure, and may be uſed with or without paſſion, yet ſo, as the uſe of it come from choice, not barrenneſs.

To *Amplifie* and *Illuſtrate*, are two of the principal Ornaments of Eloquence, and gain mens minds to the chiefeſt advantages, *Admiration* and *Belief*; For how can you commend any *thing* more acceptable to our Attention, than by telling us it is extraordinary, and by demonſtrating it to be evident? We love to look upon a Comet above all Stars, for theſe two excellencies, its *Greatneſs* and its *Clearneſs*; ſuch in ſpeech is *Amplification* and *Illuſtration*. We amplifie five wayes, by *Compariſon*, *Diviſion*, *Accumulation*, *Intimation*, and *Proſeſſion*.

Compariſon is either of things contrary or equal,

or

or things different: Equal, as, *Themiſtocles and Coriolanus (both great States-men, both of great deſerts to their Countrey, both baniſhed, both dead at one time:* Themiſtocles *his Counſel could not prevail againſt the Ingratitude of the Athenians; nor* Coriolanus *his diſcretion overcome the unkindneſs of the Romans; the one was too excellent, the other too noble for the envious eyes of their Countreymen to endure, ſuch is the force of vertue, above all quarrels of Nations, or diviſions of Allegiances; that their exiles were honourably intertained,* Coriolanus *by the* Volſci, Themiſtocles *by the* Perſians, *both by their enemies, and both leading great Armies againſt thoſe Countreys, which ſo ingratefully expelled them) were ſo inwardly reſtrained with a conſcience of ſacking their native ſoil, that they rather choſe violence to their own lives, than to thoſe of their fellow Citizens, and took it for a ſufficient revenge to make it evident they might be revenged.*

But this is not ſo forcible an *Amplification* of things equal indeed (wherein, as you ſee, all the ſeveral points of a conſorted equality are to be ſearched out) as when things ſeeming unequal are compared, and that in *Similitudes* as well as in *Examples*; for inſtance, where a woman is compared to a ſhip, out of *Plautus*, *both aſk much tackling, and ſometimes rigging.* And you ſhall profit moſt of all, by inventing matter of agreement in things moſt unlike: *London and the Tennis-Court are like; for in both all the gains goto the hazard. Policy is like the Sea, it ſerves for intercourſe of profit, for defence againſt invaſions; there are both ebbings and flowings, calms and tempeſts; the obſervation hereof may make a man firſt wiſe, then rich. But as the water ſerves for many outward uſes, ſo can it not pleaſe, if it be inwardly ſwallowed: If you ſail upon it, it will carry you whereſoere you will deſire; but if you drink it, it doth not ſatisfie,*

ſie, but increaſe deſires. Again for example; Eriphyle *and* Tarpeia (*both women in whom nature ſhould govern love, and love warrant fidelity*) *were both eaſily induced to be falſe, with trifling temptations; they both betrayed, not one friend to another, nor the dearneſs of love for the height of preferment, but their moſt aſſured lovers to their moſt deadly enemies, for toyes, jewels and bracelets.* Eriphyle, *her husband* Amphiaraus (*the ſtay of her life*) *to* Adraſtus, *his profeſſed enemy:* Tarpeia, *the* Capitol (*the defence of her Countrey*) *to the* Sabines, *that beſieged it, yet neither can remain as invitation, much leſs as encouragment to Treaſon; For* Eryphile *was ſlain by her ſon, whom nature ſhould have bound to her defence;* Tarpeia *by the* Sabines, *whom her deſerts ſhould have obliged to her ſafeguard.* In comparing two, when you would raiſe the perſon or thing you intend to make excellent, you muſt take the meaneſt parts of a greater example, and match them with the beſt of your purpoſe, and by ſuch partiality you ſhall amplifie and extoll the ſubject you treat of; as *Iſocrates* did in his compariſon of *Cyrus* and *Thargelius*. Otherwiſe for impartial compariſons, which notwithſtanding do amplifie, read the matches, or encounters of the moſt famous Grecian and Roman Examples in *Plutark*.

Compariſons of things different.

In the former Compariſon, is a compoſition of the points at firſt, becauſe I preſuppoſe the Hiſtories on both ſides to be familiar to you by reading; but if you were to marſhal Hiſtories, whereof both or either were not ſufficiently known, then had you need begin with ſingle relations; As if a man would compare *Vaſcus Gama* with Sir *Francis Drake*, he might ſay, *Sir* Francis Drake *indeed travelled round about the World in two years, ſaw divers Nations, endured*

dured many perils at Sea, & returned laden with great Treasure; And Vascus Gama *first searched the Coast of* Quiloa, Mozambique, *and* Calicute, *and opened the passage to the East-Indies. But as it was easie for* Drake *to proceed further in discoveries, when he had entrance made by* Columbus: *So was it most dangerous and difficult for* Gama *to adventure a course, without example and direction:* Drake *scoured the Coasts with a sufficient company of ships, made pillage of others, and thereof furnished himself for his enterprize;* Gama *went but weak at first, lost most of his small Fleet, and met nothing at seas, but tempests and famine.* Drake *invaded upon opportunities, hazarded but his own fortune, and retired to sea upon all advantages.* Gama *had in charge an expedition of his Soveraigns Command, was constrained to victual himself among barbarous Nations, and not only buy provision in their continent with the price of his blood, but durst not depart without leaving his King proclaimed and possessed in their Territories, divers places of strength fortified, and established to his use: So that if* Gama *had been to pursue the example of* Drake, *as* Drake *had the light of* Columbus *and* Magellus *Travels,* Vascus Gama's *spirit was as like to have conquered the whole world, as* Drakes *fortune was to compass it.*

And where the parts of Collation are most obscure, there your narration must be the longer; As, *Cicero* in comparing *Marcellus* & *Verres*, makes a long recital of the acts of *Marcellus* to acquaint the hearers with them before comparison. In some cases, after good confidence of proof, your examples may come in more thick and plentiful; As, *If to protract a battel upon advice, be cowardize, then* Phocion, *then* Metellus, *then* Fabius, *& all the valiantest Captains of all ages were cowards. If to distlant the rebellious natives of* Scotland, *& to root them out of that kingdom,*

he

be cruelty, then the Colonies tranſlated by the Romans into Sicily, *into* France, *into the ſeveral Coaſts of* Italy, *and divers other places, teſtifie great cruelty.*

But compariſon of things different is moſt commendable, where there ſeems to be great affinity in the matters confer'd; as in the King of *Spains* aſſiſting the *Iriſh*, and the Queen of *Englands* aiding the *Netherlands*. *The Spaniard gave aſſiſtance to a people untrue in their treaties, uncivil in their maners, to thoſe who have trayterouſly rebelled without provocation, & fled out contrary to their own ſubmiſſion, brake their own peace, & waſted their own Country. The Queen did but lend ſome few voluntaries to the protection of a nation, peaceable in their lives, free by their priviledges, a people denying no claim of any true Prince, except perpetual ſervitude of their bodies, and importable exactions of their goods.*

Another example of things different compared. *Is not the marriage of heads of houſes & colleges as lawful as the marriage of the doctors of the arches, or the clerks of the chancery? both were indicted by the ſame law, & yet I take it not indifferent, that both ſhould by the abrrgatton of the ſame law be equally repealed. The one hath his living caſual by his temporal pains, the other his maintenance certain by Eccleſiaſtical proviſion; The one may purchaſe by the improving his revenues, & ſo may lawfully raiſe a patrimony to maintain his poſte ity; the other can by no thrift upon the common goods gather a living for a wife and children, without imbezelling from the poor, deducting from hoſpitality, defeating the intent of the giver, or defrauding his ſucceſſion. Laſtly, the one hath all to the uſe of his office, the other is owner of nothing, but to his own behoof & diſpoſition.* In theſe two ſorts of *Amplifications* you may inſert all figures, as the paſſion of the matter ſhall ſerve.

Compariſon

Compariſon of contraries is the third and moſt flouriſhing way of *Compariſon. Contraries* are ſometimes arranged together by pairs one to one, thus. *Compare the ones impatiency with the others mildneſs, the ones inſolency with the others ſubmiſſion, the ones humility with the others indignation, and tell me whether he that conquer'd, ſeem'd not rather confounded, than he that yielded any thing diſcourag'd.* Compare not mind with mind, leſt it ſeem fantaſtical, and beyond the tryal of our ſenſes; But *ſet the ones triumph againſt the others captivity, loſs againſt victory, feaſts againſt wounds, a Crown againſt fetters, misfortune againſt felicity; and the majeſty of courage will be found in the overthrown.* More examples of this you have in the figure *Contentio*, which is one of the inſtruments to aggravate, by way of *Compariſon.* Yet one example more. *He that prefers wealthy ignorance before chargeable ſtudy, prefers contempt before honour, darkneſs before light, death before light, and earth before heaven.*

This is one way of arranging contrarieties.

There is another way of ordering them with interchangeable correſpondence in ſentences, that, though each touch not other, yet it affronts the other; As, *Shall a Souldier (for a blow with his hand given in War to a Captain) be diſgraced? And ſhall a Lawyer (for the Baſtinado given in a Court of Juſtice to his Companion) be advanced? ſhall we that profeſs Laws, maintain outrage? And ſhall they that break all Laws, yet in this obſerve civility?* Where you may ſee every word in the latter ſentence aggravated by oppoſition to every word in the former. Another, *Did the moſt innocent vouchſafe a part of his glory to pray for his enemies? and ſhall we the moſt ſinful eſteem it a blot to our Reputation, to be unevenged on our Brethren?* Of this you ſhall have more examples here-

hereafter. But unleſs it be for the Declamatory exerciſe, you are to avoid too great ſwelling without ſubſtance.

The ſecond way of *Amplification* is by Diviſion, which (as a modern Author ſayes) is to anatomize it into ſeveral parts, and to examine it according to ſeveral circumſtances; Not unlike the ſhew that Pedlers make of their Packs, when they diſplay them, contrary to the German magnificence, that ſerves in all the good meat in one diſh. But whereas the ſame Author ſayes, that this Art of Amplifying will betray it ſelf in method and order; I think it rather adorns it ſelf. For, inſtead of ſaying, *He put the whole Law to the Sword*; let me reckon all ages and conditions, and ſay, *He neither ſaved the young men, as pitying the unripe flower of their youth; nor aged men, as reſpecting their gravity; nor children, as pardoning their weakneſs; nor women, as having compaſſion on their ſex; Souldier, Clergyman, Citizen; armed or unarmed, reſiſting or ſubmitting, all within the Town were deſtroyed by the fury of that bloody executioner.* Note that the diviſions here, are taken from age, profeſſion, ſex, habit, or behaviour. It may likewiſe be from all circumſtances, *All dance, the Heavens, Elements, mens minds, Commonwealths, and ſo by part all dance.*

Another example varied, *He apparrels himſelf with great diſcretion*; Thus amplifie in circumſtances. *For ſtuffs, his cloaths were more rich than glittering: As to the faſhion, rather uſual for his quality, than fantaſtical for his invention; for colour, more grave and uniform, than wild and light. For fineſs, made as well for eaſe of exerciſe, as to ſet forth to the eye thoſe parts which had in him any excellency.* So, to ſay, he would take an occaſion of diſcourſe with a young witty Lady, & would raiſe it firſt from her behaviour.

baviour. If she said nothing, he would partly quarrel with her *silence*; if she *smiled*, he would gather out of it some interpretation of praise of her favour, and of his own joy and good fortune; if she *frowned*, he would both move her to mirth, and deny she could be angry in earnest; if she were sad, he would conform his speech and action in that soberness to her humor, as might beguile her passion, by way of false confederacy; if she walked or played, the secret praise of her face, her eyes, her hair, her voyce, her hands, her body, her gate, was the application of most conceits, whatever gave the ground of them; yet with such dissembling art, as if forgetfulness or love alluded in them, not cunning, or want of variety.

So you may divide by the forms of speech in general; as, *he was never to seek how to propose or invent, raise or maintain, reconcile and distinguish any arguments, histories, similitudes, proverbs & jests attended him in great plenty, when he needed to imploy them: he would deliver strong reasons carelesly, and choice words smoothly and unaffectedly; he used a sporting wisdom, an eloquent prating. But with Gallants & Ladies of better respect, and less curiosity, his duty, their kindness, their common acquaintance, the occasion of his coming, the remembrance of his last conference, the place, the time, the last news of forraign parts, the Court, the Country, the City, fed his invention, & satisfied their ears.* All this is but division of the persons, with whom you conversed, their manners, carriage, the fashions and ornaments, the matter and subject of discourse. This in some sort used, is more properly called *Dilatation*, than *Amplification*; and being often practised, will inable you to discourse almost of any thing wherein you are not precisely tyed to the exact manner of division, which *Logicians* use. But you have liberty of seeking all things comprized within

within the ſenſe of your general Theam, differ they eſſentially, or in any notable property. You may alſo, if you pleaſe, run over the intire part of *Amplificatio*n; as, *the ſhip was blown up*; for the *ſhip*, you may ſay the *maſt, ſails, tackling, keel, prow, ſtern*; for *blowing up*, you may ſay *rent, torn, ſmothered, ſcattered* in the ayr, *ſunk* under the water, all the circumſtances of *blowing up*. So in ſaying a *fair tree*, you may divide the tree into the *root, body, branches and fruit*; and *fairneſs* into *tallneſs, ſtraightneſs, verdure, ſweetneſs*, and ſuch things as are fair in a tree. In deſcribing a *gallant man*, you may talk of his mind, perſon, his attempting, proſecuting and finiſhing an enterprize. And note, that this *Amplification* has in it both credibility and inſtruction; for it makes inſtances of that, which being generally ſpoken, would ſeem but a flouriſh, and gives more ſpecial note of that kind, which univerſally could not be conceived, without confuſion and dulneſs. This kind of *Amplification* is more taken up by *Cicero* than *Demoſthenes*; for *Demoſthenes* never uſes it, but as it falls in his way.

The third way of *Amplification*, is *Accumulation*, which is a heaping up many terms of praiſe or accuſation, importing but the ſame matter, without deſcending into any part, and has his due ſeaſon after ſome argument of proof. Otherwiſe it is like a Schoolman, foming out *Synonyma's*, or words of one meaning, and will ſooner beget a cenſure of ſuperfluity of words, than ſufficiency of matter. But, let us give ſome example to amplifie a *Sedition*; *tumults, mutinies, uproars, deſperate conſpiracies, wicked confederacies, furious commotions, traiterous rebellions, aſſociations in villany, diſtractions from allegiance, bloody garboyls, inteſtine Maſſacres of Citizens*. But this example is ſomewhat too ſwelling. Now to deſcribe a beautiful woman, you may ſay, *She hath a moſt winning*

ning countenance, a most pleasant eye, a most amiable presence, a chearful aspect, she is a most delicate object, &c. The taste of former times has term'd it sweet, to bring in three clauses together of the same sense; As, *Your beauty* (sweet Lady) *hath conquered my reason, subdued my will, master'd my judgment.* How this will hold among our curious Refiners I know not; he that looks on the wearing of it, will find it bare, how full of stuffe soever it appears. First, it passeth for parts of division, when indeed it is but a variation of an English. Yet notwithstanding the practice will furnish you store of phrases, without which you shall never have choice, the Mother of perfection. *Cicero* in his Orations uses it much; some others follow it to four clauses, but he seldom exceeds three. It has this certain effect, it will sufficiently secure your vein not to be dry and exhausted. But to return to our first sort of *Accumulation*, and reduce it with this, under one precept. I take the use of this to be in anger, detestation, commiseration, and such passions, as you, seeming throughly possest with, would willingly stir up in others.

The fourth way of *Amplification*, is by *Intimation*, and leaves the collection of greatness to our understanding, by expressing some mark of it. It exceeds speech in silence, and makes our meaning more intelligible by a touch, than by direct treating; as he that should say, *You must live very many years in his company, whom you should account for your friend*, says well; but he that sayes, *You had need eat a bushel of salt with him*, saith more, and gives you to reckon more than many years in his company, whom you should account for your friend: It savours sometimes of *Hyperbole*; As, *that man that is grown grosse, is grown from a body to a corporation*; again, for a little

man,

man on horſe-back, *he was taken for a hat riding on the pommel of a ſaddle.* Of this ſort, examples are familiar; *So honeſt a wrangler, that his noſe being betwixt, was the only cauſe why his two eyes went not to Law.* So the hugeneſs of a Gyant is expreſt, by ſaying, *his ſkull held half a buſhel of wheat.* This may be done with *Ironia*, or denial; *he was no notorious Malefactor, but he had been twice on the pillory, and once burnt in the hand for trifling overſights.* So by ambiguity of the word, *he draws his ſword oftner than his purſe.* This faſhion of *Amplification*, I term *Intimation*, becauſe it does not directly aggravate; but by conſequence or proportion, intimate more to your mind, than ears.

PROGRESSIO is the laſt kind of *Amplification*, which by ſteps of compariſon ſcorns every degree, till it come to the ſupream; and ſometimes to advance the matter higher, it deſcends lower. It is an ornament in ſpeech to begin at the loweſt, that you may aſpire to the higheſt *Amplification*; for example, in reprehending the prodigality of Monuments; *I begin with the exceſſes of* Alphonſus *on his fathers funeral*; *thence to* Alexanders *profuſion upon one of his friends Tombs*; *thence to* Urbanus, *towards his ſervant*; *thence to* Cæſar, *on his horſes burial*; *after that, to the* Moloſſians *on their dogs*; *and thence to the* Egyptians, *that charged themſelves with the ſumptuous burial of a Crocodile.* So, ſeeming in ſome ſort, to admit the firſt leſſe than the ſecond, and by growing weaker and weaker in the exceſs of every one, as I proceed, the laſt will ſeem moſt ridiculous, if not odious. So *Cicero* againſt *Verres*, meaning to amplifie his bribery and extortions. *It is rigorous exaction* (ſaith he) *not to abſolve the innocent without money*; *great cruelty to commit him, till he ranſom himſelf*; *but not to ſuffer the parties to have*

acceſs

acceſs unto him without reward, is wretched covetouſneſs. To ſell the egreſs and regreſs of them that bring him victuals; nay, to take money that he ſhall have an eaſie death: To put a price upon the ſtrokes that ſhall execute him; So much, that he ſhall be beheaded at one blow; ſo much, at two. This is beyond all degrees of moſt barbarous and intolerable extortion. So in another example; *He was careleſs of doing well, a looſneſs of youth; he was inclined to do ill, a weakneſs of fleſh; his mind conſented to offend, a ſhrewd temptation; he committed the act, an unhappy fault; he accuſtomed himſelf to abuſe, a ſad employment: yet he did not this alone, but infected others with his perſwaſion, and ſeduced them by his example. And not that only, but detained thoſe he had drawn in with freſh inventions, and diſgraced the modeſty of them who reſiſted his corruptions with ſcorns and deriſions, which could argue no leſs in him, than a moſt reprobate damnable reſolution.*

The Rule of this is, when you would praiſe or diſcommend any thing, to conſider how many leſs things there are of that kind, to which notwithſtanding you would give ſome ſhew of importance. As he that would tender *ſleep* obnoxious, may ſay, *Idleneſs* (which is leſs) by *Draco*'s Laws was *Felony*. Or, to give that Biſhop his right, that built two whole Colledges at his own charges, and indowed them with Lands. *Look downwards how rare it is for a Prelate in theſe dayes, not to grant long Leaſes, diminiſh the revenues of his ſee, How laudable it is to repair the ruines of his own decayed Palaces and Granges? How magnificent an act it is thought for a noble perſon to build an Hoſpital. How royal for two or three Princes to erect one Colledge. And can there be ſuch an unthankfulneſs, as to bear but an ordinary remembrance of him, that inricht his Biſhopriek, built two the*

moſt

moſt famous Nurſeries of learning in the Land, was liberal to all wants in his life, and left worthy bequeſts to all degrees at his death. In like ſort, by an example of abuſing the Name of God. *To make table talk of a mean mans name were injurious; to run upon a Noble mans title, were great ſcandal; to play with a Princes name, were Treaſon; and what ſhall it be to make a vanity of that name, which is moſt terrible even to Tyrants and Devils, and moſt reverend even to Monarchs and Angels?* There be two contrary aſcents to the top of this form, either by extenuating the means, as in a former example: or by aggravating them, as in this laſt of ſwearing. And may not a matter be well amplified in this manner, by exchanging the compariſon of every particular circumſtance, that the whole may ſeem the greater? As in this example, *It is lamentable that a young man ſhould be offended with the advice of his experienc'd friend, tending to his profit. Firſt, It is a hard caſe that counſel ſhould be neglected, but harder that it ſhould offend. It is a ſad thing to ſee any diſpleaſed with good admonitions; but more ſad, to ſee a youth ſo affected. Who would not grieve to have his advice ill taken? but who would not grieve more, to ſee his experience controlled? Unhappy is that youth who liſtens not to the good exhortations of the Skilful; But more, that diſdains the inſtructions of his diſcreet friend. He is miſerable and unfortunate, that quarrels with the ſound precepts of his dear friends; but more miſerable and unfortunate, that miſlikes directions given for his own good and advantage.*

This is a moſt eaſie, clear, & uſual kind of *Amplification*; For it gives more light & force to every circumſtance. The circumſtances are theſe. The *perſons* who & to whom, the *matter*, the *intent*, the *time*, the *place*, the *manner*, the *conſequence*, and many more:

Out

Out of every one of which, any thing may be made more notable, and egregious by way of compariſon. And that it may the better be remembred by you, let inquiry be made in every controverſie for the circumſtances, and compare them with other leſs matters, and you ſhall hardly fail of diſcourſe, or be left on ground for want of good invention. There is a richer ſhew in this kind of amplifying by every circumſtance, than in any other. Firſt, you muſt begin every circumſtance with a new figure. Sometimes with *Affirmation*, ſometimes with *Interrogation*, ſometimes with *Admiſſion*, ſometimes with *Ironia*. Secondly, when you, upon every circumſtance, urge the whole ſenſe, you are for every circumſtance almoſt to vary the words: As before, for *Lamentable*; *unhappy, unfortunate, heavy, ſad, grievous*: ſo for *Counſel*; *Admonitions, Advice, Exhortations, Inſtructions, Precepts, Directions*. Again, I ſay, remember this kind of *Progreſſion* by circumſtances, and urging and aggravating all the points of a Sentence: For you ſhall find it uſed as much as any figure in Rhetorique, by all good Speakers and Writers.

There are figures that help *Amplification*, and make ſhew of ſetting forth a matter fairer than it is. The firſt is HYPERBOLE, whereof I will give you ſome ſuch examples, as my own reading long ſince obſerved in the *Arcadia*. Sometimes it expreſſes a thing in the higheſt degree of poſſibility beyond the truth, that in deſcending thence, you may find the truth. Sometimes in flat impoſſibilities, that you may rather conceive the unſpeakableneſs, than the untruth of the relation. Poſſibly, as for *hypocritical Hoſt*; *he gave as pleaſing entertainment, as the falſeſt heart could give him, whom he means worſt unto. That ever eye ſaw, or heart could imagine.* For

diligent

diligent inquiry; making their eyes, their ears, and their tongue serve for nothing else, but that *inquiry.* This is the utmost possible. But in the very frontiers of impossibility, thus *though a thousands deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a hundred dishonours. The world sooner wanted occasions, than he valour to go through them. Words and blows came so thick together, as the one seemed a lightning to the others thunder.* Sometimes there is no certain quantity of a thing set, but plainly and ingeniously told unvariably. As, *beyond the bounds of conceipt, much more of utterance.* And, *this figure is more for the credit of your wit, than of your speech.*

CORRECTIO, having used a word of sufficient force, yet pretending a greater strength of meaning, refuses it, and supplies the place with one of more extension; As, *I perswade you not to let slip occasion, whilst it may not only be taken, but offers, nay sues to be taken.* Where the first rising of the matter is, upon, *Not only, but,* then upon the correcting, *Nay:* Again, *you must be content, nay, you must be desirous to take pains, if you will write well; It is the only quality, which in all actions will gain you praise, praise (said I) nay honour.* This figure is to be used, when you would make the matter more credible in it self, than by the manner of delivery; 'tis sometimes used upon passion, without intent to amplifie: As, *you flatt'rers, if you do not succour me: no, no, you will not help me.* O Parthenia, *no more* Parthenia, *what art thou?* There are two contrary ways to this form, and both lead to *Amplification*, but in a dissembling sort. The first is by *Ironia*, which expresses a thing by the contrary, by shew of exhortation, where indeed it dehorts. As, *yet a while, sleep a while, fold thine arms a while: so shall necessity overtake thee, like a traveller, and poverty set on*

thee like an armed man——*It was but small charges of idle money that the Egyptians bestowed in erecting a Pyramis of brick, when the expence in Oxyons and Garlick for workmens dyet, came to about 238000 l. of our money*——*Milo had but slender strength, that carried an Oxe a furlong on his back, then killed him with his fist, and eat him to his Breakfast.*——*Titornus had a reasonable good arm, that could hold two Bulls by the tails, the one in the one hand, the other in the other, & never be stirred out of his place by their violence.* Here *small, slender* and *reasonable*, amplifie as much as if you had said *great, exceeding*, or *incredible.*

PARALEPSIS (the second counterfeit of *Amplification*) is, when you say you let pass that which notwithstanding you touch at full; As, *I make no account of any hinderance in other the direct studies of my course; I value not my pains in collecting these observations; I will forget that I denyed the earnest intreaty of many kind and learned Gentlemen, that sued to me for helps; I am loth to tell you they are Notes of his, whom your Masters of the University have thought as great a Reader, and a greater Observer than themselves; I desire not, that you should make any greater estimation of them, than of a testimony of my love to you, and a pledge of my resolution to encourage those lovely sparks of good invention, which if you smother and quench in your self, you commit a kind of intellectual murther.* The like is used often in Progression. But another, *I urge not to you the hope of your friends, though that should animate you to answer their expectation; I lay not before you the necessity of the place, which you are to furnish, wherein to be defective and insufficient were some shame; I omit the envious concurrencies, and some prepared comparisons in your Countrey, which have some feeling with young men of*

fore-sight;

fore-sight; I only say, how shall our promises give judgment against us? how shall we discharge our own Engagements to your Father, if this time hath not taken his full effect of profit in our labours and endeavours. Two figures properly belong to this kind of *Amplification*, which are called *ACCUMULATION* and *DIVISION*.

The first is a round dispatching of much matter, not plainly and simply the same in sense, yet tending to the same end; As, *Loves companions are unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, rages, carelessness, yieldings, &c Spite, rage, disdain, shame, revenge came upon hatred.* These examples are out of *Arcadia*. You may frame one thus. *All men exclaim upon these exactions, Nobles, Gentry, Commonalty, Poor, Rich, Scholars, Merchants, Peasants, Young, Old, High, Low, and all cry out upon the hard impositions of these burthens.*

The second figure differs not much from the first, but that the first is a sudden entrance into a confused heap of matter. This is a wild and dissolute repetition of all that went before: As, *you have heard of his pride, ambition, cozenage, robberies, mutinies in the City, in the Camp, in the Countrey. what kinsman of his unabused, what friend undeceived, what compan on uncorrupted, can speak for him? where can he live without shame? where can he dye with honour?* These two figures not only make your cause seem better, but skilfully and properly used, do amaze an adversary of mean ability.

There are other figures that come in fitly after *Amplification*, or any great heat justly inflamed, *Interrogation* and *Exclamation*.

INTERROGATION is but a warm Proposition, yet it oftentimes doth better than a bare *Affirmation*, which were but too easie and lifeless a speech: As,

The credit of behaviour, is to cover imperfection, and set forth your good parts better. Thus expressed, *Is it not the chiefest credit of behaviour, to set forth your good parts fairly and clearly, and to cover imperfection? Men are ignorant, and therefore by good expressions without ranting or affectation, you shall gain a more general opinion, than by sufficiency smothered in too modest a silence.* By Interrogation thus, *Are not most men ignorant? Shall you not then by quaint expressions, without ranting or affectation, please more, and get a more general good opinion, than by great sufficiency concealed by your own shamefastness?*

To dissemble excellencies is good policy in him, whom his course must at length necessarily draw into light and proof, and then all that he delivers will be admirable, because expectation forestall'd nothing of his worth; which may likewise be turned into an *Interrogation*, and is very fit for a speech addressed to many illiterate hearers; is much used in *Pericles* Oration to the seditious multitude, and then it may be well frequented and iterated. *Did the Sun ever bring fruitful Harvest, but was more hot than pleasant? Have you any of your children, that be not sometimes burdensom? Have you any fathers that be not sometimes froward? shall we therefore curse the Sun? hate our children? and disobey our fathers?* An example of many *Interrogations*. *Have you not seen a stately kind of courtesie, and a proud kind of humility? have you not seen a wise man withdraw himself from mean company, with better grace, and more kindness, than some silly Gentleman that has bestowed himself on fools, thrown himself down into the midst of his miseries? doth no a commendations, a hat, a good word, a good morrow, purchase more hearts, than a months familiar prattling, with a flock of rude people? Do you converse with your*

superiors,

ſuperiors, to learn of them to be able to judge them, and benefit your ſelf; And ſhall not your inferiors do the like with you? Is it not a ſafer gain of popularity, with Ceremonies, than with diſcovering your Nature? Many ſuch like *Interrogations* might be added; but let it ſuffice, that 'tis eaſie and gentle to ſharpen the ſtats of affirmations and down-right telling of Tales.

EXCLAMATION is not lawful, but in the extremity of motion; as *Pyrocles*, ſeeing the mild *Philoclea* innocently beheaded, cryed out, *O Tyrant Heaven, and Traytor Earth, blind Providence, how is this done? how is this ſuffered? hath this World a Government?* The like in the beginning of the ſecond Book of the *Arcadia* in the perſon of *Ginetia* tormented in mind. *O Sun! O Heavens! O Deſerts! O Vertue! O imperfect proportion!* And in another Author thus, *O endleſs endeavour! O vain-glorious Ignorance! Doſt thou deſire to be known? where? in* Europe; *how canſt thou be famous, when* Aſia *and* Africa *that have thrice as many people, hear not of thy actions? Art not thou then thrice as obſcure as thou art renowned? Doſt thou look that all the World ſhould take notice of thee, when for five thouſand years three parts of the World took no notice of the fourth? But* Europe *is the houſe of Fame, becauſe it is the Nurſery of Arts and Books, wherein Reports are preſerved. O weak imagination! O ſelf pleaſing fancy! Canſt thou expect in theſe parts from 40 degrees to 90 North-ward, ſuch praiſes and honours for thy name, when every Map on every Wall ſhews thee as much ſpace from 40 to 90 South-ward, inhabited with nothing but ſilence and forgetfulneſs!*

ACCLAMATION is a ſententious clauſe of a Diſcourſe, or a Report, ſuch as *Daniel* in his Poems concludes with often. It is a general inſtruction

for every man commonly for his pains in reading a History, or other mens Books for some private use of it to himself. Like a Cash-keeper, who drawing great sums of other mens money, challenges somewhat in the pound for his own Fee. It serves for *Amplification*, when after a great Crime or Desart exclaim'd upon, or extoll'd, it gives a moral Note worth credit and observation. As, after the true Relation of *Scipio Africanus*'s course, who having been chief Governor of the greatest Armies in the World; having all his life-time Kings suiters for his favour, and Nations kept in awe of his Name; yet in 56 years neither bought nor sold goods or lands, built any House or Castle of his own, left not above 46 *l.* in gold, and 6 *l.* in silver behind him at his death. It may be folded up in this *Acclamation: So little need has he to stoop to private cares, that thrives upon publick victories; and so small leasure has he to be desirous of Riches, that hath been so long possest and satisfied with honour, which is the immortal end of mortal actions.* Such Notes are those scraps of policy which some now a dayes gather out of *Polybius* and *Tacitus*, and not unlike are the Morals that hang upon *Esops Fables.*

This *Acclamation* sometimes is the cause and reason of a former *Narration*, as a story of one, who being a Servant to a Family, and of mean quality, won the doting love of a witty Lady in the house, whereas she never looked upon the humble suits, the cunning insinuations, the noble deserts of many lovers of higher degree, but with free judgment and careless censure; This close may follow, *So hard entrance hath affection into a heart prepared to suspition, especially in the weakest natures, whose safeguard is mistrust: So easie is the increase of love by insensible steps, when the service you offer seems to*

proceed

proceed out of the goodness of your own disposition, which Women expect to be permanent, and not out of the necessity of your suit which may force you for the time to a wained difference from the proper humor. Yet if this be too much used, it is like a Note-book gathered out of Histories.

Contrary to *Amplification*, is DIMINUTION, and this descends by the same steps that *Amplification* ascends, and differs no more than up Hill, and down Dale, which is the same way begun out of several sentences; yet some examples in *Arcadia* will make you observe two wayes of diminishing single terms, one by denying the contrary; As if you should say, *But reasonably pleasant*; *Arcadia*'s speech is, *Not unpleasant, hardly liked, nor misliked.* But why should I give examples of the most usual phrases in the English tongue? as we say, *Not the wisest that ever we saw, for a man of small wisdom.* The second way is, by denying the right of the words, but by error of some; As, *Those fantastical mind-infected people, which Children and Musicians call Lovers. That misfortune of letting fall his Dagger, which the rude Hectors of our time, call being disarmed. That opinion of honesty, which has lately been so proudly translated by the Souldier into the word (Honour.)* And such like. But the former fashion of *Diminution* sometimes in ironious sort goes for *Amplification*, as speaking of a great personage, *No mean man*; This is an ordinary figure for all kinds of speeches.

The Figures following serve for *Amplification*. Συμπλοκὴ, is a composition of contraries, and by both words intimates the meaning of neither precisely, but a moderation and mediocrity; As, *bravery* and *raggery* are contrary, yet somewhat better than both is meant by *brave raggedness*. So

wanton modeſty, inticing ſoberneſs. And *with that ſhe prettily ſmiled, which mingled with tears, a man could not tell, whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or delightful ſorrow. With what a witty ignorance ſhe would underſtand*, &c. *Abſented preſence, well-willing ſpight.* The one contrary is affirmed to be in the other directly, by making the one the Subſtantive, the other the Adjective, as above in thoſe examples; or indirectly, as in theſe words following. *Seeking honour by diſhonour; and building ſafety upon ruine; O fooliſh woman, and moſt miſerable fooliſh Woman, becauſe wit makes thee fool'ſh. Captivity might ſeem to have authority over Tyranny.* This is a gentile way to move admiration in the hearers, and make them think it a ſtrange harmony, which muſt be expreſt in ſuch diſcord. Therefore this example ſhall conclude. *There was a perfect agreement in ſo perfect a diſagreement; like muſick made of cunning diſcords.* This is an eaſie figure, and uſeful.

CONTENTIO is contrary to the former; That was a compoſition of *Sturmius* diſagreements; This is an oppoſition of them. As, *there was ſtrength againſt nimbleneſs, rage againſt reſolution, pride againſt nobleneſs. He is a ſwaggerer amongſt quiet men, but is quiet amongſt ſwaggerers; earneſt in idle things, idle in matters of earneſtneſs.* Where there is both *Antimetabole* for the turning of the ſentence back, and *Contentio* reſpecting the contrariety of things meant thereby. *Could not look on, nor would not look off. Neither the one hurt her, nor the other help her. Feſt without partiality, humble without contradiction, liberal without profuſion, wiſe without curioſity.* This figure is fit to embelliſh a copious ſtile, and ſerves much for *Amplification* by *Compariſon.*

COMPAR is an even gate of ſentences anſwering each other in meaſures interchangeably. Such as

are

are in St. *Auguſtine* often, but oftner in *Gregory* the Divine; and in Biſhop *Andrews* Works in Engliſh. But many do intermingle this figure with *Agnominatio*, and *Similiter cadens*; it is very uſeful in elocution; but in penning it muſt be uſed with modeſty and mediocrity. A touch of *Agnomination* of the Letter is tolerable with a *Compar*; As, *If ever I could wiſh my faith untryed, and my counſel untruſted.* And (where there is a *ſimiliter cadens*, but a more evident falling alike) in this. *My years are not ſo many, but that one death may conclude them; nor my faults ſo many, but that one death may ſatisfie them.* Without conſonancy of fall, or harping upon a letter or ſyllable, yet a *Compar*, becauſe the words match each other in rank. *Save his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged mind from deſpair*; where *gray hairs, aged mind, rebuke and deſpair* anſwer each other. Again, *Rather ſeek to obtain that conſtantly by courteſie, which you cannot aſſuredly enjoy by violence.* Verb to Verb, Adverb to Adverb, and Subſtantive to Subſtantive. *Lovelineſs can neither warrant you from ſuſpitions in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelf.*

In ſome places there is a ſhorter *Compar*; where word to word, or ſubſtantive to ſubſtantive, are joined, and yet without conjunction, which is ASYNDETON. *Her face with beauty, her head with wiſdom, her eyes with majeſty, her countenance with gracefulneſs, her lips with lovelineſs*; where many (*Ands*) are ſpared. In ſome places only the Conjunction is put in the laſt in a *Compar* of three; As, *her wit endeared by youth, her affection by birth, and her ſadneſs by her beauty. A fair Woman ſhall not only command without intreaty, but perſwade without ſpeaking.* This is an excellent figure, in no place unſeemly, if not too often uſed; it fits well the even pauſes and interruptions of an eloquent tongue, ſeems to be rich

and copious, and to contain many parts (whereof each with a tedious man would be a ſentence) and make an impreſſion upon the hearers ſenſes; it has long been in requeſt, ever ſinee the dayes of *Iſocrates*, whoſe Orations are full of it. This figure belongs more properly to that part of *Amplification*, called *Diviſion*, than to *Accumulation*.

SENTENTIA, if it be well uſed, is a figure, if ill and too much, a Style, of which none that write humorouſly and factiouſly, can be clear in theſe dayes, when there are ſo many Schiſms of Eloquence: We ſtudy now a dayes according to the predominancy of Critical fancies. Whilſt *Moral Philoſophy* was in requeſt, it was rudeneſs not to be ſententious; whilſt *Mathematicks* were of late in vogue, all ſimilitudes came from *Lines*, *Circles* and *Angles*; But now that *Mars* is predominant, we muſt *recruit* our wits, and give our words a new *Quarter*. 'Tis very true, a *Sentence* is a pearl in a Diſcourſe; but it is a good Diſcourſe that conſiſts wholly of pearls. It is like an eye in the body, nor is it monſtrous to be all eyes. I take *Cyclops* to be as handſom a man, as *Argos*. And if a *Sentence* were as like a hand in the Text, as it is commonly noted with one in the Margent, yet I ſhould rather like that work that had no more hands than *Hercules*, than that which had as many as *Briareus*.

Theſe are Sentences, *The rich mans bounty is the poor mans Exchequer. The ſickneſs of age is avarice; The errours of youth prophaneſs.* There is ſmall difference between a Propoſition and a Queſtion, if I forget not *Ariſtotle* (1. *Cap.*) *Since length of acquaintance, mutual ſeverities, nor height of benefits could oblige a ſavage mind.* There is a Sentence, and in it ZEUGMA, ASYNDETON, and METAPHORA. *Guiltineſs is not alwayes with eaſe oppreſſed*; Where there

there is *MERIOSIS*, *not always with ease, for, ever and hardly. Whosoands only upon defence, stands upon no defence*; A Sentence with EPANADOS *Unlawful desires are punished after the effect of enjoying; but impossible desires are punished in the desire it self.* A Sentence with DISTINCTIO and CONTENTIO. *Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a resisting, a Tyrant.* COMPAR & CONTENTIO; *It is a foolish wittiness to speak of more than ons thinks.* Neither is this sentence without a *Compar*: it is a double Sentence, as they call it. *To a heart fully resolved, counsel is tedious, and reprehension loathsom.* And, *There is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a respected friend.* There may be also *Sentences* particular to some men, as well as general; As, ——— *Amphialus, in whom abused kindness became spiteful rage* ——— *Fearfulness, contrary to all other vices, making* Clinias *think the better of another, the worse he found himself.* Euarchus *making his life the example of his laws.* All which may be taken for Rules and common places, by putting the general name for the special, as they say, drawing it *à* THESI *ad* HYPOTHESIN. These examples may make you believe, a *Sentence* may be cours'd through the whole Figure-book, and that many figures may easily assemble in one clause, and any one figure consort with another. Yet it were absurd to ground the form and fashion of your whole style upon any one figure.

ILLUSTRATION consists either in things or words; in the description of things living or dead. And of living things, either reasonable, as men and their personages, and qualities; or unreasonable, as of Horses, Ships, Islands, Castles, and such like. Men are described most excellently in the *Arcadia*, as *Basilius, Plexertus, Pirocles, Musidorus, Anaxius,*

&c.

&c. But he that will truly characterize a man in a feigned ſtory, muſt firſt learn handſomly to deſcribe a humor, a paſſion, a vertue, a vice, and therein, keeping decent proportion, add but names, and knit together the accidents and encounters. This perfect expreſſing of all qualities, is learn'd out of *Ariſtotles* tenth Book of Moral Philoſophy. But becauſe (as *Machiavel* obſerves) perfect vertue, or perfect vice is not ſeen in our time, which altogether is humorous and ſpirting; therefore the underſtanding of *Ariſtotles* Rhetorique is held to be the beſt means to attain to true eloquence; excellent on this ſubject alſo are *Theophraſti imagines*; *Heliodorus* and *Longinus* in Greek (the laſt lately well tranſlated into Engliſh) *Zanaxarus* his *Arcadia* in Italian, *Diana de monte majori* in *Spaniſh*, &c.

But to our purpoſe, of perſonages and affections deſcribed in *Arcadia*. For men; pleaſant, idle retiredneſs in a King *Baſilius*, and a dangerous end of it. Unfortunate Valor in *Plangus*; Courteous Valor in *Amphialus*; Proud Valor in *Anaxius*; Hoſpitality in *Kalandar*; The mirror of true courage and friendſhip in *Pirocles* and *Muſidorus*; Miſerableneſs and ingratitude in *Chremes*; Fear and falſe ſubtilty in *Clynias*; Fear and rudeneſs, with ill-affected civility in *Dametas*; and through this ſtory, mutual love in marriage in *Argalus* and *Parthenia*; Out of marriage in *Pirocles* and *Philoclea*, *Muſidorus* and *Pamela*; True conſtant love unreſpected in *Plangus*, in *Helena*, in the true *Zelmane*; Inconſtancy, envy, ſuſpition and tyranny in a King and his Counſellors; General falſe love in *Phamphilus*; and ſlight carriage and credulity in *Chremes* Daughters; baſe doting on a Wife in *Plangus* father. But in Women a miſchievous and ſeditious ſtomack in *Cecropia*; Prudent courage in *Pamela*; Mild diſcretion in *Philoclea*;

loclea; *Pamela*'s prayer, her diſcourſe, ſqueamiſh cunning; Unworthineſs in *Arteſia*; Reſpective and reſtleſs dotage in *Gynetia*'s love. Proud, ill favoured, ſluttiſh ſimplicity in *Mopſa*. Now in theſe perſons is there ever a ſtedfaſt decency, and uniform difference of manners obſerved wherever you find them? However each interrupt the others ſtory and actions.

And as for actions of perſons, there are many rarely and perfectly deſcribed. As the mutiny and fire in a ſhip; cauſes of an uproar; the Garboyls; an armed skirmiſh: policy and preparation. Sometimes managing a Horſe is deſcribed; tilting and Shews. Many other lively and notable portraicts there are, which I will not ſet down, to ſave you ſo ſweet a labour, as the reading that which alone will make you eloquent and wiſe. Sir *Philip Sidneys* courſe (beſides reading *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus*) was to imagine the thing preſent, that his pen might the better deſcribe it.

Under this notion of *Illuſtration* may come lively deſcriptions, and the apt fitting a perſon repreſented with ſpeech and action, both which grow into very pleaſing acquaintance with the underſtanding and memory of the Reader.

For ſpecial light in every Sentence, there are other ſparks of figures. Firſt, if there be any doubt or ambiguity in the words, it is better left out than diſtinguiſhed. But if you are to anſwer former ſpeeches that imply any doubtfulneſs, you may diſperſe all clouds, and remove all ſcruples with *Diſtinction*. As being charged you have brought very light reaſons, you may anſwer, *If by light you mean clear, I am glad you ſee them; If by light you mean of no weight, I am ſorry you do not feel them.* So you may expreſs a man of hidden learning, *Hidden as well*

will ſee the obſcure and mean eſtate of his perſon, as hidden for the unuſual and not vulgar contrit of the matter. But, as ambiguity is not only in words but in matetr; ſo both wayes it is taken away by *Diſtinction.* Sometimes it is in ſingle words, as in theſe former, *light* and *hidden.* Sometimes in coherence of Sentences, by reaſon of the relation of each word to other, by reaſon of the change of the pointing, which is cleared by delivery.

You have many examples of this in the ſecond Book of *Tully de Oratore*, and *Quintilian*, where there is mention of *Locus ab ambiguo*; as alſo in *Eraſmus* his Apophthegms.

DISTINCTION of ambiguity in matters of determination of the truth of general Propoſitions, is to tell where in they are certain, wherein not. As, *Travel in forraign Countries ſettles a young mans humor. If it be taken in this ſort, that it will inforce him to warineſs and ſecreſie, and reſtrain him from pouring forth his counſels, it is very profitable: For he ſhall have few friends in whom to put confidence, and few companions with whom he might beſtow his idle time, or communicate his youthful thoughts. But if you intend, that by Travel all vanities ſhould be caſt off, it ſeems not ſo likely and admirable, becauſe he ſhall walk through many ill examples, and great liberty.* Another Propoſition diſtinguiſhed. *They are but ſmall merits that you ſhall beſtow upon young mens friendſhip. 'Tis true, if you ſatisfie thoſe deſires which are like to depart with their youth; as, gaming, faſting, idle ſporting; you are like to be caſt off with theſe toys, and forgotten. But if your deſerts be in no ſo exercises, learned conferences, and civil friendly offices, the remembrance thereof will increaſe as faſt as their diſcretion.*

So much for *Diſtinction*; Next follows *DEFINITION.*

NITION, which is the ſhorteſt and trueſt expoſition of the nature of any thing; hereof you have examples of all vertues in *Ariſtotles Morals*, of paſſions in his *Rhetorique*, of many affections and perturbations in *Tuſculan's* Queſtions, and *Cicero, de Finibus*, as the general *definition* of vertue is this, VIRTUS EST HABITUS RATIONI CONSENTANEUS. *Vertue is a quality ſeated in Reaſon. Fear is an apprehenſion of future harm. Thrift is a moderate and lawful increaſe of wealth, by careful government of your own eſtate. Complement is a performance of affected Ceremonies in words, looks and geſtures.* Where *Definition* runs into diviſion of ſeven or eight wayes. Of *Definition* you may read *Valerius* his *Logick*. But (to be moſt perfectly inſtructed) read the Sixth Book of *Ariſtotles Top.* Your Definitions need be no more tyed to the Rules of Logicians, than your Diviſions: The matter is ſometimes illuſtrated by *Periphraſis*: As, *ſpur'd his Horſe apace; made his ſpur claim halfe of his Horſe. A man not to be contemned; nor a man over whom contempt might make any juſt challenge. Snoring lowd; ſnoring ſo lowd, that no man might lay the ſtealing of a nap to his charge.* But of *Paraphraſis* and *Periphraſis* more ſeverally.

Sometimes a *Parentheſis* makes your Diſcourſe more graceful and intelligible: As, *Tell me ingeniouſly (if there be any ingenuity in you) whether*, &c. *That what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as far as the limits of Reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forth of his friend—— Till the next morning (better known to be ſo by the Hour-glaſs, than the dayes clearneſs) having run fortune*, &c. And indeed all *Parentheſes* are in extreams, either graces or foyles to a Speech. If they be long, they ſeem interruptions, and therefore at the

the end of them must be a retreat to the matter, called ANTANACLASIS. As, *Assure thy self most wicked Woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted mind, as that thou canst not keep thy sickness to thy self, but must most maliciously infect others) Assure thy self, I say, &c. Shall that heart (which does not only feel them, but hath all motion of his life placed in them) Shall that heart, I say, &c.*

DIVISION is a severing the whole into parts, as of time into that past, present, and to come (which is rather a breathing, than a *Division*) into supream or subordinate. From their order; beasts or unreasonable creatures; into those of the *Air, Water, Earth; Love is either of beauty, or of vertue.* From the object. *Study is of Liberal, or Mathematick Science.* And so you may divide as many ways as things may differ; as by their beginnings, endings, properties, marks, effects, times, runes, places, forms, persons, in whom they are, and howsoever, which properly belongs to Logick; yet something is spoken thereof, in our second way of *Amplification*. Out of *Divisions* arise three several inforcements and manifestations of your purpose, which (though by Rhetoricians diversly handled and termed) yet are they in effect grounded upon the Art of Distribution.

The first is *Expedition*, which (touching upon divers parts) destroyes all but that, on which you mean to rest; As, *One of these courses must be taken, either you must distinctly observe and practise the se Rules, or deny you ever received instructions, or alledge want of capacity in your self, or want of use of them in your life. That they are not necessary, you cannot say, for what more necessary in your life, than to write well? That you are uncapable, is a slander, and a contradiction to your own conscience, and my experience, that*

hath

hath seen such fair essayes of your endeavours. And to say you had never any directions, were to give your two eyes the lye, and to make me believe, I did never but dream your good. Therefore must your labour consspire with my inventions, and so must you unavoidably become skilful. This is *Enumeration* and *Inference*, whereupon is that which the Logicians call *Induction*, as in reckoning up. *It is neither that, nor this; therefore this.* And as one merrily saith, It is the Dogs *Syllogisme* in a cross way, *or that, or that, But I smell him not this way, nor this way;* therefore he runs on his conclusion the third way without smelling.

The second of this sort is PROSOPODOSIS, that overthrows no part of the *Division*, but returns some part to each member. In *Arcadia* thus, *Heretofore I accused the Sea, condemned the Pyrats, and hated my evil fortune, that deprived me of thee: But now thy self art the Sea, thy self the Pyrat, and thy will the evil fortune* —— *Time at one instant seeming short and long to them, short in the pleasingness of such presence, and long in stay of their desires* —— *Your silence must carry with it a construction of contempt, unkindness or displeasure: If you take me not for your friend, you offer unkindness; if you deem me unworthy an answer, it proceeds of contempt; if your passion differs a Reply, it argues displeasure.* The first of these denied all parts, save one; this affirms and keeps all sides up. The last is *Dilemma*, which proposes two sides, *and overthrows both ability and will to write well: for to say I cannot, is Childish; and I will not, is Womanish.*

PERI-

PERIPHRASIS and PARAPHRASIS.

There is in the best Writers oftentimes a vain of stile, wherein vulgar fancies are exceedingly pleased, and know not wherewith. For they admire this most, that there is some excellency in it, and yet they themselves suspect it exceeds their admiration. In some examples I would gladly discover the reason hereof: It cannot be, if either the meaning of the words be obscure, or unfamiliar to a mans understanding, the speech so composed, should be so accepted: And yet 'tis possible there may be some extraordinary fancy in ordinary words; and plain meaning, how then shall we determine? It is as in many usual Dishes at a Table, both eyes and taste give them commendation, not for the substance, but for the dressing and service. What plainer meaning than *sleep among Thieves*? And verily *sleep, life, trust and Thieves*, are common English words; yet is it no common way of speaking, to say, *To trust a sleeping life among Thieves*. In the same sense, *when they had slept a while*, is ordinary; but *when they had a while hearkned to the perswasion of sleep*, is extraordinary. Though all the words of it by themselves are most known and familiar; yet the ordering and fetch of it is strange and admirable to the ignorant; We therefore call it *Periphrasis*, or Circumlocution, and it is much helped by *Metaphors*, as before: *inclined to sleep* is expresst by a *Metaphor* taken from one who *moves and inclines by perswasions*. But let us have one Combat more with our adversary *sleep*; for, *having risen early, having striven with the Suns earliness*. Instead *of* Mopsa *wept ill-favouredly*, Mopsa *disgraced weeping with her countenance*, instead of saying, *They that guard-*

ed

ed Amphialus, were killed themselves; its said, seeking to save him, they lost the fortresses, which Nature had planted them in. Instead of *Plangus* speech began to suspected, it is said *Plangus* speech began to be translated into the language of suspition. Thus purposely did Sir *Philip* write, to keep his style from flatness. As being to name a *Thresher*, he calls him *one of Ceres servants*, instead of *his name was known to high and low*; he saith, *no Prince could pretend highness, nor Beggar lowness, to bar him from the sound thereof.* And this is by going A CONCRETO AD ABSTRACTUM, and divers other wayes.

If a short ordinary sense be odly expresst by more words, it is *Periphrasis*; but, if by as many other, it is *Paraphrasis*; As, *manifest oaths, plentiful perjury. To make a great shew of himself. To make a master of himself in the Island*: for *kill any married man; make his sword cursed by any widow, which is by consequence, seeking by courtesie to undo him.* Making courtesie the out-side of mischief, by *Similitude* or *Metaphor*; so then the course is, instead of any ordinary words importing a trivial matter, to take the abstracts, or some consequence, similitude, note, property or effect, and thereby expresse it. These two figures serve for *Illustration.*

It is sometimes requisite for gaining life and lustre in your discourse, to represent some unexpected strangeness, besides the tenor of your Theme or Story; and, as it were, to act your meaning; which is done either by feigning the presence, or the discourse of some such persons, as either are not at all; or if they be, yet speak not but by your imagination. The first is by *Apostrophe* or *Prosopopeia.*

APOSTROPHE is a turning of your speech to some new person, as to the people or witnesses, when it was before to the Judges or Defendant: As, *Here-*

in

in you Witnesses are to consult with your own consciences, and to enter into a true examination of your own memory. Did you mark his looks? Did you note his speeches? Did you truly conceive the particular proceedings of the action? To the people thus, *Now let me intreat any man here present, that thinks himself not exempted from misfortunes, and privileged from all mischiefs, to imagine himself in my case, and to undertake for my sake some few thoughts of my distress.* Sometimes the occasion is taken from some quality or other thing, whereto your self gives shew of life; As, *Hope tell me, what hast thou to hope for? Love be ashamed to be called Love.* But to animate, and make dead men speak, is PROSOPOPOEIA; As, *If your Ancestors were now alive, and saw you defacing so goodly a Monument by them erected, would they not say thus——&c.* And as Sir *Philip Sidney* gives sense and speech to the *Needle* and *Silk* in *Pamela's* hands, *as learning, as a lilly, as death* it self is feigned to live, and make a speech.

Another way of clearing and reviving your Discourse, is by *deliberating*, by *entring into communication*, by *preventing and answering* objections. In *deliberating* sometimes you are amazed; As, *Whom shall I blame? what shall I pretend? shall I make learning hateful to you by my reprehensions? shall I make my silence accessary to your idleness? It is not in my power, it is not in my discretion to reform it.* Under this figure are *Philoclea's* wishes of *Zelmane*.

There is another kind of *Deliberation*, which proposes many things with intricating or intangling a mans self: As, *Nothing can assure me of the continuance of your love towards me, if you discontinue the study of speaking well. For suppose you marry into some worthy Family; suppose they enrich you with some new friends; may not a vein of thriving rob me of*

your

your acquaintance? may not I lose you? nay, may not you lose your self in a labyrinth of worldly cares? Sometimes we enter into *Communication*; As, *Were it your case, what would you answer? Tell me, I appeal to your secret thoughts. Your friend hath esteemed better of his own stomack, than of the eternal love vowed betwixt you, and prefers the tryal of his valor, before the regard of booh your credits, which must dye, however either or both of you survive the Combat. Would you not judge him unworthy to be your friend, that began his fidelity with an inviolable Covenant never to be an Enemy?*

Prevention of an objection hath two figures; the one is *Occupatio*, the other *Subjectio*.

Occupatio is thus, *You will say to me, that in a factious Countrey it is the only policy to stand neutral. I say, not, unless many circumstances help you; viz. These, if none of your friends be entred into the quarrel. If you be assured that your wealth and discretion is equal to the best. If there be a likelihood to scatter the reliance on both sides, and make a new park, then it is wisdom to stand aloof a while, that if you please, you may add the victory to which side you will. But having declared your self, you intend to be upright; you will grow contemptible, you offer reconciliation; your strength will forsake you, you dispraise your adversaries; you will be deemed envious. You commend his wisdom; you betray your own weakness: praise then his wealth, his Ancestors, his beauty, his pleasures; but praise not his foresight, nor his valor. Are you Judge among your neighbours and inferiours? be precisely just and rightful. Are you assistant to your friend? be advisedly and throughly partial. You would be counted liberal? testifie it seldom; but if publickly, worthily. You would thrive in bargaining; let your transactions be private; for many small breaches of conscience*

are

are more infamous than one great one. But offend not your conscience willingly to be Treasurer of all the Indian Mines. Thus you see how Counsels, Precepts and Sentences may be translated into the form of *Occupatio* and *Subjectio*. Sometimes *Occupatio* is left out, and an Argument brought to the contrary; as *Cecropia* perswading her son *Amphialus* to offer violence to *Philoclea*, presupposed that he would say, *He must be modest*: she replies, *Each vertue hath his time, the Souldier that should march formost, must not give way for modesty.* There is *Occupatio* and *Subjectio* in *Arcadia*; *if she consented, then thus—if otherwise, then, &c. Did I walk abroad to see my delight? my walking was the delight it self. He saw her alive; he was glad to see her alive. He saw her weep; he was sorry to see her weep. He heard her comfortable speeches: nothing more joyful.*

This figure cannot be out of season, unless purposely; as it was in the fustian speech: *You listen to my speeches, I must needs confess it; you hear me to my words; I cannot deny it; you look for some sense; I partly believe it: But you find none; I do not much regard it.*

There is another figure, which hath been called by the name of *Concessio*; but I mean to mistake *Occupatio* and *Concessio*, one for the other, till I can distinguish them better. The form of *Concessio* is this, *I admit you are resolute; I grant your determination is immoveable, but it is in things against your friends judgments; and in things against your own honour and profit.*

OF

EPITHETES.

Epithetes do much embellish stile or discourse, yet they must be used (according to the comparison of *Demosthenes*) as sauce or seasoning, which whet the appetite, since they cannot pass for solid viands: otherwise in his opinion, there can be nothing more flat, and of less grace. *Quintilian* resembles a discourse, which is stuffed too full of *Epithetes* to an Army, wherein there are not more souldiers for service, than boyes for attendance; and which is, by that means, rendred very great in number, but weak in force and courage. Conform to this is that of *Longinus*, who advises that we moderately use such *Epithetes*, as are not too high swoln, nor far fetched, but such as are appesite to the subject. In these latter refined dayes, we have a kind of compound *Epithetes*, annexed to a Noun with a *Proche* or Division (as the Printers call it) which are much used in Poetry, and sometimes in Prose: of which let me give you some examples, and so leave them.

The Quiver-bearing Meads.
The Tempest-tossed Seas.
The Wool-ore-burthened Sheep.
The Meadow-loving Sorrel.
A Horror-strucken Mind.
The Earth-encircling Ocean.
An Heaven-inspired Art.
Sense-distracting Grief.
Fancy pleasing Faces.

The

The Pine-plow'd Sea.
The Green-mantled Earth.
Soul-subduing Graces.
A Heaven-faln Star.
A Self-condemning Mind.
An un-sun-seen Cave.
Love-distilling Tears.
This Heaven displeasing War.
Liver-scalding Lust.
Marble-hearted Cruelty.
Time beguiling Pleasure.
This Blood-be-dabled Kingdom.
People-pleasing Lenesses.
Corner-haunting Lust.
A Life-conferring Form, &c.

Formulæ

FORMULÆ MAJORES, OR, COMMON PLACES.

Absence.

AS thou art the food of my thoughts, the relief of my wishes, and the only life and repast of all my desires: So is thy love to me a continual hunger, and thy absence an extream famine.

In absence my grief grows, in finding my present estate so weak in fortune, and my deserts so slender in nature; that not knowing with *Anthony* how to requite his *Cleopatra*, I only rest with *Anthony*, to dye for my *Cleopatra*.

Tell him my love burns like vestal fire, which (with his memory, richer than all spices) disperseth odours round about my Soul, and did refresh it, when 'twas dull and sad with thinking of his absence.

He more breathed *A. B.* than the Ayre it self, and all her absences were to him so many deaths.

I want no part of welfare, but your wished presence.

The love he bare her at her return, was as a torrent (which after it has a long time been restrained) breaks the forced damms, and with vigorous impetuousnes drowns the fields. *Holy Court.*

Hoping forgetfulnes (which commonly waits upon absence) might possess him, he departed.

Since your absence, melancholly hath been my Concomitant, and your remembrance my greatest comfort.

I departed from you, like a hungry Infant, pull'd from his Nurses breast, or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet fountain.

Live, I pray, in repose, as much as you may, during this absence; and if my being away causes sorrow in you, let the assurance of my affection diminish it.

——— Forced a tedious separation of those sacred Bodies, whose Souls are entirely link'd in divine affection.

Acknowledgment.

MY acknowledgment of your favours shall appear in my willingnes to do you Service.

——— And my self shall not only acknowledge this favour with humblest thankfulnes, but, &c.

The acknowledgment of your favours shall be my meanest thanks; and to thank you for those favours, must be my best acknowledgment: I can do no more, I will do no less.

They acknowledge (with more or less degrees of homage) some kind of fealty.

——— It shall not be without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me.

Affection

Affection.

THe construction of his speech might best be made by the Grammer Rules of affection.

It is the flaming agony of affection, that works the chilling access of your fever.

The Coals of his affection were so kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that ——

Suffering neither his unworthiness nor his wrongs to cover with forgetfulness, or diminish with consideration, the affection she had born him.

—— To whom with words (which affection endited, but amazement uttered) he delivered ——

—— (Looking down upon her from the high top of affections Tower.)

If you retain as yet any spark of affection (which you have often given me witness of) kiss this paper in remembrance of him, who, &c.

My affections no less love the light and witness, than they have conscience of your vertue.

The high-tide of overflowing affection restraining his tongue with astonishment, as unable to express an unexpressable passion.

The blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tyde of affection.

He grafted his affection in the stock of her constancy.

(Testimonies of a never silent hearty affection.)

But perceiving his affection so grounded, that striving against it, did more anger than heal the wound, and rather call his friendship in question, than give place to any friendly Counsel.

The large Testimony of your affection, makes

me willing to ſuppreſs a great Number of Errors.

She in an inſtant was made an unfortunate winter of affection.

To intrinſecate my ſelf in your affection.

My affection ſhall find no parallel in its well-wiſhes to you.

The tender tinder of his affection began to ſparkle.

Striving to match her matchleſs beauty, with a matchleſs affection.

He (whoſe affection climed by another ſtair.)

In true affection, two ſo become one, as they both become two. *Rel. Med.*

——— You, in whom my affection holds a ſteady manſion.

Nor life, nor death ſhall divorce my affection from you.

Upon what Bryars the Roſes of his affection grow.

I conjure you to this by my affection, that never had equal. *Ar.*

The ſight of this place calls my thoughts to appear at the Court of affection, held by that racking Sreward Remembrance.

Theſe lines repreſent, in the poverty of *fancy*, the riches of my affection.

——— Good offices are the marks and ciment of true affection. *H. C.*

——— The heart is the Continent of affection, which flows uncompelled.

Anger.

ANger is the feaver of the Soul, which makes the tongue talk idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot hear what counsel speaks; 'tis a raging sea, a troubled water, that cannot be wholsom for the use of any. *Feltham.*

—— They are things below the merit of my indignation; objects of scorn, which, a little sleighted, and not inflamed by opposition, or countenanced to a reply by confutation, will within a while of themselves extinguish and vanish, like some dispersed roving winds, which without encounter are despirited and dye. Doctor *Wats upon Bacon.*

Beauty.

THen was plainly to be seen the Empire, which humane beauty, and an eloquent tongue have over earthly powers.

Beauty consists in complexion, in lineaments, and in harmony.

You are the most excellent star that shines in the bright element of Beauty.

Some became Petitioners and Prisoners to her Beauty, others did homage to her Vertues.

Beauty is to be reckoned, but as an outward fading benefit, that nature hath bestowed.

The Idol of Beauty ought not to be honoured with such oblations.

My eyes drank much more eagerly of her Beauty, than my mouth did of any other liquor.

Her face is such a spark of beauty, as is able to enflame a World of love.

——— She, who in a definite compass, can set forth infinite beauty.

The excellency of her returned beauty, was a credible Embassador of her health.

Where beauty is, there needs no other plea.

Sell not your Soul for such a vanity as eye-pleasing beauty.

Vertue is nothing else but inward beauty; and beauty nothing else but an outward vertue. *Bacon.*

Making her beautiful beams to thaw away the former icyness of his ———

——— Two Sisters, about whom, as about two Poles, the sky of beauty was turned.

Rather than those eyes should overflow their own beauties, or the sky of your beauty should be over-clouded with sorrow, I will ———

Beauty in the heaven of her face (two Suns eclipsed) was wrapped up in paleness.

Beauty which hath no grace, is a bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken, and catch nothing. *Eustasius.*

Beauty is like the herb *Lavix*, cool in the water, but hot in the stomack.

I cannot but applaud the wonder of your beauty.

Such is the divine power of loves deity, such the vertuous force of your heavenly beauty, and such the happy issue of our decreed destiny.

Beauty without chastity, is like a Mandrake Apple, comely in shew, but poysonful in taste.

I must accuse my self of presumption, for daring to consider any moles in that face, which you had marked for a beauty. Sir *K. D.*

——— A beauty, which alwayes with too eloquent a tongue did dictate tacite perſwaſions to his heart.

What a fair veſtment is to a deformed body, the ſame is a comely body to a deformed mind. *Bacon.*

A fair Soul in a fair body, is a River that windingly creepeth with many wary turnings within the enamel of a beautiful meadow, and raviſheth the whole World with the admiration of its excellency.

Beauty in it ſelf is ſuch a ſilent Orator, as ever is pleading for reſpect and liking, and by the eyes of others is ever ſending to their hearts for love. *Feltham.*

The modeſt ſweetneſs of a lilied face ——

Beauty is the wit of nature put into the frontiſpiece.

I have ſeen (and yet not with a partial eye) ſuch features, and ſuch mixtures, as I have thought impoſſible for either nature to frame, or art to counterfeit: yet in the ſame face, I have ſeen that which hath out-gone them both, the countenance. Oh! if ſuch glory can dwell with corruption, what Celeſtial excellencies are there in the Saints above? Who would not gaze himſelf into admiration, when he ſhall ſee ſo rich a treaſure in ſo pure a Cabinet, unmatched vertue in matchleſs beauty? *Feltham.*

What is temporal beauty, but a tranſitory charm, an illuſion of ſenſes, a voluntary impoſture, a ſlave of pleaſure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a dyal on which we never look, but whilſt the Sun ſhines on it? What is humane beauty, but a dunghil covered with ſnow, a glaſs painted with falſe colours, a prey purſued by many dogs, a dangerous hoſtels in a frail houſe, a ſugred fruit in

a feast, which some dare not touch for respect, and others gormandize through sensuality? Go; trust so fading a good: Go; betake you to so unhappy a snare; Go; tye your contentments to so slippery a knot, what else will betide you but to court a phantasie, which, loosening your hold, will leave you nothing but the sorrow of your illusions? *H. Court.*

Blush.

AS she spake that word, her Cheeks in red Letters writ more than her Tongue did speak.

As the wonder strove to make her pale, warm love fortify'd her Cheeks with guilty blushes.

—— At whose presence a fresh vermillion dye bestowed a new complexion on her.

Company.

HIs pleasing company did beguile the times haste, and shortned the wayes length.

Why will you give me, with so sparing a hand, the riches of your presence?

Constancy.

SHe—whose constancy neither time nor absence (the moths of affection) nor, what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter. — He,

——— He who ſigned his faith with the ſeal of his conſtancy.

Be but thou as conſtant a friend to my mind, as thou ſhalt be a true poſſeſſor of my heart, and I ſhall have as juſt a cauſe of joy, as thou no cauſe of doubt.

Though the ſurging Sea hath moved the humors of my body, yet it hath not power to change the inclinations of my mind; for I love you no leſs at *Antwerp* (where I am arrived) than I did at *London*, &c.

He continued alwayes conſtant, like the Needle of a Sea-compaſs in a ſtorm.

Conſtancy is the foundation of vertue. *Bacon.*

Fortune is like *Proteus*, if you perſiſt, ſhe returns to her true ſhape. *Bacon.*

Compariſons.

THis comfort in danger was but like the honey *Samſon* found in the Lyons Jawes, or like lightning in a foggy Night.

Reſolved he was not to touch the forbidden fruit, nor drink on *Circes* Cup; he would not with the Spider, ſuck poyſon out of a fair flower.

In the greeneſt Graſs is the greateſt Serpent: In the cleareſt water the ugliеſt Toad: In the moſt curious Sepulchre are incloſed rotten bones: The Oſtrich carries fair feathers, but rank fleſh.

As there has been an unchaſte *Helen* in *Greece*, ſo alſo a chaſte *Penelope*; As there has been a prodigious *Paſiphae*, ſo has there been a goodly *Thecrita*.

Hippomanes ceaſed to run when ſhe had gotten

the Goal: *Hercules* to labour, when he had obtained the victory: *Mercury* to pipe, when he had cast *Argus* in a ſlumber; every action has his end.

Each Book ſent into the World, is like a Bark put to Sea, and as liable to cenſures, as the Bark is to foul weather. *Herbert.*

Like the City *Mindus*, whoſe Gates were ſo big, the City might go out of them.

—— Which like the flaming two-edged waving Sword of the *Cherub* cuts aſunder on all ſides, whatever oppoſes it. *Creſſy's Exomologeſis.*

Like the ſtone that grows in the River of *Curia*, which the more it is cut, the more increaſeth.

There is no Iron but will be ſoftned with the fire; ſo, no, &c. ——

As a fair flower nipt with the morning froſt, hanging down his head, is much ſorry for his declining glory. ——

When the Halcions hatch, the Sea is calm; and the Phœnix never ſpreads her wings, but when the Sun ſhines on her Neſt. So ——

Like the Spaniel, which gnaws upon the Chain that tyes him; but ſooner marrs his teeth, than procures liberty. ——

Conſider that the heavenly Sun diſdains not to give light, and ſhine on the ſmalleſt Worm.

—— In this 'tis ſo evident, that I will not light the Sun with a ruſh Candle.

He commends unto us a golden Chain of Chriſtian perfections, conſiſting of theſe links, Faith, Vertue, Patience, &c.

We can expect but *Polyphemus* courteſie, to be laſt devoured.

Romes Capitol was not built in one day; nor was *Zeuxis Helena* ſuddenly limn'd with one penſil.

They

They have long sported in the blood and treasure of the land, as the *Leviathan* in the waters.

His mind was all this while so fix'd upon another devotion, that he no more marked his friends discourse, than the Child that has leave to play marks the last part of his Lesson, or the diligent Pilot in a Tempest attends the unskilful words of a Passenger.

She trembled like the unlickt lamb newly yean'd upon a sheet of snow.

My expression is but like a Picture drawn with a Cole, wanting those lively Colours which a more skilful Pen might give it.

It is the Decree of Heaven, That every Composition here beneath, as well fram'd by the hand of Art, as fashion'd by the help of Nature, should sustain some imperfection; for Glass hath its lead, gold its dross, corn its chaffe, *Helen* her mole, the Moon her spots, and the Sun its shade. *Spa. Bawd.*

Like the Sun that illuminates the whole Aire, if no cloud or solid opacous body intervene.

—— Did make no more impressions on him, than an Arrow on a rock of Adamant.

—— More impure than the stable of *Augeus*. *H. C.*

As pensive as the Night.

—— You, as cruel as the Duke of *Muscovia*, named *Bastides*, who commanded from his subjects a tribute of Sweat, and Nightingals in the midst of Winter. *H. Court.*

If thou be as hot as Mount *Etna*, feign thy self as cold as the hill *Caucasus*; carry two faces in one hood.

As ingenious *Cicero* could pick gold out of *Ennius*'s dung; so may ——

His

His Fetters (like King *Agrippa*'s golden Chain) more became him, than his Imperial Diadem.

As liberal as the Sun which shines on all.

Like *Æsops* Crow, prank't up in borrowed feathers.

Descriptions.

—HE was even ravished with contentment, in beholding those goodly Palaces, where was seen an admirable Consort of Art and Nature, so many Halls, so well furnish'd within; such rich hangings, such most exquisite pictures, such marbles, such guilding; And without, Mountains, which make a natural Theatre, tapistred without Art, to surpass all workmanship; Forrests, which seem born with the World; hedges and knots curiously cut, alleys and mazes, where both eyes and feet are lost; Rivers, which creep along with silver purlings about gardens, enamel'd with most fragrant flowers; Caverns repleniſhed with a sacred horrour, grotts and fountains, which gently gliding, contend with the warble of Birds, and so many other spectacles, which at first sight astonish spirits, and never satiate. *H. C.*

—There were Hills which garnish'd their proud heights with Trees, humble Valleys, whose low estate seem'd comforted with refreshing of silver Rivers, Meadows enamel'd with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers, thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the chearful disposition of many well tun'd birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober securiy, while the pretty Lambs, with bleating Oratory, craved

craved the Damms comfort; here a Shepherds boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young Shepherdess knitting, and withall singing, and her hands kept time to her voyces musick; a shew as it were of an accompaniable solitarines, and of a civil wildness. *Arcadia.*

—Neither are the Gardens to be omitted, which for their largeness, have the face of a Forrest, for their variety, of a Paradise; here *Cypres* Groves, there walks with Statues; here a Sea of fountains, there Swans, Ostriches, and other recreative creatures. *Mer. Ital.*

—It is a place, which now humbling it self in fallowed Plains, now proud in well-husbanded Hills, marries barren Woods to cultivated Valleys, and joins neat Gardens to delicious Fountains, &c.

—To render a perfect and lively image of this excellent piece, and speak of its colours in the original, cannot be better accomplished, than in the resembling it to the surprizing artifice of some various Scene, curious landship, or delicious prospect, where sometimes from the craggines of inaccessible Rocks, uneven and horrid Precipices (such as are to be found respecting those admirable plains of *Lumbardy*,) there breaks and divides (as the wandring Traveller approaches) a passage to his eyes down into some goodly and luxurious valley, where the trembling serpenting of some Christal River, fringed with the curious diaper of the foster meadows, the umbrage and harmonious warbling of the cooler groves, the frisking and lowing of the wandring Cattle, the exuberant *festoons* of a bountiful Autumn, the smiling Crops of a hopeful Harvest, and all the youth and pride of a chearful Spring, conspire to create a new Paradise, and recompence

compence him the pains of so many difficult accesses. Mr. *Evelyn.*

Death.

DEath is that inconsiderable atome of time that divides the body from the Soul, &c. *Scaliger* defines it to be the *Cessation of the souls functions.*

When *Hadrian* asked *Secundus* what Death was, he answered in these several truths, It is a sleep eternal, the bodies dissolution, the rich mans fear, the poor mans wish, an event inevitable, an uncertain journey, a thief that steals away man, sleeps father, lifes flight, the departure of the living, and the resolution of all.

Death had no sooner absented him from her eys, but forgetfulness drew him out of her heart.

When we once come in sight of the port of *death*, to which all winds drive us; and when by letting fall that fatal Anchor, which can never be weighed again, the Navigation of this life takes end; Then it is, I say, that our own cogitations (those sad and severe cogitations formerly beaten from us by our health and felicity) return again, and pay us to the uttermost for all the pleasing passages of our lives past. Sir *Wa. Rawleigh.*

Death deprived me of my paradized bliss, and not only made my broken heart the sad habitation of woe, but also turned my mind (which before was a Kingdom to me) into a Hell of tormenting thoughts.

Torches made of Aromatique wood, cast out their odoriferous exhalations when they are almost wasted;

wasted: So the vertuous *A.* made all the good odors of her life evaporate in the last instant of her death.

That he is dead, —— As if she now scorn'd life, *Death* lends her Cheeks his paleness, and her eyes tell down their drops of silver to the earth; wishing her tears might rain upon his grave, to make the gentle earth produce some flower should bear his name and memory.

—— She (prostrated on the body of her Lover) sought in his eclipsed eyes and dead lips, the remnant of her life.

I shall not be unwilling to suffer a Goal-delivery of my Soul from the prison of my body; when I am called to it.

—— Delivered up to the immortality of another World, This deadly shaft passing through him, so wounded me, that I my self was arrived within few paces of the Land of darkness. In his silent marble, the best part of that small portion of joy I had in the World; but all my hopes are entombed. *Wats in Bu. Preface.*

(Drawing near the Confines of *Deaths* Kingdom)

Death frees a man from misery, and wafts him to the Haven of his happiness. *Her.*

As soon as *Death* hath played the Midwife to our second birth, our Soul shall then see all truths more freely, than our corporal eyes at our first birth see all bodies and colours. Sir *K. D.*

Desire.

IF you desire that I make you a picture of the nature and perquisites of *Desire*, I will tell you, It

is

is a ſtrange Countrey, whereto the prodigal Child ſailed, when he forſook his fathers houſe to undertake a baniſhment; a Countrey where corn is ſtill in graſs; Vines in the bud; Trees perpetually in bloſſom, and Birds alwayes in the ſhell; you neither ſee corn, fruit, nor any thing fully ſhaped, all is there only in expectation: It is a Countrey full of Figures, Phantaſms, Illuſions and hopes, which are dreams without ſleep. A Countrey where the Inhabitants are never without fevers, one is no ſooner gone, but another comes into its place. There dwells Covetouſneſs, a great Woman, meager, lean, ſtarven, having round about her, a huge ſwarm of winged boyes, of which ſome are altogether languiſhing, others caſt her a thouſand ſmiles, as ſhe paſſeth along; upon her ſelf ſhe hath an infinite number of Horſe leeches, which ſuck upon her to the marrow. Time looks on her afar off, and never comes near her, ſhewing her an inchanted Looking-glaſs, wherein ſhe ſees a thouſand and a thouſand falſe colours, which amuſe her, and when ſhe has ſported enough, ſhe has nothing to dinner but ſmoke. *Holy Court.*

Albeit you can no wayes quench the Coals of *Deſire* with forgetfulneſs, yet rake them up in the aſhes of modeſty.

As *Pharaoh* longed to know his dreams, ſo deſired he to ——

Deſire (the Nurſe of perſeverance) gave him wings to make the more ſpeed.

Thus wiſhing my deſerts ſtill ſutable to my deſires, and my deſires ever pleaſing to your deſerts.

—— More ready in deſire, than able in power to ſerve you.

—— Then which nothing could ſhoot righter at the mark of my deſires.

— And

—— And with you as full of good fortune, as I am of desire.

She staid not long in the suburbs of her foolish desires.

Desire is a wind, that against the tyde can carry us merrily, with it, makes us flie. *Feltham.*

Desire so blew the fire of his new conceived rage, that ——

Desert.

HOw much my small deserts are overballanced by your unspeakable goodness?

—— You, whose desert passeth my best endeavours of requital.

—— It flies to the sacred Altar of your immutable goodness, set off with all the additions of greatness, which nature or affection can throw upon unmatched desert.

—— This is the hard fate my just merit hath encountred.

—— It is a matter so far above my merits, that I cannot think upon it without presumption.

Despair.

THe fire of my affection was blown by the bellows of despair.

Despair of success was the Herse of his supposed idle thoughts.

Love wanting desire, makes the mind desperate, and fixed fancy, bereft of love, turns into fury.

My

My Lords! I ſpeak to minds too noble to be ſtifled in the narrow confines of fear; follow your Prince, whoſe vertue the ſpight of fortune ſhall not wrack into deſpair.

Whilſt I wear a hand, commanded by a heart, that knows no fear, I ſhall not deſpair of —

Diſpleaſure.

YOur diſpleaſure is ſo contrary to my deſert, and your words ſo far beyond all expectations, that I have leaſt ability, now I have moſt need, to ſpeak in the cauſe on which my life depends.

What has your poor ſervant deſerved, to have his own misfortune loaden with your diſpleaſure?

Eloquence.

Eloquence is a way of ſpeech prevailing over thoſe whom we deſign it prevail; that is, if we will make it in the ſhort or Laconick way, a diſtilling her notions into a quinteſſence, or forming all our thoughts in a Cone, and ſmiting with the point, &c. Mr. *Hall in his Epiſtle before Longinus.*

— A man, who (filling the Sails of *Eloquence*) as eaſily moved his Auditors, as winds do the ſands of *Lybia*, which ſtir at their pleaſure.

His *Speech* appeared in coſtly robes, adorned with lofty and glorious language, fattened by many a pleaſant and clear Simile, quickned by divers acute and learned Criticiſms; my Cabinet enſhrineth no ſuch treaſure.

I

I much admire the very Character of your ſtyle, which ſeems to me to have not a little of the *Aſſrican Idea* of St. *Auſtins* age, full of ſweet raptures, and of reſearched conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you (I know not how) with a certain equal facility. Sir *Henry Wotton.*

Though I have not Eloquence enough to win, yet I hope to find language enough to perſwade.

He was dazled with the brightneſs of her aſpect; but when ſhe began to unlooſe her tongue, never was *Syren* ſo attractive with ſongs, as ſhe with words.

— Tis a ſpeech wherein the abundance of ſuper-eminent conceits choaks not the grace, nor doth curioſity take any thing from the propriety thereof.

— Your manner of ſpeech is indeed Prince like, flowing as from a fountain, and yet ſtreaming and branching it ſelf into natures order; full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and inimitable of any. *Bacon.*

Your conceptions are inimitable, your language ſweet and polite, your ſentences are full of weight, your arguments of force, and your words glide along like a River, and ever bear in them ſome flaſhes of lightning.

How greedily my ears did feed upon the ſweet words ſhe uttered.

Were not your affections ſtronger tyed to the Orator, than the Oratory, I ſhould not hope to perſwade you, that — *Her.*

— He, with a fearleſs faſhion, thus beſpake the audience. —

Every accent falls like a freſh jewel to increaſe her value.

— His maſculine Eloquence was thought worthieſt

to

to enjoy the maidenhead of the Cities attention. — Forcibly won by the ſmooth artifice of ſpeech.

It is no ſmall dominion the imagination hath in perſwaſions, inſinuated by the power of Eloquence. *Bac.*

His Style was an elegant perſpicuity rich of phraſe. Sir *Hen. Wotton.*

You have truly found out the Philoſophers ſtone; for every groſs matter you can convert into the gold of fine language.

Eloquence does commonly *ſtorm* the mind of the Auditor, and at length *take* him *in.*

Entertainment.

I Want expreſſion to give you the circumſtance with what a flowing love, or rather with what glad devotion I entertain you. *Grat. Ser.*

— You much honour me; for till this white hour, theſe walls were never proud to encloſe a gueſt, the *Genius* of my houſe is, by ſo great a preſence, waked, and glories to entertain you.

Could this roof be capable of ill, your only preſence *(Lady)* would convert it; there is a vertuous magick in your eye; for whereſoe're it caſts a beam, it creates a goodneſs.

I am much confounded for this honor you do me. *Madam*, but yet I am more aſhamed to ſee you in a place, where vertue never entred, but in your attendance. *Ariana.*

Y' are each of you a various Banquet, where a breathing ſweetneſs feaſts the Spectators, and diverts all thought of eating to beholding, and from beholding to enjoying. *Am. War.*

Your preſence is reſtorative. *Friend-*

Friendſhip.

AS paſſion hath been well ſaid to be friendſhip run mad; ſo friendſhip may be properly ſtiled ſober paſſion, as having all the ſpirit and cordiality of the wine of love, without the offenſive fumes and vapors of it. Mr. *Montague* in his *Miſcellanea*.

The love of men to women, is a thing common, and of courſe; but the friendſhip of man to man, is infinite and immortal. *Plato*.

The words of a friend joined with true affection, give life to the heart, and comfort to a care-oppreſſed mind. *Chylo*.

The mutual habitude of no intermitting friendſhip between us, hath ſtrongly confirmed——

(Receiving ſo dear witneſſes of your friendſhip.)

The reſemblance of their beauties and wits, joined their ſouls together, and ſoon after, that of their fortunes made this friendſhip perfect. *Ar.*

——(Which your friendſhip rather finds, than I acknowledge.)

Hence grows the height of friendſhip, when two ſimilary Souls ſhall blend in their commixions. *Feltham*.

As nothing unites more than a reciprocal exchange of affection, ſo nothing hinders the knot of friendſhip, more than apparent neglect of courteſies.

Friendſhip a diligent officer, takes care to ſee the bonds thereof fully executed.

Friendſhip is the Soul of humane ſociety.

Friendſhip is a pleaſant ſauce to any temporal happineſs. *Bacon*.

The worſt ſolitude is to be deſtitute of ſincere friendſhip.

Gift.

TRuly (Sir) I doubt whether is greater, the poverty of the *Gift*, or the boldness of the giver; whose true respects have encouraged him to this small expression of service.

I beseech you excuse me, that this Present is not correspondent to your merit.

Please to respect the enlarged heart of the giver, more than the quality of the gift; since the meanness of this, can only serve to express the well-meaning of the other.

Haste.

(BEing born away with the hasty Tyde of smallest leasure.)

—— Going with a pace not so much too fast for her body, as slow for her mind.

With such haste (as if her ears hunted for words) desired to know. ——

Hope.

HOpe is the gate of a great Palace replenished with Riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* terms, *The Portresse of Nature*. It hath two Arms, with which it endeavours to pursue and embrace objects, whereof the one is called *desire*, and the other *belief*, to be able to obtain what one desireth, &c. *H. Court.*

The

The *Babylon* of worldly hopes ſhews it ſelf in the beginning, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find thoſe deſires, that were as pleaſing as the dawning of the day (which at its firſt ſpringing appears all over ſtudded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at laſt, and are changed into the horrors of a ſad tempeſt.

Humane life hath not a ſurer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than *Hope*. 'Tis the miſerable mans god, which in the hardeſt gripe of calamity never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is the preſumptuous mans Devil, which leads him a while in a ſmooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the ſudden. *Hope* is to man as a bladder to a learning ſwimmer, &c. *Feltham.*

— The ſight whereof made *Hope* (the Harbinger of happineſs) to breath in her this pleaſing comfort.

— Sweet, I ſee, is the hope that ſprings in the bud, but moſt ſorrowful I find is the hap that decayes in the bloſſom.

Our teeming hopes will ever be delivered of a gracious birth.

— She whoſe weaker bowels were ſtreight full with the leaſt liquor of hope.

Hope is but the dream of a man awake.

You have blaſted the harveſt of my hopes.

Hypocriſie.

DO not we know that Hypocriſie is the ſame thing to Vertue, which painting is to Faces, and that it is the very Moth which devours ſanctity? What doth not a plaiſtered Sanctity for the ſubverſion of the ſimple? What doth not a bad Servant,

vant, when once he poſſeſſeth the eaſie nature of his Maſter?

Jealouſie.

JEalouſie is a diſeaſe of the mind, proceeding from a fear which a man hath, that that thing is communicated to another, which he would not have common, but private to himſelf; it is alſo bred of that love which will not ſuffer a partner in the thing beloved.

Thereupon a furious jealouſie, as if it had been breath'd from Hell, began to lay hold on this gentle ſpirit, all the objects of what was paſt returned to thicken this black vapor, to frame a cloud thereof, and reſolve it into a ſtorm. *H. C.*

What is it that you ſhould thus conceal from me? Be my ears unworthy, or my tongue ſuſpected?

Love, as it is divine with Loyalty, ſo is it Hell with jealouſie.

There can be no greater Tyranny than jealouſie, whereby a man continually murthers himſelf living.

All his actions began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpition.

Jealouſie is a Gin that we ſet to catch Serpents, which, as ſoon as we have caught them, ſting us. *Feltham.*

Jealouſie is the Canker of wedlock.

Jealouſie continually ſtudies the Anatomy of hearts, and ſhews great ſeverity to the leaſt defective part. *Montague.*

Reaſon ingenders love, and love jealouſie; but the one and the other reſemble little Worms, that corrupt the maker that forms them. Mr. *Mont.*

Inconſtancy.

INconſtancy is properly a levity and an irreſolution of mind, which ſhews it ſelf in his manners, actions and words, who is touched with it. To ſay truth, this paſſion is a Devil that inhabits a land of Quickſilver, where Earthquakes are almoſt perpetual, winds blow on each ſide, and blowing, make many weather-cocks turn too and fro, and every moment change poſture. In this place an admirable creature is to be ſeen, who is not what ſhe is, and is that ſhe is not, ſo many faces and figures ſhe hath. She likewiſe is ſtill upon transformations, and ſeems to do nothing at all, but make and unmake her ſelf. One while ſhe is great, another while little; one while groſs, another ſlender; one while affable, another while harſh; one while ſerious, another while gameſome, but ever ſlippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to appear in publick, as if ſhe came into a Theatre, cloathed one while in changeable Taffata, another while with different pieces, ſet together out of a ſingular fantaſtick addleneſs of wit. She alone repreſents all perſonages, talks with all kind of voices, and in all manner of languages, &c. *H. Court.*

Ingratitude.

INgratitude challenges Revenge by cuſtom, and is a Vice moſt hateful before God and Man.

Ingratitude deſerves, that all the Elements with their beſt forces, ſhould conſpire in its avengement.

An unthankful man, is compared to a Veſſel full of holes.

Joy.

JOy triumph't in his eyes, and comfort lodg'd in his heart, and in this Haven of happineſs he would have ſwim'd ſtill, but that ——

Joyes had their freſh ſupplies, as if ſome golden dream had imparadiſed their thoughts with ſome glorious viſion.

— Lifted up from a Hell of grief to a Heaven of joy.

Through how many reſtleſs Nights, and leſs reſtleſs thoughts do we encounter theſe ſweet bitter joyes. And as the more we graſp the water into our hands, the leſs we hold; ſo is content the farther from us, the more we ſeek it in theſe fading glories of the World; which, like an *Ignis fatuus*, firſt light us through wild untrodden paths unto themſelves, then through vaſt aiery thoughts they lead us up to that precipice, from whence we fall, and there they leave us.

— This Charm reduc'd his paſſion to that contentment, brought his hopes to that height, and plac'd his Soul in a Heaven of ſuch divine pleaſures, that he was even ready to expire in this pleaſing extaſie.

O what a ſource of joy did then overflow her breaſt, that treaſury of chaſte delights!

The Sun ne're met the Summer with more joy.

Letters.

LEtters are the very thoughts of the heart, but once removed; where all the ſcapes of nature

or

or breeding are moſt like to harbor. *Key of Cab.*

Theſe Paper-preſents are but weak reflections of ſtronger affections, yet being the beſt ſacrifice of a friend, they deſerve the higher place in your eſteem.

Letters are the ſweet communication of fancy, which have been alwayes eſteemed the beſt fuel of affection, and the very marrow of friendſhip.

Abſence entertained by Letters full of confidence, is not alwayes without its profit; for the Soul by the memory taſts what it has taken in by the underſtanding, and gives it ſelf more leaſure to recogitate its pleaſure, which is not ſo well perceived, when preſence drencheth the mind in a deluge of contentments, and gives it not leaſure to bethink it ſelf. *H. C.*

If I write a Letter, I imagine Love gives me the Pen, that I dip it in my tears, that the paper is all over-filled with flowers of affection, and that I ſend my thoughts and ſighs, as Courtiers, to ſeek out the well-beloved of my heart. *H. C.*

You have proſtituted my chaſte and holy Letters to the baſe adulteries of all common eyes.

Words are the images of cogitations. Letters are the images of words.

I will not load your ears with thoſe frivolous impertinencies, which would ſwell this Letter beyond your patience.

An amorous Letter to a youthful heart, is a learned enchantment. The hooks of ſuch Characters are artificial pick-lock Tools, to open the ſecret bolt of a heart. To ſee a leaf written, is like ſeeing an Army in the field; every line is a file of men. Words give battel to the mind, and overcome it; for there is no force more powerful than that of words, to batter a mind. *Stratonica.*

Loquacity.

LOquacity is the Fiſtula of the mind, ever running, and almoſt incurable.

A talkative Fellow is the unbrac'd Drum, which beats a wiſe man out of his wits.

Love.

Love (in the interpretation of the envious) is *ſoftneſs*; in the wicked, good men ſuſpect it for luſt; and in the good, ſome ſpiritual men have given it the name of *Charity*; and theſe are but terms to this, which ſeems a more conſiderate definition, That indefinite *Love* is *Luſt*; and *Luſt* when it is determined to one, is *Love*. This definition too, does but intrude it ſelf on what I was about to ſay, which is (and ſpoken with ſoberneſs, though like a Lay-man) that *Love* is the moſt acceptable impoſition of nature, the cauſe and preſervation of life, and the very healthfulneſs of the mind, as well as of the body: But Luſt (our raging feaver) is more dangerous in Cities, than the Calenture in ſhips.

Love, like a burning-glaſs, contracts the dilated lines of Luſt, and fixeth them upon one object. *Adv. to a Son.*

Love (in the moſt obnoxious interpretation) is natures preparative to her greateſt work, which is the making of life.

Love is an Empire only of two perſons, which cannot be extended further without deſtruction, and in it obedience and ſoveraignty are reciprocal.

Love

Love in humane nature is both the ſource and centre of all paſſions; for not only hope, fear and joy, but even anger and hatred riſe firſt out of the ſpring of love. Mr. *Montague.*

To be in love, is the moſt intenſive appropriation of all the powers of our mind to our deſign. *ibid.*

Senſual love is the moſt fatal plague among all paſſions. It is not a ſimple malady, but one compoſed of all the evils in the World; it hath the ſhiverings and heats of *Feavers*, the ache and prickings of the *Meagrim*, the rage of *Teeth*, the ſtupefaction of the *Vertigo*, the furies of *Frenzie*, the black vapors of the *Hypocondry*, the diſturbances of the *Waking*, the ſtupidities of the *Lethargy*, the fits of the *Falling-ſickneſs*, the faintneſs of the *Tyſick*, the heaving of the paſſions of the heart, the pangs of the *Cholick*, the infections of the *Leproſie*, the venom of *Ulcers*, the malignity of the *Plague*, the putrifaction of the *Gangrene*, and all, which is horrible in nature. *Holy Court.*

Love! Care is thy Court, Tyranny thy Raign, Slaves thy Subjects, Folly thy Attendance, Luſt thy Law, Sin thy Service, and Repentance thy Wages.

Fear breeds wit, anger is the cradle of courage, joy opens and enables the heart, ſorrow weakens it; but love is ingendred betwixt luſt and idleneſs, his companions are unquietneſs, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, jealouſies, ungrounded rages, cauſeleſs yieldings; the higheſt end it aſpires to, is a little pleaſure, with much pain before, and great repentance after.

At that time the flames of his chaſte love began to burn more forcible than ever.

He loved her with a love, mingled with reſpect of merit and compaſſion of her perſecuted innocency.

To love, is natural; not to love, is monſtrous.

Such was the unreſiſtable force of his unlimitable affection, that in ſpite of Reaſon, he was enforced to do homage to paſſion.

Her love was a rich Rock of defence againſt all Syrene ſongs.

— It received ſuch an impreſſion of that wonderful paſſion, which to be defined is impoſſible, becauſe no words reach to expreſs the ſtrange effects of it; they only know it, who inwardly feel it; it is called *Love*.

He beſought him not to make account of his ſpeech, which if it had been over-paſſionate, yet was it to be born withall, becauſe it proceeded out of an affection much more vehement.

Humanity enjoins you to love me, ſeeing I hold my life an eaſie ſacrifice to enjoy you.

It is no pilgrimage to travel to your lips.

Worldly loves are the true Gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but trivial flowers, ſurrounded with many bryars. *Chriſtian Diary.*

A ſilent expreſſion gives the pregnant'ſt teſtimony of a deep grounded affection, where every look darts forth love.

Nothing ſhall have power to alien my love from you.

Let me draw from your look one bluſh of love, or line of fancy.

Let me become an abject in the eyes of fame, an object of contempt to the world; if my faithful devotion and obſervance ſupply not all my defects.

I am he, who either you have great cauſe to love, or no cauſe to hate.

She loved him as the pledge-bearer of her heart.

You — towards whom I know not whether my love or admiration be greater.

Your affection hath got a Lordſhip in my thoughts.

Love

Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a reſiſting is a Tyrant.

(Sealing up all thoughts of love, under the image of her memory.)

The extream bent of my affection compells me to —

Love in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; it daily forms a thouſand imaginations, and brings forth a thouſand cares, it finds out an infinity of inventions to advance the good of the beloved, &c. *H. C.*

Death may end my life, but not my love, which (as it is infinite) muſt be immortal.

— Him, whoſe love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of utterance, that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did ſtand.

Such a love as mine, wedded to vertue, can never be ſo adulterated by any accident, no nor yet raviſh'd by paſſion, as to bring forth a baſtard diſobedience, whereof (my very conſcience not being able to accuſe my thoughts) I come to clear my ſelf.

The proportion of my love is infinite.

So perfect a thing my love is to you, as it ſuffers no queſtion, ſo it ſeems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it.

The more notable demonſtrations you make of the love (ſo far beyond my deſert) with which it pleaſeth you to make me happy, the more am I, even in courſe of humanity, bound to ſeek requitals witneſs.

— (Having embarqued my careful love in the ſhip of my deſire.) —

Good God! what ſublimate is made in the lymbeck of love.

His eyes were ſo eager in beholding her, as they were like thoſe of the Bird, that hatches her Eggs with her looks. *Stratonica.*

He expected her at *A.* with ſo great impatience of love, that he would have willingly haſtned the courſe of the Sun, to meaſure it by his affections. —— He, beholding her ſo accompliſhed, eaſily left the glances ſhot from her eyes, were rayes from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honourable wounds.

If you have as much confidence in me, as I have love towards you; ——

Love is in effect a force (pardon the exorbitancy of the word) that is unreſiſtable, ſo ſtrong a war is that, which the appetite wageth againſt Reaſon.

Then, then in the pride of your perfections you paradiſed me in the Heaven of your love.

The rare *Idea* that thus (through the applauſe of mine eye) hath bewitched my heart, is the beautious image of your ſweet ſelf (pardon me if I preſume, when the extremity of love pricks me forward.) Faults that grow by affection ought to be forgiven, becauſe they come of conſtraint: Then (*Madam*) read with favour, and cenſure with mercy; ——

Why ſhould not that, which is one, reſt in unity? *Bacon.*

His boſome was the Cell, wherein I hid my ſecrets; his mouth the Oracle, whereby I directed my Actions; as I could not be without his preſence, ſo I never would do any thing without his counſel.

When I am from you, I am dead till I be with you; when I am with you, I am not ſatisfied, but would ſtill be nearer you; united Souls are not ſatisfied with imbraces. *Rel. Med.*

In the intercourſe of affection, my love ſurmounts yours.

Fire comes out of the hardeſt flint with a ſteel; oyl out of the drieſt jet by fire; love out of the ſtonieſt

nieſt heart by faith, by truſt, by time. *Eupheus.*

I cannot but admire thy love, knowing from what height of vertue it proceeds; as I will not envy thee thy death, ſo I wiſh a glory may await thy end, great as the conſtancy that advanc'd thee to it. *Her.*

Two neighbouring Lillies, whom rude winds diſperſe 'mong reſtleſs duſt, may ſooner meet upon their ſtacles again, and kiſs each other in a ſecond growth, than we our loves renew.

Love is the good which by being diffuſed, is corrupted; ſhe that loves one, another, and a third; takes in men at the coyle, and loves only for her pleaſure. The object of true love is but one; from the infancy of time to her decrepitude, the love between two hath been held moſt honorable. *Heroinæ.*

Our mutual minds thus combined, was like the Garden of *Eden*, wherein grew more delights, than either Nature now affords, or Art can expreſs.

Gracious is the face that promiſeth nothing but love, and moſt celeſtial the reſolution that lives upon chaſtity.

She had a pure flame ſhot from Heaven into her breaſt, from no other place could ſo generous a mind be fired.

My love ſhall never end, but with my life.

There is nothing that belongs to us both, that can be divided; our wills united make but one mind, which ruling all our actions, it ſeems we are in like manner but one body. *Ariana.*

— He was ſo rapt with theſe dear engagements, that the commotions of his heart diſturbed his mind, and ſtop'd the freedom of his thoughts.

I muſt confeſs my ſelf in Priſon, but 'tis a Priſon of love, where my deſires, my thoughts, my hopes, my joyes, are chains. *H. C.*

Chaſte love.] She changes the fire of *Babylon* in

to that of *Jerusalem*. Her hairs, which were the Nets wherein so many captive Souls did sigh under the yoke of wanton love, are now (as the Ensigns and Standards of wicked *Cupid*) trampled under the feet of the Conqueror. Those kisses, which carried the poyson of a luxurious passion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the delicacies of chastity. Her pleasing odors, which before were vowed to sensuality, are now become the sweetest exhalations from that Amber Isle, which brings forth an odoriferous perfume. *Entert. for Lent.*

My passion hath for its object a thing too perfect to permit me a thought that may be unworthy the cause of it.

I like that love, which by a soft ascension, does degree it self in the Soul. *Feltham.*

Your presence is like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can banish the sadness of the mind.

The heart of a lover is a City, in which upon one and the same day are seen sports and banquets, battels and funerals. *Plutarch.*

Who knows not that love took away the senses of wise *Solomon*, and made him violate the sacred Law. Love moved *Biblis* to be enamoured on her own brother *Caunus*, and *Pasiphae* to accompany with a Bull.

Love is like a Pan of Charcoale, which meeting with the wind, its contrary, makes it turn more ardent, or like a rapid torrent, which justling against a damm, swells higher; so love meeting with opposition, grows hotter and stronger. *Dodona's Grove.*

——These two hearts being dissolved into love, spake in thoughts, not having language enough to express their affection. *H. C.*

Since then I cannot retaliate your love, or retribute

bute your favours, yet will I receive them with a desire to pay.

The worthy St. *Dionysius*, in his Book of Divine Attributes, distinguisheth three sorts of love; one is called circular, the other love in a right line, and the third oblique.

Love (saith an ancient Lover) hath made a Butt of my heart, where, so soon as it had shot all its Arrows, it threw it self as an inflamed Dart into the bottom of my heart, to set me all on fire.

There is nothing comparable to the Martyrdome of love; it is an exhalation in a cloud; it is a fire in a Mine, a torrent shut up in ditches; a night of separation that lasteth Ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its desires.

The life of this *young Hero* (which was ever hanging about the heart of his Mistress, ever in the contemplation of her goodness, perpetually in the furnace of love) wholly transformed it self into his well-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great vessel of Wine, as incense wasted in flames. *H. Court.*

He said what a warm lover (when desire makes eloquent) could speak, he said she was both Star and Pilot.

No Birth or Estate can challenge a Prerogative in love.

The deep wound of his love being rubbed afresh with —— began to bleed again.

Love is to the Soul, that which wings are to birds, to carry us to its fruition.

For want of well-loving, we apply the most precious thing which is love, to gain wretched creatures as if one used a golden Hook to fish for Froggs, and a Scepter to shake Hay.

I'le alwayes dwell with you like your shade:
I'le keep a Jubilee to your memory.

My eyes pay Tribute where my heart payes love.

I will repay your love with uſury.

(Love making, in the field of his memory, a muſter of the vertues of that Lady.)

The man that applies not himſelf to ſome love, is like a body without life.

Love is the Wine of the Soul.

Love is the greateſt Philoſopher in the World; He can tranſmute ſubſtances without altering the accidents.

Man commended.

MAn is the pride of Heavens Creation.

—— A man, whoſe life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it ſelf cannot mention without addition of ſome Epithetes of reſpect; to conclude him in a word, no object for any evil paſſion but envy; and a Subject for no Diſcourſe, but what ends with admiration.

It ſeems Nature from above had been diſpatch'd as a brave Harbinger, to ſcore out a lodging for this great Soul, and give him a body ſutable to the vigor of his Spirit (ſo well was it compoſed) &c. *H. Court.*

—— What he is according to nature, a maſter-piece, where many Prerogatives meet together, a body compoſed of a marvellous Architecture, a Soul endowed with ——

He is the *Orpheus*, who with his looks only, without ſetting his hand to the Lyre, enchants and raviſhes the moſt ſavage of our Wilderneſs.

Ariſtotle (that *Linceus* of nature) ——

He did with great nobleneſs and bounty (which vertues

vertues at that time had their turns in his Nature) reſtore. — *Lo. Bacon.*

All the learning he was ambitious of, was to be wiſe, and all the wiſdom to be good.

I find not any man, over whom he has not ſome advantage, nor any ones life, which (take it altogether) is ſo admirable as his. *The Prince.*

He is an *Anthony* in clemency, a *Trajan* in bounty, and another *Auguſtus* in wiſdom.

Though he exceeds not in thoſe vertues which get admiration, as depth of wiſdom, height of courage, and the like; yet he is notable for thoſe qualities which ſtir affection, as truth of word, meekneſs, courteſie, mercifulneſs and liberality.

He was Lord of great Revenues, to which his vertue, not his fortune, was his Title; his mind was richly embroydered with all the ſtudied ornaments of learning, &c. — *Heroinæ.*

Braveſt *A.* ſooner ſhall the Fathers bowels be ſilent at the ſight of his long unſeen Son, than poſterity forget thy Name.

— Nor ſhall I reſt content, till I bring one grain of incenſe more to that great oblation, which I hope the Muſes will offer ere long in publick to his memory, thereby to induce Hiſtorians (thoſe Goldſmiths of time) in their elaborate Rings, the Chronicles and Relations of theſe dayes, curiouſly to enchaſe this choycer Diamond to the delight and benefit of ſucceeding Ages. *Of Sir I. Smith.*

The world of worthineſs hath his whole Globe comprized in his breaſt.

The gallantry of his mind was plainly legible to every eye that was acquainted with the characters of verttue.

— In this man there were ſuch great abilities of wit and underſtanding, that into what Climate ſoever

ever his Nativity had cast him, he seem'd to be able to command a fortune. *Bacon.*

—— Men, whose Sentiments are Maxims and Oracles to govern the Worlds beliefs and actions. Sir *K. D.*

—— So well was he studied in the Art of dying, that by continual Watchings, Fastings, Prayers, and such like Acts of Christian Humiliation, his flesh was ratified into Spirit, and the whole man so fitted for eternal glories, that he was more than half in Heaven, before death brought his bloody (but triumphant) Chariot to convey him thither.

His Head did bear the Calendar of Age.

Every man is a vast and spacious Sea; his passions are the winds that swell him in disturbant waves, &c. *Feltham.*

His head was a well-fill'd Treasury, and his tongue the fair Key to unlock it; he had as great a memory as could be reconciled with so good a judgment.

A good man is like the day, enlightning and warming all he shines on, and is alwayes rising upwards to a Region of more constant purity, than that wherein it finds the object. The bad man is like the Night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholsom vapors upon all that rest beneath.

Envy her self could not detract from his worth; he was learned even to an Example, pious up to a Proverb.

—— A person that in the *Hurricans* of great transactions is serenely pleas'd to throw off the publick person, and adopt into his tenderness and protection, all that, unto which worth and letters may make a claim. Mr. *Halls Epistle before Longinus.*

Of

Of the late Majesty, and His Letters intercepted. 1645.

AS a *Man*, see, but with what sagacity he writes, and with what judgment; see, but what a clean sense he had of things, which does so overlook all his most perplexed Affairs, that they seem to blush, they have no better difficulties. See, but how far his wisdom looks into mens persons, which doth so weigh them and their actions with the grains and allowance of their unworthy servile ends, that he seems not more to observe than propheſie. See, but what an even spirit of Elegancy runs through every line, which beats and leaps as much in the description of his saddest condition, as of his sereneſt fortune; insomuch that posterity will a little love his misery for her very cloathing. So quick his parts, that his *Extempore* performances equalized the premeditations of others of his profession.

Then, as a *Husband*, do but observe how kind he is, and withall how chaste; how full of warm expressions of love, and yet how far from wanton; Do but observe how he weighs his own health by his Wifes Standard, every line bears a *Venus* in it, and yet no Doves; and he drives the trade of thoughts between the Queen and him, with so much eagerness, and yet with so much innocence in all his Letters, as if he meant they should be intercepted.

As a *Christian*, see, but what a Conscience he makes of Oaths, esteeming them (not according to the popular account) as if their Ceremony made them the less Sacred, or (as too many use them in the World) as bracelets to their Speech, not (as they

they are indeed) as Chains to their Souls; look but how he ſtartles at the name of Sacriledge, though never ſo commodious a ſin, *&c.*

Laſt of all, as a *King*, ſee, but what a conſtant and true Soul he bears to Juſtice, which none of his ſad infelicities can alter. A Soul that would come off true, were it put to *Plato's* tryal, who ſaid, That for a man to approve himſelf a true juſt man indeed, his vertue muſt be ſpoyl'd of all her ornaments. *Key to K. Cabinet.*

——His Stature was next a juſt proportion; his Body erect and active; his Colour or Complexion had generally drawn more from the white Roſe of *York*, than the red of *Lancaſter*; his Hair nearer brown than yellow; his Brow proclaim'd much fidelity; a certain verecundious generoſity grac'd his eyes, not ſuch as we read of *Sylla*, but of *Pompey*, in his geſtures nothing of affectation; in his whole aſpect no ſwelling, nothing boyſterous, but an alluring and well-becoming ſuavity; his alacrity and vigor the celerity of his motions did diſcover; otherwiſe his affections were temperate, and demeanor well ſetled; moſt firm to his purpoſes and promiſes, loving Truth, hating Vice; Juſt, Conſtant, Courageous, and not Simply ſo, but Knowingly good. *Sir H. Wot on of King Char. I.*

So many excellent Pens have written upon his brave Acts, and made them ſo well known to all the World, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them. *H. Court.*

He is the *Pelops* of wiſdom, and *Minos* of all good government.

Who has not known or read of that prodigy of wit and fortune, Sir *Wa. R.* a man infortunate in nothing, but in the greatneſs of his wit and advancement; whoſe eminent worth was ſuch, both in do

meſtick

meſtick policy, forraign expeditions and diſcoveries, in arts and literature both practick and contemplative, that it might ſeem at once to conquer both example and imitation. Mr. *Nath. Carpenter.*

— Man, who contracts in himſelf all the draughts and works of the Divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole World in his perfections, and bears the moſt animated character of the living God. *H. C.*

He is a noble, generous, and well manur'd youth; bears beauties enſigns in his gracious looks, has that ſupream Divinity in his eyes, as ſparkleth flames able to fire all hearts; and the ſuperlative vertue of his mind tranſcends his outward figure; he is wiſe, as moſt mature age, valiant in reſolve, as fames beloved Child, Reputation, conjoyns the maſculine graces of his Soul with lovely carriage and diſcreet diſcourſe, &c. *Argalus* and *Parth.*

— I could ſay much more of his worth, without flattery, did I not fear the imputation of preſumption, and withall ſuſpect, that it might befall theſe papers of mine (though the loſs were little) as it did the pictures of Q. *Eliz.* made by unskilful and common Painters, which by her own commandment were knockt to pieces, and caſt into the fire. For ill Artiſts, in ſetting out the beauty of the external and weak Writers, in deſcribing the vertues of the internal, do often leave to poſterity of well-formed faces, a deformed memory; and of the moſt perfect and Princely minds, a moſt defective repreſentation. Sir *Wa. Rawl. in Preface.*

He was a man, whoſe brave undaunted ſpirit dignified his Family many ſtories high in the eſtimate of Fame.

The excellent endowments of his Soul, acknowledged even by Envy, and admired by truth, together with his known propenſion to goodneſs, invited me to —

I have been poſſeſſed with extream wonder, when I conſider the excellency of thoſe vertues and faculties in him, which the Philoſophers call intellectual, the capacity of his mind comprehending ſo many, and ſo great notions, the faithfulneſs of his memory, the ſwiftneſs of his apprehenſion, the penetration of his judgment, the order and facility of his Elocution, &c. *Bacon.*

— He derived many ſtreams from *Sidney*'s great River into his own Channels.

His Countenance (which by Nature had no vulgar Ayre in it) grown lean by affliction, expreſſed (in a pale diſagreement of colours) that the harmony of his *individuum* began its diſſolution from the Head.

Nature.

NAture is that Spirit or Divine Reaſon, which is the efficient cauſe of natural Works, *&c.*

— You whom Nature hath made to be the Loadſtar of comfort, be not the Rock of Shipwrack.

The Errors in his Nature were excuſed, by reaſon of the greenneſs of his youth.

Nature having done ſo much for him of nothing, as that it made him Lord of ſomething.

Nature is the mirror of Art.

— They wreſtled with the diſadvantage of ſingle Nature, and at laſt threw it into Rule.

— Then does Art appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from *Nature* it ſelf; and again, Nature is never happy, becauſe ſhe always carries a hidden Art in her own boſom. *Longinus.*

Rebellion

Rebellion.

ZEal was the Flint, and Ambition the Steel, out of which the ſparks of *Rebellion* have in our dayes kindled the moſt fatal miſchiefs.

Silence and Secreſie.

SIlence is the fermentation of our thoughts. *Bacon.*

— Aſſuring you in the faith of a friend, that you ſhall depoſit it in the deepeſt and darkeſt Den of ſilence, never to come to light.

It is hard to be ſilent, *&c.* ſince Nature hath not made us like *Crocodiles*, who are ſaid to have eyes to weep, and not a tongue to complain.

I hope I ſhall find your ears faithful Treaſurers.

I will cover it under the vail of ſilence.

Silence, in baſhful ſigns, bluſh'd out a dumb Reply.

— Till when I lock theſe projects in the Cloſet of your ſecreſie.

There followed ſo deep and unbroken a ſilence, that Midnight ſeem'd Thunder, if compar'd to it.

The ſilence of the tongue is the peace of the heart. *Tho. A Kemp.*

Similitudes, ſee *Compariſons*, pag. 58.

Sorrow.

Sorrow.

SOrrow is a grief or heavineſs for things which are done and paſt, it is the only friend to ſolitarineſs, enemy to company, and heir to deſperation.

Though his attached tongue could pay no tribute to his dumb ſorrow, yet did his ſilent woes ſhew his ſpeaking grief.

O happy *Portia*, thy dead ſad woes are all buried in my long-liv'd griefs; and *Hecuba*'s tears are all drowned in the Sea of my ſorrow.

Lymbecks were her eyes of tears, a furnace was her breaſt of ſcalding ſighs, a conſtant feaver ſurprized her joynts, yet with this did her ſweet condition enforce a ſmile, and with this (mixed with a pearly tear) did ſhe beg this boon of. —— —— *Holy Court.*

—— Whereat the yce of his heart diſſolved, and began already to evaporate through his eyes.

He endeavoured to ſpeak, but the more he ſtrove, the more the ſobs choaked up his words.

—— Aſſaulted with a furious ſquadron of remedileſs dolors.

(Drenched in a Sea of ſorrow. —

Love, jealouſie, anger and ſorrow divided his heart, and drew ſtrange ſighs from him.

He bare the image of his ſorrow in his dejected countenance.

He knew not how to anſwer her, but with the moiſt dew of his eyes, which began to do the office of his lips.

She made the apple of her weeping eyes ſpeak to him in continual prayers.

—— (After the flood of her tears was grown to an ebb,) —— After

— After ſhe had bathed the beauty of her eyes in the ſorrow of her tears. —

My grief was at the higheſt before, and now like ſwelling *Nilus*, it diſdaineth bounds.

That (waſhing anew her face in the balmy drops of her love-diſtilling tears) ſhe began. —

He baniſhed both ſleep and food, as enemies to his mourning, which paſſion perſwaded him was reaſonable.

He opened his mouth, as a flood-gate of ſorrow.

I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreſhing.

The breath, almoſt formed into words, was again ſtopt by her, and turned into ſighs.

Let the tribute-offer of my tears procure —

— It deſerves of me a futther degree of ſorrow, than tears.

— Finding by the pitiful Oration of a languiſhing behaviour, and the eaſily deciphered Character of a ſorrowful face, that —

— With a demeanor, where, in the Book of beauty, there was nothing to be read but ſorrow, for kindneſs was blotted out, and anger was never there.

Suffer not the weakneſs of ſorrow, to conquer the ſtrength of your vertues.

——— His Soul drinking up Woe wth great draughts.

— Her tears were like, when a few *April* drops are ſcattered by a gentle *Zephirus* among fine coloured flowers.

She painted out the lightſom colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadows of ſorrow.

— Suffering her ſorrow to melt it ſelf into an abundance of tears, and giving grief a free dominion.

At

At length letting her tongue go (as dolorous thoughts guided it) she thus (with lamentable demeanor) spake, —

Wilt thou give my sorrows no truce?

Tears and sighs interrupt my speech, and force me to give my self over to private sorrow.

Though my memory be a continued Record of much sorrow, yet among the many stories grief hath engraven in me, there is none to be compared with the disaster of —

— This said, she wept the rest. But he not daunted at that majesty of sorrow that sate inthron'd in Chrystal; nor at her words, that would charm the most inhumane; but rather whet, than refin'd in passion, unloads his lust. — *Her.*

— She, in whom sorrow had swell'd it self so high, that rather than break out, it threatned to break her heart.

— Appearing in his countenance a doleful Copy of what he would relate.

— (Able to make an Adamant turn *Niobe.*)

When I am bereft of thee, in whom all my joys are so wealthily summ'd up, that thy loss will make my life my greatest curse, then will I dye in honour, and think it fitter for my fame, than linger out my life in sorrow. *Her.*

She was Empress of a mind, unconquered of sin or sorrow.

'Tis not the Tears of our eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows, which falling into many streams, run more peaceably, and are contented with a narrower Channel.

She melts her heart in a Sacred Limbeck of love, and distills it out by her eyes.

They

They resented his loss with as many griefs, as his desert and their good nature could produce in them. *Arc.*

To give over sorrow, I must of necessity give over remembring you, and that can I not, but with my life.

—— To see her Countenance (through which there shin'd a lovely majesty, even to the captivating of admiring Souls) now altered to a frightful paleness, and the terrors of a ghastly look. *Feltham.*

—— These are calamities, which challenge the tribute of a bleeding eye.

—— Tell him I inwardly dissolve into a dew of bleeding passion for his loss, and would, to reinvest blest quiet in his heart, act o're the Scene of dangers I have pass'd since I knew earliest manhood. *Arg. and Parth.*

—— I am past the thought of grief for this sad fact, and am greifs individual substance.

—— She poured her self into tears without comfort, as her misery seemed devoid of remedy.

—— Thy looks upon a sudden are become dismal, thy brow dull as *Saturns* issue, thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue were to pronounce some funeral.

Sorrow having clos'd up all the entries of thy mind.

He made a shady Tree his pavillion, with intention to make forgetting sleep comfort a sorrowful memory.

He gave such tokens of true felt sorrow, as no imagination could conceive greater.

Compassion procured his eyes with tears to give testimony.

—— He departed, as if he had been the Coffin that carried himself away.

The River of your tears (if not ſtopped) will ſoon loſe their fountain.

—— Pity my ſorrows, which are only mine, becauſe I am extreamly yours.

—— Loſt in my thoughts, I ſee my ſelf wandring in various objects, and for a height in miſery, I walk in the Night of a heart darkned with ſadneſs.

The melancholy complexion of my mind inclines to hold a ſympathy with all ſorrow that my ſenſes communicate to me.

The remembrance of her former ingratitudes delivered over ſuch feeling arguments of her ſad remorſe, as were able to ſtrike the water of tears out of the ſtonieſt hearts of her beholders; like the Rod of *Moſes*, which drove water out of the Rock, *&c.* Sir *To. Math.*

—— A Subject I confeſs ſo full of lamentation and horror, as would require ſome *Homer* to expreſs it, or rather the mind and pen of *Heraclitus*, to weep and write together.

Suffer mine eyes to diſcourſe my griefs.

You temporize with ſorrow, mine is ſincere.

—— Until mine eyes became the ſad oblation of a fainting voyce.

It is hard to deſcribe with what affection her eys, big with grief, brought forth tears. The fair Lady in that Art reſembled *Aurora* in travel of the day. Her tears much exceeded the Morning dew in beauty. *Stratonica.*

Speech.

SPeech is nothing elſe but an expreſſion to another man of the images one hath within himſelf. Sir *K. Digby.*

Reaſon is as it were the Soul of ſpeech. *Bacon.*

Lecture is the aliment of ſpeech.

As houſes without doors are unprofitable, ſo are men that have no rule of their ſpeech.

—— The very *Order* of his ſpeech ſeem'd to be *Diſorderly*; and his *Diſorders* were rang'd into a certain kind of *Order.*

—— Though courted with all the blandiſhments and graces of ſpeech, yet he could not be perſwaded. ——

Thoughts.

THought, generally is all the imaginations of our brain, which being a propoſed object of the heart, makes it continually reſolve, and work upon thoſe conceits.

Thoughts are but over-flowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a ſervant of the thoughts.

Speech and Thought are two Siſters, the youngeſt whereof is created, that the eldeſt may be known. *Philo.*

The more I exerciſe my thoughts, the more they increaſe the appetite of my deſires.

What a Paradiſe of unſpotted goodneſs his filthy Thoughts ſought to defile?

—— (Thinking to set my mutinous thoughts at peace.)

He made his thoughts more obligatory to her favours; and he fashioned his favours more complementory to her fortunes.

My thoughts were winged with desire.

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts.) ——

Distilling my active thoughts in a continued study to serve you.

—— My hopes of Honour, then which nothing but your fair self is so near to my thoughts.

She, conjur'd with this tyranny of complement, with as undistracted words as could be pump't from the deepest confusion of thoughts, makes her reply. — *Her.*

— His word led by his thought, and followed by his deed.

I could wish you were Secretary of my thoughts, or that there were a Chrystal Casement in my breast, through which you might espy the inward motions and palpitations of my heart, then would you be certified of the sincerity of this protestation.

Pleasing, but too ambitious thoughts! whither do you lead me?

—Give my long imprisoned thoughts leave to appear in words.

Let truth make up a part in the harmony of your noble thoughts.

Thus when my thoughts are at a stand, and can raise my present happiness no higher, let me call to mind how —

—— Since you have tyed your thoughts in so wilful a knot.

A tumultuous Army of thoughts ſhall ſtrike up an Alarum to your repoſe. *H. C.*

——— Continually floating in a tempeſtuous Sea of thoughts, without either finding bottom or ſhore.

And after I had run over all the pedigree of my thoughts, new thoughts poſſeſſed me.

Weighing her reſolutions by the counterpoize of his own youthful thoughts.

Uſing his own Byas to bowle near the Miſtreſs of his own thoughts.

Words may be ſaid to be a kind of body to thoughts. *Montague.*

My thoughts ſupplied the place of Sacrifices.

My very thoughts, I hope, are wing'd with innocence.

Vanity.

Vanity at this day opens all her gates to manifeſt divers perſons to the world, who ſhould otherwiſe be buried in obſcurity. It makes ſome appear by the luxurious exceſs of their apparrel, as ſo many ſale creatures, whoſe heads (being high and coſtly dreſſed up) go to the Market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of the World, others by honours and dignities, others by the ſpirit of induſtry, and others by deed of arms and policy. Every one ſets out himſelf to be ſeen and eſteemed in the World. It ſeems life is made for nothing, but to be ſhewed, and that we ſhould alwayes live, for that which makes us dye. *Holy Court.*

Vertue.

VErtue (like the clear Heaven) is without clouds.

He became her Servant, by the bonds which vertue laid upon him.

Vertues (if his face be not a false witness) do apparrel his mind.

—— Formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exercise of vertue.

——— Minds; which neither absolutely climb the Rock of vertue, nor freely sink into the Sea of vanity.

—— She (in whose mind vertue governed with the Scepter of knowledge.) ——

—— She, to whose unstained vertue, it hath been my unspeakable misery, that my name should become a blot. ——

(Far engaged to the memory of your vertues.) ——

Vertue is the tenure, by which we hold of Heaven; without this we are but Out-lawes, that cannot claim protection. *Feltham.*

Vertue hath nothing to do with the vail of untruths to cover it.

Vertue, is as the Geometrical *Cube*, on what side soever it is cast, it alwayes finds his *Basis.*

Vertue and Grace run parallel with Heaven.

Women

Women commended.

WOmen, being of one and the ſelf-ſame ſubſtance with man, are what man is, only ſo much more imperfect, as they are created the weaker Veſſels.

——— She, whoſe vertue deſerves to be conſecrated with a pen of adamant in the Temple of eternity, ſince ſhe is able to dazle the eyes of the moſt hardy, to fill the mouths of the moſt eloquent, and raviſh the minds of thoſe, who admire nothing vulgar. *H. C.*

Ask Senſe what ſhe is: Senſe will tell us, Her face is the unclouded welkin in the infancy of day; her eyes the Sun and Moon that ſleep by turns, leſt they ſhould leave the world in darkneſs; her tongue the harmony of Spheres and Nature; her breaſts Heavens milky way, ſpangled with azure ſtars: her arms *Caſtor* and *Pollux*; her other parts becauſe of lower function, are but the Symetry of all the beauties of her ſex; ſhe is too much firſt to have any ſecond, from the third, fourth and fifth form of Women, from a million or all of them, you may take ſome piece of her, not all, for ſhe her ſelf is the All.

Ask Reaſon what ſhe is, Reaſon will tell you, ſhe is her Directreſs, that ſhe keeps the Elements at peace within us; our fire ſhe confines to religious zeal, and ſuffers it not to enflame either to luſt or ſuperſtition; our watry Element ſhe hath deſigned to quench unlawful flames, *&c.* ——

Ask Faith what ſhe is; Faith will tell you, ſhe hath yours and mine, and an hundred other ſouls in one ſoul, *&c.* ——— Were there, or were there no night, yet were ſhe an everlaſting day. Were

there none bad, yet were she unparalledly good. Were there any or none to be compar'd to her, yet were she superlative. All of her is an even proportion of extreams. *Heroinæ.*

——— Those Eyes more eloquent than all Rhetorick, that would raise an Anchoret from his Grave, and turn the Fiend Fury, into the Cherubin Pity. ———

Those white and red Roses (which no rain, but what fell from those heavenly eyes) could colour or sweeten. Those lips that stain the rubies, and make the roses blush, those lips that command the scarlet coloured morn into a cloud to hide his shame: That breath, which makes us all Chamælions, should be wasted into unregarded sighs: Those breasts eternally chaste and white as the Alpes: those leggs, columns of the faireſt *Parian* marble, columns that support this monument of all pens, ——— her skin, smooth as the face of youth, soft as a bed of violets, white as the Queen of innocence, sweet as Bean blossoms after Rain, *&c.*

——— She, shaking off those glorious loads of state, retired from the crowding tumults of the Court, into a solitary and truly happy Countrey condition, there to spin out her thread of life at her homely distaff, where we will leave her a verier wonder, than the Phœnix in the desart, the alone paragon of all peerless perfections. Her actions (so above the Criticism of my purblind judgment) I am not able to comprehend, much less contradict or controvert.

She is the beauty of the world, the pride of all joyes, the sweetest fruit of best contents, and the highest mark of true loves ambition.

To

To her alone it appeared, that Heaven with a hand rather prodigal than liberal, would give what it had of moſt value in the rich treaſury of nature. *Stratonica.*

Women are Angels, clad in fleſh.

The Roman Story (big with variety of wonder) writes *Lucretia* the female glory.

She was natures faireſt paper, not compounded of the raggs of common mortality, but ſo ſearſed and refined, that it could receive no impreſſion, but that of ſpotleſs innocence. —— *Her.*

Where ere ſhe comes, her preſence makes perpetual day.

—— They diſcovered *A.* (the rich triumph of nature) and in her as much as the World could boaſt of.

Her eyes inviting all eyes, her lips all lips, her face loves banquet, where ſhe ryots in the moſt luxuriant feaſt of Senſe: —— She was the model of divine perfection.

——A flock of unſpeakable vertues, laid up delightfully in that beſt builded fold.

In this, a very good Orator might have a fair field to uſe eloquence.

Her eyes ſeemed a Temple, wherein love and beauty were married.

—— So many things united in perfection.

She hath an eaſie melting lip, a ſpeaking eye.

Venus compar'd to her was but a blowz.

As you are to me a *Venus*, and ſtrike a warm flame in me; ſo you are *Diana* too, and do infuſe a chaſte, religious coldneſs. *Amorous War.*

I ſtand before you like ſtubble before a burning-glaſs, your eyes at every glance convert me into flame.

Her voyce was no leſs beautiful to his ears, than her goodlineſs was full of harmony to his eys.

Thy heavenly face is my Aſtronomy, thy ſweet vertue, my ſweet Philoſophy.

You are the Diamond of the world, the chief work of natures workmanſhip. The pattern of perfection, and the quinteſſence of worth.

Your fair forehead is a field, where all my fancies fight, and every hair of your head ſeems a ſtrong chain that tyes me.

You are the ornament of the earth, the veſſel of all vertue.

——— With ſo gracious a countenance, as the goodneſs of her mind had long exerciſed her unto.

—— She, whoſe many excellencies won as many hearts, as ſhe had beholders; nature making her beauty and ſhape, but the moſt fair Cabinet of a far fairer mind.

There's muſick in her ſmiles.

A mart of beauties in her viſage meet.

—— A woman in whom vertue was incorporated, goodneſs (which comes to others by ſtudy) ſeemed hers by nature.

— You (the type of my felicity) to whom all hearts, reſpects, hopes, fears and homages are ſacrificed.

— Her countenance was too ſweet, her ſpeech too proper, her deportments too candid, to cover ſo black a miſchief.

—— She took hearts captive, and made them do vaſſalage and homage to her will.

——Where they found *A.* accompanied with other Ladies, among whom her tranſcendent beauty, and incomparable vertues, made her ſhine with as much ſuperiority, as a ſtar of a greater magnitude exceeds

ceeds in ſplendor the leſſer luminaries of its own Sphere.

Her hair ſeemed to ſtand in competition with the beams of the Sun.

——— She, whoſe rare qualities, whoſe courteous behaviour without curioſity; whoſe comely feature, without fault; whoſe filed ſpeech, without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. *Euphens.*

Nature framed her to be the Object of thoughts, the love of hearts, the admiration of ſouls.

This is ſhe, who is ſingularly priviledged from Heaven with beauties of body, but incomparably heightned with gifts of the mind. Such is her learning, that ſhe tranſcends men in their beſt faculties.

She, — this bright morning ſtar, alwayes bears in the rayes thereof, joy, comfort, &c.

She was able to enthrall all hearts with ſo many ſupereminent excellencies, as Heaven had conferred upon her.

She had a ſtrong and pleaſing ſpirit, a ſolid piety, an awakened wiſdom, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. *H. C.*

Nature in her promiſeth nothing but goodneſs.

He could not ſufficiently admire the vivacity of her ſpirit, the ſolidity of her judgment, the equity of her counſels, and the happineſs which ordinarily accompanied her reſolutions. *H. C.*

She gained hearts by ſweetneſs, therein imitating the Sun, which neither breaks doors nor windows to enter into houſes; but penetrates very peaceably with the benignity of his favourable beams.

The eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart, at one and the ſame inſtant love ſurprized him by the eyes and ears.

Endowed with an admirable grace and ſingular beauty, to ſerve even as an Adamant to captivate hearts.

Fair as the Firmament, which we ſee enamelled with ſo many ſtars, that reſplendently ſhine, as Torches lighted before the Altar of the Omnipotent.

—— She who was the Adamant of all loves.

—— A Lady, whoſe eyes will make a Souldier melt, if he were compos'd of marble, whoſe very ſmile hath a magnetick force to draw up ſouls, whoſe voyce will charm a Satyr, and turn a mans prayer into ambition, make a Hermit run to Hell, *&c. Grat, Serv.*

—— Whoſe exquiſite beauty was ſo beautified with rareſt vertues, that men honoured Nature as a god in her perfections, and held her more than a woman in her vertues. *Par. & Virtua.*

—She whoſe beauty was far fairer than the evening ſtar, and whoſe vertue was more powerful than the greateſt Conſtellation.

The renown of her attractive vertues, and the vertue of her moving perfections, hath ſo captivated my freeſt thoughts, that, wondring at her fame, I am wounded with fancy, and my deſire is ——

I would willingly here draw to the life the Portraiture of this Lady, if my black Ink were not too unfit a colour to ſet forth a celeſtial beauty.

You have far more perfections than years, and more inward excellence than external beauty, yet ſo beautiful, as few ſo fair, though none more vertuous.

She

She had a mind of excellent compoſition, a piercing wit void of oſtentation, high erected thoughts, ſeated in a heart of courteſie, an eloquence as ſweet in the uttering, as ſlow to come to the uttering, a behaviour ſo noble, as gave a majeſty to adverſity. *Arcadia.*

— She's a Virgin happy in all endowments which a Poet could fancy in his Miſtreſs, being her ſelf a School of goodneſs, where chaſte Maids may learn (without the aids of forraign principles) by the example of her life and pureneſs, to be (as ſhe is) excellent. I but give you a brief Epitome of her vertues, which dilated on at large, and to their merit, would make an ample ſtory.

Were all her other graces worn in clouds, That eye, that very eye would charm a *Lucrece.*

Her name (like ſome celeſtial fire) quickens my ſpirits.

I never knew vertue and beauty meet in a ſweeter nature.

Thou art a Virgin ſweet, ſo precious in thy frame, that with the cordage of thy hair, thou mightſt have fettered Kings. Thy voyce has marr'd the beauties of the Night; when thou didſt ſing, the quiet ſtars would wink and fall aſleep.

I could gaze on her, till my wonder did convert me into marble, and yet my Soul would in her ſelf retain a fire, lively, as that which bold *Prometheus* ſtole.

Madam! you are ſo large a Theam to treat of, and every grace about you offers me ſuch Copy of language, that I ſtand doubtful which firſt to touch at; if I erre (as in my choyce I may) let me intreat you, before I offend, to ſign my pardon.

Whether we conſider her face or beauty, pleaſingneſs (that charms hearts) & ſweet majeſty hath ſpen all their riches upon her. *Ariana.* She

She breaths forth nothing but the ſweets of love.

The eyes are the wonders of the face, and dark figures of Divinity; we may call them too the Dials of love, which faſtned on the wall of a countenance, ſhew with the ſtile of their looks, the minutes of hours, either happy or unhappy to Lovers.

Fame, which is accuſtomed to increaſe the deſert of every thing it would commend, has been conſtrained to diminiſh yours, being impoſſible to be publiſhed according to the greatneſs of it.

It is a mark of great vertue, not to be able to endure to be commended.

She was crown'd with a garland of odoriferous flowers, and her delicate hair in treſſes, falling upon a neck of ſnow, did ſet forth the beauties of this divine face, whoſe ſplendour dazled mens eyes ſo, that there was not any one could ſupport unwounded the ſight of ſo many wonders.

Leſſer lights borrow beams of radiance from your greater Orb, which doth illuminate and heat our Northern clyme with celeſtial ardors. *H. Court.*

Her mind, beſet with thoughts clear and radiant as her own eyes; he that dares attempt the expreſſion of her internal gifts, is ignorant of her ſublimity; he who dares not, knows not her humanity, her ſweetneſs. As no ſtyle can aſcend ſo high as her exalted worth, ſo on the other ſide none can deſcend ſo low as her humility.

Madam, if the duty (which commands me to ſerve all Ladies) did not ordain me this obedience, your birth, and ſo many fair qualities I ſee in you, oblige me to it. *Ariana.*

—My eye of contemplation was fixed on this bright Sun, as long as it was able to endure the radiant

diant beams of it, whoſe redundant light veils the looker on with a dark miſt. Sir *K. D.*

I eſteem, reverence and adore you in the moſt ſecret and recluſe withdrawings of my heart.

—— Her face did ſhine with ſo great evidence, as it defied the Noon-tyde Sun in its greateſt brightneſs.

Albeit *Medea* were wicked, yet *Penelope* was peerleſs; If *Clytemneſtra* were naught, yet *Alceſtes* was paſſing good; If *Phædra* were damnable, yet there was another laudable. *Camd. Rem.*

——— She had the ſpirit of a man in a feminine body.

She's a burning mirror, in which all the beams of beauty are united.

She is the ſtar, by whom my fate is led.

—— Modeſt ſhe was, and ſo lovely, that whoſoever look'd but ſtedfaſtly upon her, could not but enſoul himſelf in her. *Feltham.*

Her eyes, ſwift, as the ſhoots of lightning, nimbler than thought, and bright as the poliſht Diamond.

—— She is of ſo ſpecious a glory, that though ſhe need not the applauſe of any, to add to her happineſs, yet ſhe attracts the hearts of all that know her to love, ſervice, admiration.

All lips are opened with ſingular prerogatives in honour of this Lady, and are all dryed up in the abundance of her praiſes.

In her perſon alone, a plenitude of all perfections does inhabit. *H. C.*

In her, all the moſt delicious attractives of beauty, and the moſt conſpicuous characters of power, are aſſembled together.

This *Aglae* was a Roman dame of prime quality, having a delicate wit in a beautiful body, and

powerful

powerful paſſions in a great fortune. She had been married, but becoming a Widow in an Age, as yet furniſhed with verdant freſhneſs, grace and beauty, ſhe had not buried all her affections in the Tomb of her husband.

After ſhe had a little wiped away the firſt tears, which nature exacts as tribute in ſuch like accidents, ſhe quickly plaid ſo much the Courtier in her ſlight ſorrow, that ſhe ſeemed greatly to deſire, as ſoon as might be, to finiſh what ſhe had never well begun. *Holy Court.*

But by ſucceſs of time ſhe felt her paſſion ſo much enkindled towards him, that ſhe neither thought, ſpake, nor liv'd, but for him.

The fair *Aretaphila* inflames all hearts with the muſick of her voyce; myriads of joyes are in her looks, her eyes are natures richeſt Diamonds, ſet in foils of poliſht Ebony, her breath expires odours more ſweet than iſſued from the Trees of Balm in Paradiſe. *Argal. & Parth.*

—— She —— upon whoſe meaneſt thought the art of memory's grounded, and inſpires each Organ of our meditating ſenſe with their perfections merit. *Ibid.*

She in whom the ſum and abridge of all ſorts of excellencies are met, like parallels in their proper center. *Herb. Travails.*

—— Whoſe liſtning ears were well-pleaſed with the ſweet harmony of her well-run'd words, and whoſe liking eyes were ravi'ſh'd with the ſight of her perfections.

—— She —— the ornament of the earth, the model of Heaven, the triumph of Nature, the life of Beauty, the Queen of Love.

Her action was beautified by Nature, and apparrel'd with skill; her geſture gave ſuch a way to

her

her ſpeech, through the rugged wilderneſs of his imaginations, that —

Her voyce repreſented the heavenly ſeven-ſphear'd harmony.

Such an extraordinary majeſty ſhines in all her actions, as ſurely either fortune by Parentage, or nature in Creation hath made her. —

Pilgrims, who come from the remoteſt Confines of the World, cannot ſee any thing in all the affluent wealth thereof, comparable to her. Inſomuch that I wiſh all the members of my body were changed into tongues, and that I were nought but voyce, to be throughout the whole Univerſe, the Trumpet of her praiſes. *H. C.*

Her gracious Soul hath more Antidote in it, than all the World hath poyſon, which will therefore in her affliction make her like the Sun, which ſhews his greateſt countenance in his loweſt declenſion, and bring her out of it, like gold out of the fire, refined, not conſumed. *Loſt Sheep.*

My prayer ſhall be, That your Fortune may ſurmount your greatneſs, and your vertue your fortune; that your greatneſs may be above envy, your goodneſs above detraction; that your illuſtrious example may darken the Ages paſt, and lighten them to come; that you may live beloved, and dye lamented; lamented by Earth, but joy'd by Heaven, *&c. Ibid.*

She ſuffer'd no mutiny of paſſions againſt reaſon, nor of reaſon againſt God.

She reſolved to work with perſpective Glaſſes of different, yea, and even contrary kinds; for when ſhe deſcribed her own vertues, ſhe ſerved her ſelf of a *Diminiſhing Glaſs*, which made them ſeem ſo little, as to be no more than a kind of nothing: But on the other ſide, when ſhe gave account of her

her own imperfections, she would by no means know them, by any other name than of *Vices* and *Sins*, because she took a *Multiplying-glass* to her self, lest else those Mole-hills should not seem Mountains. *Sir Tob. Mat. in his preface to S. Teresa's life.*

You must give me leave to adjourn you (for more ample satisfaction of this expectation) to those drops which I may perhaps both be able and willing to derive and draw out of the Sea of her perfections, &c. *Ibid.*

I shall only say in very few words (by way (as it were) of antepast, till the Feast come in) that she had a heart as open as day, in the exercise of bounty; but above all things, she was so perfect a lover of Truth, that she would no more have even so much as but disguized it, and much less varied from it in the least kind, then she would have sold her self for a slave, *&c.*

I'le assure you this *Elogium* has no more in it, of the Panegyrick, than of the just praise; I am rather her Debtor than Creditor herein.

She puts that in execution, which turns nature into admiration.

—She, whose two eyes were the Suns that rul'd my day, and to whom only her absence did make night; she whose mild vertue and beautious looks were a soft, visible musick, which entranc'd the lookers on, and struck harmonious raptures into every chast soul, and instilled pure fires into every unchaste, &c. *Amor. War.*

A pretty smile made a kind of day-break in her face.

She is wholly made of charm.

— She is the star that rules my faculties.

To apparrel any more in these paper vestments, I should multiply impertinents, and perhaps displease.

For

For I have ever found face commendation to dye wiſdoms cheek of a bluſh colour.

Women are Cordials when deſire is paſt, and Juleps while the heat continues. *Advice to a Son.*

Women diſcommended.

LOoſe women are whoops, proud birds, which have nothing but creſt, and naturally delight in ordure; they are bats, which cannot endure one little ray of light, but ſeek to hide themſelves under the mantle of night; they are Horſe-leeches, which draw blood from the veins of a Houſe and State, where they exerciſe their power. They are *Syrens* of the earth, which cauſe ſhipwracks without water: They are *Lamiæ*, who have Hoſteries of cut-throats, that kill men under pretext of good uſage. They are *Harpies*, who ſurprize even from Altars, and in the end become envenomed *Dipſades*, which enforce an enraged thirſt upon thoſe, whom they have once bitten. *Ho. Court.*

A woman without devotion, is like a Bee without a ſting, which will make neither honey nor wax; is a Caſe covered with precious ſtones, to preſerve a dunghill.

The tongues of women, are like the Bells of the Forreſt *Dodona*, which make a prodigious jangling.

O God! What a dangerous Beaſt is the ſpirit of a woman? It is able to create as many Monſters in eſſence, as fantaſie can form in painting.

No

No Owle will live in *Creet*: In *Rhodes* no Eagle will build her Neſt: no Wit ſpring in the Will of Women.

It is an infinite ſimplicity to commit ſecrets to a Woman, whoſe heart is as fit to keep what it ought to conceal, as a Sieve to hold water.

——— As well may I collect the ſcattered wind into a bagge, or from the watery ſurface ſcrape the guilt reflections of the Sunne, as bring her heart within the quiet liſt of Wives that will obey and love.

Inceſtuous ſtrumpet! more wanton than *Lamia*, more laſcivious than *Lais*, and more ſhameleſs than *Paſophane*; whoſe life, as it has been ſhadowed with painted holineſs, ſo hath it been full of peſtilent villanies.

Her Carcaſs (a better Name I can hardly afford her out-ſide) was the in-ſide of a Sepulchre, her Head was unthatch'd as an old Parſonage, her Eyes (like lights at the laſt ſnuff, when the extinguiſher is ready to make their Epitaphs) ſunk low into their Candleſticks, her Ears, now deaf, now happy, (ſuch was her Tongue) they have loſt their ſenſe, her Noſe worm'd like a piece of *Homer* of the firſt bind, offended with her breath, bowed to her Chin to dam it up; her Cheeks hol'd, as the earth in Dog-dayes drowth; her Lips fit to be kiſt by none but by themſelves; her Teeth rotten as her Soul, hollow as her heart, looſe as the ſhingles of an old ſilenc'd ſteeple, ſcragged as a diſparked pale, ſtood at that diſtance one could not bite another; her Tongue, ſo weakly guarded, ſcolds like the Alarum of a Clock; her Chin was down'd with a *China* beard of twenty hairs, her breaſt lank as a quick-ſand, waſted as an Hour-glaſs at the eleventh uſe; one Arm, one Leg, one Foot ſhe doff'd with day, and,

and, as a reſurrection, don'd with the morrow; her Bones (pithleſs as a ſtallion for ſeven poſterities) the ſlighteſt fears might now make rattle in her skin; her Body (waſted to no waſte, blaſted with luſt, as an Oak with lightning) was as familiar with diſeaſes as a Phyſitian: To conclude, ſhe is odious beyond all compariſon; one ſight of her would make the heat of youth recoyle into an infant continence. *Heroinæ.*

The look of a laſcivious Woman is like that of a *Baſiliſk*, which kills Chaſtity by beholding it.

Diogenes ſnarled bitterly, when (walking with another) he ſpyed two Women talking, and ſaid, *See, the Viper and the Aſp are changing poyſon.* Feltham.

No Weather-cock under Heaven is ſo variable as an inconſtant Woman. Every breath of wind forces her to a various ſhape: As if her mind were ſo near a kin to Aire, as it muſt with every motion, be in a perpetual change. *Idem.*

Women are feathers blown in the bluſter of their own looſe paſſions, and are meerly the dalliance of the flying winds.

There are that account Women only as Seed-plots for poſterity; others worſe, as only quench for their fires.

Our daily experience teacheth us, that there are Women very crafty, and ſuch as under a pure and delicate skin, with a tongue diſtilling honey, often hide the heart of a Panther, all ſpotted over with ſubtilty, as the skin of this Beaſt with diverſity of colours. *H. Court.*

——— Women are more inconſtant than light Whirle-winds; truſt the Sea with Feathers, or March-winds with Duſt rather, and let their Words, Oaths, Tears, Vows, paſs as words

in

in water writ, or ſlippery glaſs. *Arg. & Parth.*

No Hell ſo low which luſt and women cannot lead unto.

Her tongue is like the ſting of a Scorpion.

A woman is the unneceſſary Parentheſis of Nature.

World.

THis word (*World*) called in Greek Κόσμος, ſignifies as much as ornament, or a well diſpoſed order of things.

The exterior luſtre of the world, is but a cloud in painting, a petty vapor of water, a fable of time, a Dyal, *&c.*

He that will now adayes live in the world, muſt have a veil over his eyes, a key on his ear, a compaſs on his lips.

This world is a chain, which fetters men to the Devil: but repentance is the hand which lifts men up to God.

He that is enamoured of the world, is like one that enters into the Sea; for if he eſcape perils, men will ſay he is fortunate; but if he periſh, they will ſay he is wilfully deceived.

If it be needful to ſhew your ſelf to the world, be then known by your vertues, which are characters of the Divinity. Let men know you by your good examples, which are the ſeeds of eternity, and of all fair actions. Sir *B. B.*

I have ever thought the proſperity of the world was a current of freſh water, which looks not back on any thing, but haſtens to pour it ſelf into the ſalt Sea. *H. C.*

The

The World's a Theatre of theft, great Rivers rob the ſmaller brooks, and them the Ocean.

Youth.

I Have throughly ſifted the diſpoſition of youth, wherein I have found more Bran than Meal, more Dough than Leven, more Rage than Reaſon. *Eup.*

Wine, Love, Play, Raſhneſs were the Chariot which drew his youth to downfall.

—— Conſtrained to obey the tranſport of youthful fancies.

Let me call to mind all the violent pleaſures of my heady youth; let me ſum up their extent according to thoſe deceitful meaſures I then rated happineſs by; let me in my fancy chew over again the exceſſive good I then fondly imagined in them: And to all this let me add as much more joy and felicity, as, in my weak thoughts I am able to fathom, or but aim at; and then let me ſay, (and with rigorous truth I ſhall ſay it) all this exceſs of bliſs will be reſumed, will be enjoyed to the full in one indiviſible moment, of that bliſs, which a well paſſed life in this world, ſhall bring me to in the next. Sir *K. D. in his Treatiſe of Bodies.*

—— So as whoſoever he be, to whom fortune hath been a ſervant, and the time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleaſures paſt) and truly examine what it hath reſerved either of beauty or youth, or foregone delights; what it hath ſaved, that it might laſt, of his deareſt affection, or

of

of what ever else the amorous spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then unvaluable; and he shall find that all the Art, which his elder years have can draw no other vapors out of these dissolutions, than heavy, secret, and sad sighs.

He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast springing youth, overtake it, when it is at a stand, and overtop it utterly, when it begins to wither, &c. Sir *Walt. Rawl. in Preface.*

The harvest of his sins yielded him now more increase of woes, than the lusts of his youth afforded him pleasures.

Formulæ

FORMULÆ MINORES,

OR,

LITTLE FORMS

For STYLE or SPEECH.

—HE, having waded thus far into the depth of his awaked intentions, thought good to ſound the Foord at full, by —

He took opportunity by the fore part, and (impriſoning his worthy reſolution within the Cloſet of his ſecret thoughts) did —

He ſummon'd his wits together, and ſet them all on the Rack of Invention.

Violent ſtreams being once run out, the mud will appear in the bottom.

— Doubt (the Herſe of my deſires.) —

To Seal the Deed of my purchaſed favour, is the *Gordian* knot I moſt wiſh to unlooſe.

— Who (during theſe tempeſtuous ſtorms) lay at Anchor in his own private Harbor.

To weave the web of his own woe, and ſpin the thread of his own thraldom.

I wiſh he would repair hither, that the ſight of

him

him mitigate ſome part of my Martyrdom.

Aſſure your ſelf, I'le be your finger next your thumb.

He erected Trophies of his own diſhonour, and covered his ulcer with a golden veil.

——— Like *Elias*'s Chariot, all flaming with glory.

O that the odors of my Sacrifices might aſcend even to thy Altars!

Your mind's a ſhop, where all good reſolutions are forg'd.

Our underſtanding is the ſteel, and our will the flint-ſtone; as ſoon as they touch one another, we ſee the ſparks of holy affection flie out.

—— It bloometh in the eyes, that it may at leaſure bloſſom in the heart.

That I may ſee ſome ſparkles of hope glimmer in my affairs.

To gnaw the bridle of your impatience.

He felt fiery Arrows flie from her eyes, ſo ſharp, that they transfixed his heart with compaſſion.

Love, Anger, Jealouſie, Suſpition, drew him with four Horſes.

—— As innocently ſpoken, as treacherouſly interpreted.

They murmured, as do the waves of a mutinous Sea.

Exerciſe the vivacity of your wit.

In a vaſt Ocean of Affairs, he hath liv'd as fiſhes, who keep ſilence within the loud noyſe of waves, and preſerve their plump ſubſtance freſh in the brackiſh waters.

He ſheltred himſelf with ſubtilties, as a Hedge-hog with his quills.

To behold (as in the glaſs of a bright mirror) on the one ſide —— on the other ——

As

As soon as break of day drew the Curtain of Heaven———

Virginity is as redolent Balm, which ascends to Heaven in a perpetuall sacrifice.

Religion is the hive, where the honey of good Doctrine is made.

He put them in the furnace of tribulation to purifie them.

O what may not depraved Love do, since sincere Amity cannot avoid suspition.

———Comforted with the sweet rays of this bright day break.

———Which hath been sufficiently declared by the sequel of his deportments.

She had not so much hony, but withall a sting.

———He so breath'd the air of ambition, that——

To as little purpose, as to cast chains into the Sea, to tye the Ocean in fetters.

It was but dust he bare in his hands, blown away by the wind of presumption.

She sent it as an earnest of her command.

———He returned amply laden with victorious palms.

———He went daily hunting after change, in the infinity of forbidden loves.

I shall offer my homage at your Altar.

Ponds that are seldome scoured, will easily gather mud; So———

Your heart is the Altar of love, and seat of friendship.

Upon my Virgin-heart i'le build a flaming Altar to offer up a thankfull sacrifice for his return.

My heart shall know no other love but his.

Let *Venus* speed his plow.

He received it at her hands with more content than the *Paphos* Queen did the golden fruit.

Let patience conduct thee out of this stormy Sea into a more quiet Port.

How canst thou be a stranger to my purposes, that art the Treasurer of my secrets?

That I may disperse those terrifying clouds, that threaten shipwrack to my desires.

To feast his eyes, and paradise his heart with the beloved sight of his all-admired and affected mistress.

His muddy clouded affection eclipsed the Sunshine of her far more glorious worth.

Casting his eye (the Messenger of his heart) upon ——

Seest not thou these Trophies erected in his honor, and his honor shining in these Trophies?

In vain it is to water the plant, the root being perished: or to ——

I here vow repay to the debt of my error, with the interest of all my endeavours.

—— I will not advenure my fortune upon the rack of this hazard.

My business (*Lady*) is your will; my suit, your service; your service, my chief desire; and my desire, your favourable countenance.

Your suit shall not be non-suit.

They knit two hearts in one, and parted one will in two, and so departed.

During these *Halcyon* dayes, ——

He sailed in a ship without a stern.

Happy in my self, because happy in you.

—— Sailing with as many contrary thoughts, as *Eolus* sent out winds upon the *Trojan* Fleet.

He saw the cloud afarre off, before the storm fell.

She

She (great with child with the expectation of her friends welfare) longed to be delivered with the notice of his health.

I cannot uſe many words, where every word wounds me with a new carefull conceit, and every conceit kills me with a fearfull doubt.

He ſet up the main-ſail of his obſcured glory, in the wind of her mill.

Who (ſmoothing the angry furrows of his diſcontentment) ſeemed———

She gave fire to his fancy.

What ominous cloud ſhadows the brightneſs of this ſecond Sun, that ſhe appears not in her all-admired glory.

———His waſted words dyed in their own ſound, and all his hopes were utterly ſhipwrack'd.

———She gave fuel to his inraged will, and blew the coals of his diſpleaſure.

Her reſtraint is (I fear) like fire raked up in embers, that covertly will kindle, and openly burſt forth into a flame.

———He (whoſe ſenſes held now a Synod) was driven to ſuch an exigent, that (not knowing how to avoid the *Check* without a *Mate*) was perforce forced to———

My Fortunes admit of no ſuch Soveraignty.

———Who ſwelling with irefull diſdain (like the diſturbed Ocean) breathed out direfull revenge.

———He craved pardon till the infancy of his weak merit were grown ſtronger in better deſerts.

That I write to thee, may be thy glory; and that I love thee, let it be thy happineſs.

If thou wilt live like the King of Bees, ſeek hony at my hive.

———Drowning the late flowing ſtreams of his gotten glory in the full Sea of his preter-hard haps.

His unwiſhed preſence gave my tale a concluſion before it had a beginning.

I would her injury could blot out my affection, or my affection forget her injury.

Reverence and deſire did ſo divide him, that he did at one inſtant both bluſh and quake.

———Unſealing his long ſilent lips———

Happy in wanting little, becauſe not deſirous of much.

His countenance with ſilent eloquence, deſired it modeſtly.

Beyond the degree of ridiculous.

But I fear I have given your ears too great a ſurfet with the groſs diſcourſe of that———

Reſtraint of liberty cauſeth more increaſe of that evill, for which they are ſo kept under, then otherwiſe: See whether a Dog grow not fiercer with tying.

There is nothing ſo certain as our continuall incertainty.

While there is hope left, let not the weakneſs of ſorrow make the ſtrength of it languiſh.

More determinate to doe, than skilfull how to doe.

Under the leave of your better judgment, I muſt ſay thus much———

About the time that Candles begin to inherit the Suns office.———

Sometimes he thought one thing, ſometimes another; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of objections riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

———Actions worthy to be regiſtred in the Rolls of Fame.

Occasions try'd him, and all occasions were but steps for him to climb fame by.

——To lose the reins to his own motions.

——My self am witness against my self of my own imperfections, and therefore will not defend them in me.

To a heart fully resolute, counsel is tedious, but reprehension is loathsom.

——And thus have you heard my Comedy, acted by my self.

To you will I repair, because as my fortune either ebbs or flows, amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you.

——Time at one instant seeming both short and long; short in the pleasingness in calling to mind, long in the stay of his desires.

He talked with such vehemency of passion, as though his heart would climb up into his mouth to take his tongues office.

Upon what Briers the fruits he laboured for grew.

Idleness is an Ant-Heap of sins.

But alas, how can speech produce belief in him, whom sight cannot perswade?

I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath.

Exercise your indignation upon me.

If your occasions can make use of my best indeavours, the employment shall be a favour.

The haste of the bearer, admits no further Liberty to proceed.

Your desire is with me an absolute command.

Thus far hath your command and my duty led me.

There is no man can better witness it than my self, whose experience is grounded upon triall.

I have left nothing unsaid, which enquiry could make me know, or your command required of my duty.

Give me leave to digress a little.

I offer my weak and imperfect lines at the Altar of your favour.

——Rapt with the wonder of your virtues.

Silent admiration was the sole Orator of my affection.

——Under the shadow of your favour.

How much those lines (sweetned with your Character) have transported me, my endearedst thoughts cannot impart unto you.

Be it your goodness to believe me, I will sooner cease to live, then——

——Him, who will hold himself unworthy of that life, which shall not be employed to serve you.

Your zeal to goodness assures me,

No line can limit my love; no distance divide my heart.

——She appeared an Adamant to my fancy.

As those easie errors (which too deservingly bred your distaste) may be redeemed by a fuller surplusage of content.

Be it your piety to have mercy.

Thou bringest herbs to *Jarak*, i. *Coales to Newcastle.*

Lines cannot blush; so as modesty admits a freedome to my pen, which would be taxed immodesty being delivered by the tongue.

She made me (though most unworthy) the master of her desires, that was, and still am, a servant to her will.

——He (whose smallest sails of hope, the least winds did blow)——

After

——After he had stretcht and centred his wit, and set all possibilities on the rack of his invention.

And longer may not I enjoy what I now possess, then you shall find my promises full laden with rich performances.

As I onely breath by your favour, and live through your love; so will I ever owe you fealty for the one, and still do you homage for the other.

He read her discontentment in the deep Characters of her face.

The angry Ocean swelled not, as he seemed to storm.

The imperious Mistress of my enthralled heart.

To imprison in silence.

How great soever my business be, it shall willingly yield to so noble a cause.

At that time (when he thought the ship of his good fortune sailed with a prosperous wind towards the desired Port) a contrary chance raised up, in this calm Sea, such a tempestuous storm, that he feared a thousand times to see it sunk.

——She, who till then seemed to be a miracle of beauty, did now appear to be a monster of uglines.

If you will raise me to that height of happines.

They gave him the *Parabien* of his safe arrivall.

Vouchsafe me your pardon for presuming, and your patience in accepting at my hands this——

——This partly (if the great arrerage of duty and thankfulnes I owe you, challenge not priority) hath moved me to present——

I dare not give sail into the Ocean of your vast

soul, which is capable of all things from the highest to the lowest imperfection.

Like a man whose heart disdained all desires but one.

Which authority (too great a sail for so small a Boat) did

He made his eyes quick Messengers to his mind.

Betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rose up like two fair mountaineers in the pleasant vale of *Tempe*) there hung.——

At which the Clouds of my thoughts quite vanished.

Blushing like a fair morning in *May*.

Do you not see that this is a fallet of wormwood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambrosia* of your beauty?

Here I make a full point of a hearty sigh.

This promise bound him Prentice.

He thought so much of,—— that all other matters were but digressions to him.

(Not spoken by Ceremony, but by truth)——

I am too unfit a vessel, in whom so high thoughts should be engraven.

Thus was the riches of the time spent.

Despair is the bellows of my affection.

——As if his motions were chain'd to her look.

——Whose name was sweetned by your breath.

Most blessed paper, which shall kiss that hand, whereto all blessednes is in nature a servant, do not——

(Beautifying her face with a sweet smile.)

——Humbly besought her to keep her speech for a while within the paradise of her mind.

If

If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination feign to my self any thing——

——With all the conjuring words which desire could endite, and authority utter.

(A new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind)

Vouchsafe (only height of my hope) to——

I desire that my desire may be weighed in the ballances of honour, and let Vertue hold them.

——More or less according as the Ague of her passion was either in the fit or intermission.

His sports were such as carried riches of knowledg upon the stream of delight.

Then she began to display the storehouse of her desires.

——Perceiving the flood of her fury began to ebb, he thought it policie to take the first of the tide,——

——(Making vehement countenances the Ushers of his speech) began——

Hide my fault in your mercy.

I'le centinel your safety.

Your words to me are Acts, your promises are Deeds.

You wrap me up with wonder.

Can your belief lay hold on such a Miracle?

Her mind (being an apt matter to receive what from his amplifying speeches would lay upon it) danced so pretty a measure to his false musick, that——

——Clouded with passion.

Never did pen more quakingly perform his Office, never was paper more doubly moistned with ink and tears, never words more slowly married together——

Fearing how to end, before he had resolved how to begin.——

——Having the cold ashes of care cast upon the coals of his desire.

——House. The fear Nature bestowed, but Art gave the building.

It was hard to say, whether pitie of the one, or revenge against the other, held as then the soveraigntie in his passions.

——'Twas a Magnes stone to his courage.

His arm no ofter gave blows, then the blows gave wounds, then the wounds gave death.

——Her hand (one of the chiefest of *Cupids* firebrands)——

By the foolish idolatry of affection——

(When the morning had won the field of darkness)

I'le sooner trust a *Sinon*.

'Tis now about the noon of night.

(Too mean a shrine for such a Relique)——

——Carried by the tide of his imaginations——

But when her breath broke the prison of her fair lips, and brought memory (with his servant senses) to his natural office, then——

I pray God make my memory able to contain the treasure of this wise speech——

Her arms and her tongue (Rivals in kindness) embracing——

Whilst the Roses of his Lips made a Flowr of affection with the Lilies of her hands.

Your will (directress of my destiny) is to me a Law, yea, an Oracle.

She incorporated her hand with his.

Then (as after a great tempest) the skie of her countenance cleared.

As in a clear mirrour of sincere good will, he saw a lively picture of his own gladness.

——My mind (as yet a Prentice in the pain-

ful

full myſtery of paſſions) brought me into a new traverſe of my thoughts.

I have not language enough to fadom the depth of your vertues.

I'le reare a *Pyramis* to your memory.

My want of power to ſatisfie ſo great a debt makes me accuſe my fortunes.

Such endearments will too much impoveriſh my gratitude.

How can I commit a ſacriledge againſt the ſweet Saint that lives in my inmoſt Temple?

I am too weake a hand to tye ſo heavenly a knot.

The greatneſſe of the benefit goes beyond all meaſure of thanks.

While ſhe ſpake, the quinteſſence of each word diſtilled down into his affected ſoul.

Departing he bequeathed by a will of words, ſealed with many kiſſes, a full gift of all his love and life to———

Having with a pretty paleneſs (which left milky lines upon her Roſie cheeks) paid a little duty to humane fear———

—You, whom I have cauſe to hate, before I have means to know.

I will not die in debt to mine own duty.

——She, in whom nature hath accompliſh'd ſo much, that———

Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine———

His fault found an eaſie pardon at the Tribunal he appealed to———

O my Dear,——! ſaid ſhe, and then kiſt him, as loth to leave ſo perfect a ſentence without a *Comma*.

——Dearly purchaſing the little eaſe of my body with the afflictions of my mind.

I am not *Oedipus* enough to understand you.

All things lye level to your wishes.

They began to imp the wings of time, with the Feathers of several recreations.

——When my wishes be at anchor in so secure a haven.

You are the Life and Being of what I only esteem happy.

(For the Heavens had made this the Randezvouz where his misfortunes should meet)

——It is a fit soyl for praise to dwell upon.

Thus great with child to speak——

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts)

——Which (as the Pole-star) is ever in motion, but never setteth.

——This is no Benefice, but a Malefice, a golden snare, a Carcanet of *Medea*, a *Trojan* Horse, which will produce Arms——

He went like a Torrent, whither passion transported him, and where the blast of Ambition breathed.

——More fruitful in strong imaginations, then Religious in choyce of words, and polished in periods.

Your words are full of cunning, your cunning of promises, your promises of wind.

He is a *Phaeton* of pride.

I'se bosome what I think.

She was the object of his thoughts, the entertainment of his discourse, the contentment of his heart.

My happinesse being in the Wane, or my misfortune growing towards the Full.

From a Window he sent his soul unto me by his eyes——.

I remain impossibilited to do otherwise then——

That

That so I may be raised from the ground of my misery to the heaven of my desire.

——Esteeming more this instant of glory which I enjoy in seeing you, then any other happinesse, saving that which is eternal.

To deny me this favour, and give me my death, is one and the same thing.

To wander in the *America* and untravell'd parts of truth.

He led our expectation into thoughts of great relief.

Whetting his tender wit upon the sandy stone of her edging importunity ——

Let purpose be made servant to more apt opportunity.

——Him, with whom compar'd, I am lesse then a shadow.

——If I should expatiate upon this subject, I could not be held a flatterer, but rather a Suffragan to Truth.

The only Quint-essence, that hitherto the Alchymie of wit could draw out of——

——But then, as though he had been suddenly ravish'd with divine affation, and struck into a transport, he swears——

We utterly condemn and renounce (as *Atalanta's* Apple, which retards the Race) that unseasonable and childish humour of accelerating early pledges of new works. *Bacon.*

——Rendred in an equal felicity of expression, to——

It comes in, but *Exobliquo*——

——He dyed (*Sicco more*) his own natural death.

——Forcibly carried away (I know not by what Fate, against the bent of my own *Genius*) to——

Fortune hath somwhat of the nature of a woman; if she be too much woo'd, she is the further off.

You

You out-shot me in my own Bowe.

Many strange and absurd imaginations came into his mind, and peopled his brain.

Pardon my rude expressions, extorted from me by the nature of the matter.

——This is indeed a service, whereunto I acknowledge my self able to bring more zeal and good affection, then any other abilities.

(Till these late years of frenzy) ——

So we may both renue the fault passed, and with the same diligence, provide against future inconveniencies.

That every one may understand, I seek not to balk any thing by silence, or to cloud any thing by words. *Bacon.*

Your bounty (like a new Spring) has reviv'd the Autumn of my years.

——It took me up little more time, then nature uses to bestow in the production of a Mushrome, a day and a night——

——When this succeeded not, I travelled in my mind over——

Thus like *Noah's Doue*, wearying my self with flying up and down, and finding no rest for the sole of my foot, I was at last forced to——*Creep.*

What a world of inavoidable inconveniencies did presently throng into my understanding!

To bury a Fly in a Sepulcher of Amber.

My desire to see took away my sight, as it fares with those who are suddenly taken with a killing beauty, or gaze upon the Sun. *Howel. Travels.*

——I plead guilty to unworthinesse, and all the imperfections you can throw upon youth of haste.

None can think so ill of me, as I do of my self, the rather that your pardon may flow freely, and work a kind of miracle upon me, in raising my dead thoughts to life. Disco-

—Discovering my self nakedly, to my very thoughts.

Be pleased therefore with your naturall benignity, to admit into your peacefull solitude this—— a blessing which the Author (alas!) dares not promise to himself, since by himself he is judged unworthy, and by others incapable of it. *Cressy.*

I'le rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

I will lead you through no more extravagancies, lest your intreated patience turn into exotick passion. *Herb. Trav.*

You have endeavoured to make A. the Foyl, that should set off your brightness, and yet you prove but the cloud that darkens her light.

To sail in the *Ægean Sea.* i. *to be incumbred with difficulties.*

He (being a man of an early, as well as of an implacable malice) did——

A. was an Actor in that Tragedy, yet laid the blame on B. as the Cuckow lays her brood in other nests.

I will at length put an end to this tedious (but that it is so necessary) a discourse——

This (if passion and interest do not interpose) will satisfie——

In the strength of this well-meaning, and holy kind of Error, which he incur'd (if any error may well deserve so indulgent a name) he did——

—Driven too too hastily on by the impulse of a kind of inordinate humility. *Sir Tob. Mat.*

This which I promise shall be performed) upon the price of being otherwise accounted an Infidel)——

Let me thrive as my intents are honest.

When I compared that kind of descant with my plain song, I found—— Such

Such, who have been caſt over-board from Grace, into the ſtorm and tempeſt of a ſinful life, may yet &c.

Intellectuals and morals, I count but as the ſimples of the Soul.

—To ſuch (if any be) I heartily wiſh a *procul ite*.

In theſe times (wherein the Tongue and Preſſe aſſume ſo luxurious a latitude) ——————

He came (as the *Italian* ſays) *a buóna luna*, in a good hour, or happy time.

A Cavallo, A Cavallo. In poſt haſt.

Give me leave to fear (and I heartily wiſh it may be a cauſleſſe and miſtaken fear) that ——

For diviſions (I ſpeak it with depth of ſadneſs) he need not ——

——Taking this reſult of——as an opiate to allay the fumes of all our diſtempers. *Montagu.*

——Carried away with the Whirl-wind of Ambition.

It did (after the manner of the *Tartars* bowe) ſhoot back from whence it came *Bacon.*

The amazed Sun hid his face behind a maſk of clouds.

Be not too indulgent to your folly.

I cannot cloath my thoughts in better language.

The nights black mantle over-ſpreads the ſky.

Your language is more dubious than an Oracle.

——Then, when the Morns fair cheek had not yet loſt her tears.

Words are airy ſhades; they are deeds that pleaſe.

Your heart is not confederate with your tongue.

Night clad in black, mourns for the loſs of day.

The face is the Index of the mind.

I am but coffin to my cares.

As not by my assent, so neither by my silence, must I have any hand in the Midwifery of so monstrous productions.

I will out-toyl the day for your content.

I listned for that string, and you have touch'd it.

——(Affairs being drawn to the very dregs of malice)——

They are divided to so high a rivalry, as——

By exquisite methods of cunning and cruelty, I must be compelled first to follow the Funerals of my honor, and then be destroyed. *Icon. Basil.*

I am content so much of my heart should be discovered to the world, without any of those dresses or popular captations, which some men use in their Speeches and Expresses.

The highest tide of successe sets me not above a treaty, nor the lowest ebb below a fight.

A little leven of new distast, doth commonly sowre the whole lump of former merits. *Bacon Hen. 7.*

These lines (the weak and feminine issue of my sick and distempered age)——

But above all remember (and let this be still riveted in your thoughts) the time——

A Christian mans care ought to beg'n and end in the circle of himself——*Tu tibi primus & ultimus.*

Give me leave to unbreast the secrets of my thoughts to you.

He undertakes to correct *Magnificat.*

——The Fates of whose House they seem with great affection to espouse, and think with their bladders to buoy up his sinking ship. *Nabash redivivus.*

With unblushing importunity.

Sooner shall the Seas ebbing and flowing for-

forsake the Moons course, then———

But (the better to enliven our discourse with examples)

My understanding's not so fraught with prejudice, nor acquainted with uncouth evasions, as to——

———The trees are widowed of their leaves.

———That Ember-week-face of thine.

——Passed over, like great King *Xerxes* in a Sculler.

Thou bringest straw to *Aphraim*.

To doubt of———is an effeminacy of belief.

Ex abundanti amoris; out of the surplusage of love.

—Sucking her sweet breath, determined in himself there had been no life to a Cameleons, if he might be suffered to enjoy that food.

A little wealth shall suffice, to put me in safeguard against the accidents of a necessitous life.

(Surfetting in the pride of his full content.)

If I satisfie you, I satisfie my self, desiring the one, because I wish for the other.

The promise is great, but the performance shall be no less.

His rudeness was interpreted plainness, though there be great difference between them.

I will not leave a mark in my self of an unredeemable trespass.

I with as much confidence as necessity, flye to you, who have alwayes had your determinations bounded with equity.

The abortive issue of my wit.———

———That moves not within the Zodiack of my expectation.

It hath turn'd my cordials into corrosives.

———Seeing the glory of this sun to obscure the lesser lamp of his reputation.

———Which alone was the center of her felicity.

———Sealed by your solemn protestation, which is the *non ultra* of assurance. This

This is a syllogisme of the fourth figure; absurd and ridiculous.

Get thee to bed, the casements of thine eyes are shut, imprisoning their dear light.

Heaven has made your memory too humble; thus to record your creatures service.

——Protesting that the period of his obedience, should be the end of his life.

——Which the unseasonable sins of these seasons, make so seasonable.

——Men, who leave the fountains of the living waters, and take themselves to cisterns of their own digging.

I have by diligent search found out *Ariadne's* thread, to winde you out of the perplexed mazes of a subtile *Dædalus*.

——Your eyes (though now perhaps dimm'd with ignorance, or blood shotten with passion) shall plainly discern——

—He left the rude lump of his begun projects to be licked over with the industry of——

I have sacred this offertory of my thoughts to you.

——Persons, whom the conscience of their guilt hurries on to despair.

If the happy *Damon* of *Ulysses* direct not the wandring Planet of my wit within the decent Orb of wisdom (my stammering pen seeming far overgone with superfluity of phrase) yet——

——As delightfull, as the delays of parting Lovers. *Gond.*

Many moneths are now past, since my heart hath increased the number of your vassals. *Strat.*

I speak this, but *en passant*.

To finish the Sacrifice of your intemperate cruelty.

My

——— My Pen hath been redundant, as to due measure, but very scanty as to matter.

When corruption of manners had ravish'd away the worlds virginity, and turn'd men from fervently devout into a churlish and penurious tepidity; then was it that———

Though your goodnesse rejects no emanation of a great affliction, yet———

——— Which are the *Passe-tempts* of your severest hours.

—I had rather your vertue should blush, then my unthankfulnesse make me ashamed. *Dr. Taylor.*

—There's a power in your acceptance to make plainnesse a fashion—

I am ready to receive Law from you, whensoever by the least syllable of your blessed lips, or pen, you shall please to impose it.

———At such time as your silent authority gave me leave to want better employment, this trifle (which now begs to live a shrub under the secure shade of your patronage) was sin'd into English, *Hymens Praludia.*

——Let any man (who has not his senses sodden in *Trapezuntius* his temper) Judge———

———'Twas at the dawning of the Morn, about that mongrel hour, which, gotten betwixt night and day, is half an Ethiop and half white. *Pastor Fido.*

I fling my stone at this Gyant, and I hope, hit him.

INSTRU-

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING and ADDRESSING LETTERS.

IN writing Letters there may be four things regarded: the *Invention*, the *Fashion*, or inditing (as we call it); the *Hand-writing*; and the *Orthographie*; though the two first are most considerable.

Invention ariseth from your business, whereof there can be no Rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, then conjecture may lay down of the several occasions of all mens particular lives and vocations. But sometimes men make business of kindnesse; As, *I could not satisfie my self, till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you: My business is no other but to testifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingnesse to do you any service:* Or, *have you leasure to descend to the remembrance of that assurance you have long had in me; and upon your next opportunity to make me happy with any imployment, you shall assign me, &c.* Or such like words, which go a-begging for some meaning, and labour to be delivered of the great Burden, Nothing.

When

When you have invented, if your buſineſs be matter, and not bare form; not meer ceremony, but of ſome concern: Then you are to proceed to the ordering it, and digeſting the parts, which is ſought out of two circumſtances: One is the underſtanding the perſon to whom you write; the other is the coherence of the matter; For mens capacity and delight, you are to weigh what will be apprehended firſt with greateſt attention and pleaſure, what next regarded and longed for eſpecially, and what laſt will leave moſt ſatisfaction, and as it were the ſweeteſt reliſh and memoriall of all that is paſt in his underſtanding to whom you write.

For the conſequence of ſentences, you muſt ſee that every clauſe do as it were give the cue to the other, and ſeem to be beſpoken ere it come; Order and coherence in writing being that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all our works would appear inanimate.

Now for *Faſhion*, it conſiſts in four qualities of your Stile. The firſt is *Brevity*; For Letters muſt not be Treatiſes or diſcourſes, except it be among learned men, and even with thoſe there is a kind of thrift and ſaving of words. You are therefore to examine the cleareſt paſſages of your underſtanding, and through them convey the ſweeteſt and moſt ſignificant *Engliſh* words you can deviſe, that you may the eaſier teach them the readieſt way to another mans fancy, and to pen it fully, ſmoothly, and diſtinctly; ſo as the Reader may not think a ſecond view caſt away upon your Letters. In effect, the goodneſs of words is, as the foundation of all *Eloquence*, and he ſaid well, who compared them to garments, that were invented for neceſſity, yet did alſo ſerve for ornament.

But though reſpect be a part after this, yet muſt

I

I here remember it. If you write to a perſon, with whoſe condition and humour you are well acquainted, you may be the boldeſt to ſet a taſk to his brain. If to your ſuperior, you are bound to meaſure in him three further points; Firſt, your *Intereſt* in him; ſecondly, his *capacity* of your Letters; thirdly, his *leaſure* to peruſe them. For your *intereſt* or favour with him, you are to be the ſhorter or longer, more familiar or ſubmiſs, as he will afford you time. For his *Capacity*, you are to be quainter, or fuller of thoſe reaches or glances of wit or learning, according to his comprehenſion. For his *leaſure*, you are commanded to the greater brevity, as his place is of greater diſcharges and cares. With your betters, you are not to put Riddles of wit, by being too niggardly of your words, nor to cauſe the trouble of making Breviats, by writing too copiouſly, or waſtingly.

Brevity is commonly attain'd by avoiding idle complements, prefaces, proteſtations, long Parentheſes, ſupplications, wanton circuits of figures and digreſſions, by compoſition, omitting conjunctions, *Not onely but alſo, the one and the other, whereby it comes to paſs, &c.* and ſuch like particles, that have no great buſineſs in a ſerious Letter; By breaking off ſentences; as oftentimes a ſhort journey is made long by many baits. But as *Quintilian* ſaith, There is a briefneſs of the parts ſometimes, that makes the whole long; As, *I came to the ſtairs, I took a pair of Oares, they lanched out, rowed apace, I landed at Weſtminſter, I paid my Fare, went to the Parliament-Houſe, asked for a Member, I was admitted.* All this is, but *I went to Weſtminſter and ſpake with my friend.*

Under this Notion ſomewhat may be ſaid of

of *Periods*, which ought not to be too long, nor yet too short. *QUO MAGIS VIRTUS EO MAGIS MEDIETAS.* All vertue consists in a certain Geometrical mediocrity, equally distant from excess and default. Some Writers have prescribed a *Period* not to exceed that length which a man may well pronounce in a breath. There ought likewise to be a special regard had to the cadence of the words, that the whole contexture of the *Period* may yield a certain kind of harmony to the ear; for *Longinus* says, *The true sounds and tones of Periods may be compared to a great Feast made up of many dishes.*

The next property of Epistolary Style, is, *Perspicuity*, which is not seldom endangered by the former qualities. *Brevity*, oftentimes by affectation of some wit, or ostentation of some hidden termes of Art, is ill angled for; few words darken speech, and so do too many; as well too much light hurts the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the understanding as much as the shortest note. Therefore let not your Letter be pen'd like an *English Statute*, and be sure to avoid fungous words, and empty inflations; which may best be done by considering your business, and distinctly understanding your self; and this will be much furthered by examining your thoughts, and exposing them as well to the light and judgement of your own outward senses, as to the censure of other mens eares. 'Tis for want of this consideration, that many good Scholars speak but falteringly, like a rich Tradesman that for lack of particular note and difference, can bring you no ware readily out of his shop. By this means talkative shallow persons sometimes content the hearers more then the wise. But this may finde a speedier redress in writing, where

all

all comes under the laſt examination of the Eyes. Firſt, mind it well, then pen it, then examin it, then mend it, and you may be in the better hope of writing acurately.

Under this virtue may come *Plainneſs*, which is, not to be too curious in the order; as to anſwer a Letter, as if you were to anſwer Interrogatories, *To the firſt, ſi ſt; to the ſecond, ſecondly*; But in the method, to uſe, as Ladies do in their attire, a diligent kind of negligence; *NON ENIM ELOQUENTIAM EX ARTIFICIO, SED ARTIFICIUM EX ELOQUENTIA NATUM*, ſays *Cicero*. And *Longinus* hath this excellent obſervation, *That Art does then appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſh'd from* Nature *her ſelf*. And though with ſome men you are not to jeſt, or practiſe capricio's of wit, yet the delivery of the moſt weighty and important matter, may be carried with ſuch an eaſie grace, as it may tickle the fancy of the Reader, and yeeld a recreation to the Writer; as *Plato* obſerves, *lib. 6. de Legibus*.

There muſt be variety, but not exceſs of terms, as if you are to name ſtore, ſometimes you may call it *choyce*, ſometimes *Plenty*, ſometimes *copie*, or *variety*, But ever ſo, as the word that comes in lieu, have no ſuch difference of meaning, as to put the ſenſe in hazard of being miſtaken.

You are not to caſt a ring for the perfumed moding terms of the time; as to *acquieſce, to eſpouſe an intereſt, to eyble, to incommode, to have a pique againſt one*, &c. but uſe them properly in their places, as others; matter and ſubſtance being preferrable before words or form. For, as a modern *French* Author ſays, *The moſt excellent words without ſoli-*

dity of matter, are no more considerable, than the burst of a Cannon, without Ball, which makes a great noyse, but does no execution. Besides, a vain curiosity of words hath so much scandalized some Philosophers, that *Seneca* (in one of his Epistles) says, Had it been possible to make himself understood by signes, he would rather serve himself of them, than of discourse, to the end, he might the better avoid all manner of affectation. Whereunto may pertinently be subjoyned those excellent lines of Mr *Hobbs* (in his answer to Sir *Will. Davenants* Preface) in these words: *As the sense we have of bodies, consists in change and variety of impression; so also does the sense of language in variety and changeable use of words: I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travell, but in the new (and withall significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received, and in far-fetch'd (but withall apt, instructive and comely) similitudes.*

There follows *Life*, which is the strength and sinews (as it were) of your style, by pretty sayings, similitudes and conceits, allusions, some known history or other common place, such as are in the second book of *Tully de Oratore*. And (if we may credit *Hermogenes*) a moderate interlacing of verse among prose, is not without its gentileſs.

But too great a mixture of other languages in your style, some (and those of the more learned) have compared to a party-coloured coat, made up of severall pieces of stuff; others to *Anacreons* Swan, which had neither blood, flesh nor bone.

The fourth is *Respect*, to discern what befits your self, him to whom you write, and the matter you treat of, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it does include the rest; and that must proceed from ripeness of judgment, which (as an

Author

Author truly says) is gotten by four ways, by the gift of God, by Nature, diligence, and conversation; serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

In the close of your letter you must by all means endeavour to come off handsomely, by avoiding those trite and over-worn conclusions, *Thus I rest, So I remain, Thus I take my leave,* &c and by taking rise from the next precedent matter of your Letter, make your subscription appendant thereto.

For the *Hand-writing*, if you attain not to perfection, it ought at least to be legible, and the matter fairly written, and truly pointed, with *Comma* (,) *Colon* (:) *Semicolon* (;) *Period* (.) *Parenthesis* ( ) *Interrogation* (?) and *Admiration* (!) points, as the matter requires.

Apostrophe's are now also much in use, which is only a cutting off a Syllable or *vowel*, *for brevity sake*; *lov'd*, *mov'd*, for *loved*, *moved*: *'tis*, *that's*, for *it is*, *that is*, and the like.

The last is the *Orthography*, or true writing of words, which (though not much valued by some, yet) I hold a quality so incident to a good Penman, that he cannot be said to be perfect in that faculty, without it; nor do I believe one often, even among Scholars well skild therein. And of these I shall offer you some few nice examples, of many more, which might be added.

NI or NISI, *lest*, as *lest* such a thing should happen: is without an a. MINIMUS the *least* in quantity.

Perdo to *lose*, as to *lose* ones money, with a single o, Salvo to *loose* or unty.

A *Herd* of Deer, not spelt with an a, as *heard* from (*Audio*) is. And a *Deer*, as *Fera*, a Buck or *Do*, not with an a, as *dear* from *charus* a *dear* friend.

Rite or custom (ritus) *Right* or just (æquum)

a *Wheelwright* (rotifex) to *write* (ſcribo)

a *ſhoot* or young ſprig; a *ſuit* of clothes, to *ſute* with my occaſions. And ſo to *ſhout* for joy.

A *Meſſuage* or a houſe, differs from a *Meſſage*, or errand ſent by one.

To *cite* or ſummon. *Site* of a late Caſtle or houſe, or the place where it ſtood; *ſcite* (SCITUM) or an Ordinance or Edict; *ſight* (VISUS) as the ſight of the eye.

Meat which we eat; and to *mete* or meaſure, &c.

So (ſic) or even *ſo*; to *ſow* (*Semino*) as we do corn, and to *ſew*, as women do with a needle.

Prey (præda) as a Hawks *prey*, differs from to *pray* or beg (*precor*.)

To *raign* (as a King does) to *rain* or ſhowr down water; the *reines* of the back; the *rein* of a bridle; all of like ſound but differently written.

An *eare* of corn; the *eare* wherewith we hear; a *year* (annus) conſiſting of 12 moneths; *ere* while, or ere it be long.

LET-

LETTERS.

I.

To revive Friendship in the Son, by remembrance of the Fathers love.

SIR,

SWorth is not confin'd to place; ~~so not the affection of friends to~~ presence: your excellent deserts command my respects where ever, your absence draws these following salutes, as the testimonies of my esteems and well-wishes. In your noble Father I lost a worthy friend, in you I find him again: you no less inherit his goodness, than estate; this entitles me your neighbour, that makes his loves lineal and sure; and as neither with decrease, so both to the augmentation of my acknowledgments; The power of my friend is a shelter and joy, his faithfulnesse my security, yet I love for worths not profit. This name of *Friendship* I grant is spreadly appellative but the thing it self as rare in experience, as loud in vogue. Your fathers love I enjoy'd in calm times, I prove yours in the tempests of Fortune: My confidence assures me, he would not have faild the Test, my triall

proves you do not; a certainty that precludes doubt and no leſs obliges my proportion'd gratitude. It were eaſie now (Sir) to ſay, were you under my Stars, I would be the ſame I find you; I would ſo, nay, ſhould hate my ſelf, did I feel but an inclination to the contrary. Yet all this evinces no more, than what you pleaſe to believe; Profeſſions and Performances are not the ſame; what I would be, will not ſurmount conjecture; your nobleneſs ſhews it ſelf in effects irrefragable. I know nothing can make me truly miſerable, but my ſelf; and as well I know and feel in lowring times, how conſolatory is the countenance of a reall friend; ſuch your beſt ſelf, to whom I ſhall always ſubſign my ſelf

Sir,

A moſt humble ſervant,

D. W.

LI.

Complement.

SIR,

A Great Philoſopher complain'd, that the Fabrick of mans body was defective; For (ſaid he) nature ſhould have made a window in the Breaſt, by which we might look into the bottom of his heart, to ſee, when he ſpeaks, whether his words be conform to the dictates of his heart, and whether that which we ſee without, have an uniform relation to that within. Truſt me (Sir) though I quarrel not with nature in this kind, yet I wiſh my Breaſt tranſpatent, that you might ſee in what deep characters your affection is engraven in my heart, and how really I am (what you have made me)

Sir,

Your moſt faithfull ſervant,

T. B.

III.

Acknowledgment.

SIR,

I Have long ſtudied an acknowledgement in ſome ſort anſwerable to your many favours, but Fortune has dealt ſo ſparingly with me, that I (who have moſt deſire) am leaſt able to ſhew my remerciaments, otherwiſe than by a courſe paper preſent; yet I wiſh I could erect ſome laſting monument, that might ſpeak your worth and my engagements, whereby after-times might know that, though I had not ability to requite, yet I had a heart to be thankfull, which ſhall always pronounce me,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged friend and ſervant,

T. B.

IV.

Another.

THough my acquaintance with you, for time and converſation, has had the misfortune to be but ſmall; yet is my experience of your excellent worth both full and ſatisfied, even to admiration. With ſome natures, I confeſs, much ſalt is to be eaten, before judgment can be prudentially ſerled; Others like the Sun, or Light, have power to blazon themſelves in a moment: This excellency ſeems to ſhine in your nobler conſtitution; and this commands my ſo ſudden eſteem and affections. Sir, you have then a ſervant, but he wants power to expreſs how much he is ſo; If I ſay, all I am, is at your

devotion, 'tis not all I am ready to perform, becauſe deſire and readineſs ſurpaſs in me my too much limited abilities. You ſee then your creature and inſtrument expects but your pleaſure for operation, as far as he is apt, yet ſome offices he will undertake uncommanded, (*viz.*) his daily oraiſons for your good, chiefly that which is ſoveraign; In which to make him more active, your conſent and call ſhall be the welcom'ſt employment the world can lay upon him. Future occaſions may enlarge my expreſſions; I ſhall now content my ſelf, that I have preſumed to ſalute you with theſe generals, whom I have devoted my ſelf to honour in all particulars. Now let me thank you for all received favours, for thoſe immerited regards that began my obligations and continue my gratitude; for your late kind token, which was of multiplied value drawn from the ſender. If theſe find acceptance, and their preſumption pardon, 'twill animate him hereafter not to be ſilent, that ſhall live by being, if he may be (as he would)

Sir,

Intirely yours,

D. W.

V.

To excuſe ſilence.

Madam,

MY ſeeming hopes have been fed even with an aſſurance, that *London* ſhould e're this have been made happy with your preſence, elſe I had not thus long hazarded the loſs of your good opinion by my ſilence; ſince I confeſs to owe a debt to your goodneſs, which all the reſpect and

ſervice

ſervice my poor abilities are able to perform, can never throughly ſatisfie, I beg, at preſent, but a continuance of your favours towards me; and (becauſe I know you juſt) ſhall only expect them hereafter according to the meaſure of my ſervices, which I have faithfully devoted to your beſt ſelf, in quality of

Madam,

Your vertues humble honourer,
T. B.

VII.

From a Gentleman (baniſhed the Lines of Communication) to a Lady in London.

Madam,

IF I could decline the thought of a neceſſity of being here, and believe this *Baniſhment* to be a voluntary retirement, I ſhould account my ſelf extreamly happy; for here we freely enjoy thoſe felicities ſo much ſought for in *London*, the freſh air, and ſinging of the Nightingale; yet I muſt confeſs I begin to be ſatiated with theſe ſolitary pleaſures, not ſo ſutable with my diſpoſition, as the converſation of my friends; and could willingly exchange the company of Birds and Beaſts, for the ſociety of men. But pardon me (*Madam*) it was not my intention to trouble you with what I do or ſuffer, or to wiſh you where I would not be my ſelf; but to beſeech you to retain a memory of me, till I am reſtor'd to the honour of kiſſing your hands; a happineſs daily deſired by

Madam,

The humbleſt of your ſervants,

VII.

A second Salutation, upon the miscarriage of a former Letter.

SIR,

I Addreſs'd my ſalutes before, but here they miſcarried. The labour to repeat them is not but thenſome; yet leſt their loſs might bring you into ſuſpition, that I was as ſilent as their miſcarriage makes me ſeem, I adde theſe to try better fortune; in which, if more happy, they know their errand, to preſent me and my loves to your devotion. If they ſtammer in the delivery, they beſt expreſs my ſelf, who (ſurcharg'd by your deſerts) muſt conceive more obligation, ſmother more affection, than I can utter. You can mend both by the clearneſs of a candid interpretation, till both are able to be more articulate and plain; None can better expound gratitude, than he who moſt merits it. Sir, I forget not the delights of your ingenious converſations, thoſe ſweet (but too ſhort) moments of my contents. I remember your ready favors, your reall endearments, I remember all, and for all am thankfull. Will you have more? More than this you cannot, I am (what I am)

Sir,

Very much yours,

D. W.

VIII.

VIII.

An Answer to a Letter of kindness.

Most honoured Cosen,

THE great measure of content I received at your being here, and since that, the favour to be the unworthy object of your remembrance, makes me even proud of my own happiness. The truth is, I wish no other heaven upon earth, than always to enjoy your presence, that the influence of your many vertues may create in me some kind of goodness. But since there must needs be a separation, excuse it I beseech you, if in this homely manner, I present you with the service and best affection of him that is,

Most happy in your acknowledgment. T. B.

IX.

Passionate affection.

Madam,

SInce that very hour, wherein Fortune made me happy in your knowledge, next after God, I neither have love, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you: The day yeelds up all my thoughts, as a tribute to your memory, and the night (which was made to arrest the agitations of Spirit) never removes the remembrance of you from my heart; over which, as you have already gain'd an absolute dominion, so shall it yeeld you a constant sacrifice of an affection, which shall be permanent, as the Being of,

Madam,

Your most devoted servant. T. B.

X.

From a Commander to his Miſtriſs.

Madam,

THough I have lately been brought even to the confines of Deaths Kingdom, yet I retein ſo much ſtrength, as to tell you I am alive; and muſt crave leave to renew that proteſtation, which I have heretofore ſo often made, not to be willing to live but for your ſervice. The ſcars of war in ſome ſort reſemble the wounds of love, ſince, thoſe which I received, have not at all diminiſh'd the deſire I had to ſerve my Religion, and theſe, which you gave me, have increas'd that paſſion to honour you, which reignes within my Soul. My hand has not ſtrength enough to write more, and its weakneſs may ſerve as a proof of my affection, which ſhall be alwaies greater than my power, as the effects of my obedience ſhall ever be leſs than my devotion to ſerve you, all days of my life, in quality of

Madam,

The deareſt lover of your beſt ſelf.

XI.

Of Conſolation.

Noble Madam,

I Have received your gracious lines, of which, I make a jewel; becauſe both in themſelves good, as alſo becauſe I take them not to be common. For theſe are the conditions, that upon moſt things, ſet a value; But could thoſe be wanting, yet would they

they not want a high rate, had they no other vertue, than the coming from you; If their kindneſs to me had bin accompanied with the characters of your own more wiſhed Fortunes, they had by far, been more contentfull: whereas now, as they tell me, I have a friend; they at the ſame view add, ſhe's far leſs happy than I could wiſh her; Thus the ſame ſyllables make the ſame thoughts at once, both hapleſs and fortunate. But, *Madam*, as the news general, and your particular, ſhare both in maligoity, becauſe both bad; ſo, I hope yours at leaſt is at the worſt; and by ſequel upon amendment; and hopes of better is always a fair point of good fortune, which to make more ſure, you to your ſelf will not (I hope) be wanting. There was a Philoſopher ſaid, that *each one is the framer of his own Fate*; and I am partly of his Sect, at leaſt ſo far as I believe no fate ſo bad, but 'tis in the power of the ſufferer to make it (if not good) better. And ſo *Madam* (I hope) will both your wiſdom and vertue endeavour; and this by ſolid grounds and ways, without which the reſt will be labour in vain. The task you have ſet me to this end (to wit) my prayers, I both daily have, do, and will perform; and if a partner in misfortunes might leſſen the burthen, as ſome have thought, I cannot be without my part in yours. Nor, were it in my power, ſhould your Ladiſhip be a moment without better comforts. But I leave this ſad ſtrain till fitter opportunity, and reſt,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips humble ſervant,

D. W.

XII.

A passionate Letter of affection.

My inestimable Jewel,

THE long continuance of all things (my infinite love to you excepted) does by little and little decay them; but 'tis my pride, that each gray hair time adds to the affection I bear you (which again I pronounce infinite) brings an inclination to a second infinity, and remains the only excusable dotage now extant; turning my present solitary life to one of much business; for always to think of you, I esteem my business, my faith, my every thing. Your constancy can never find out a greater, than mine; for 'tis a vast one, and shall out-last all things about it; Therefore look that yours be as true marble, as you will other wise answer the utter undoing of

Madam,

Your truly, truly, truly,
constant servant.

XIII.

To a Landlord in behalf of his Tenants.

Most honoured Sir,

TO move you to justice were in some sort to conclude you guilty of injustice, and to request your pitie in behalf of your poor and long oppress'd Tenants, were to proclaim you hard-hearted against them; but experience tells me you are free from both, and your own works pronounce

nounce your worth. Onely thus much I am bold to beg of you, that the falſe informations of *A. B. C. D.* and others, of broken credits, as well as Eſtates, may not take place againſt theſe bearers, men of honour and good fortunes, and ſuch as I dare preſume will inform you of nothing but truth. In confidence whereof I aſſume the liberty to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

XIV.

A ſecond Letter, upon a late acquaintance.

SIR,

AFter one Letter (long ſince ſent) and often iniquities, I have, at laſt, had the happines to hear of your ſafety and health. The Relator had an accidentall view of you, and I a reall comfort. I was once made fortunate by opportunity to enjoy your obliging converſation, and engag'd by your noble endearments, but this loſt, almoſt as ſoon as gain'd; ſo vaniſhing the chiefe enjoyances of this fickle life, ſo unlaſting thoſe contents we eſtrem moſt ingenuous and innocent. Sir, I have many ties to be yours, and not fewer misfortunes, that I may not be ſo, as much as I would But this is a world of croſſes, ſuch as, though it has pull'd many down, yet has it ſet others up in the ſtead: And this muſt be ſo, ſince without a croſs we cannot arrive our Crown. However, neither diſtance of place, nor intervall of time can change thoſe reſpects to your noble ſelf, that took both root

and

and date from our first interview. Affection grounded on vertue, must parallel it in content, or be injurious. Your true worth engaged me in ever-honouring esteems, and these I must be unworthy if I do recal. Nor are our immortal Souls so mensurated to place, but they can meet; though our duller clay be confin'd to the accident of commensuration; what they cannot perform by presence, by operation they can; remain where they live, and be where they love; in the circumference be dis-joyned, yet united in the center of hearts, which is their Life and Being; and this is *God*. Here (Sir) was our first union, and here, I hope, nothing shall separate: yea, each flying moment of time drawes to a more embosoming neerneſſe. Sir, when we parted, you enjoyned me to continue you in my best thoughts; This not to remember, I account to forget my self. That I am not banished your memory, one word from your Pen would not only cherish and confirm, but honor and oblige,

Sir,

Your most devoted and humble Servant,

D.W.

XV.

To excuse silence, &c.

SIR,

WHat to you I know not, but to me it seems long, since my pen presented my respects. 'Tis true, I wrote last, but this will not excuse; Gratitude makes my addresses due. When you salute, your salutes are pure favours: still oblige,

lige, never incur obligation. If then I have been too remiss, I flye to the Asyle of your pardon; and to render me more capable of it, give me leave to add this qualification: That not neglect, but fear to be troublesome, caused the interval. *Est modus in rebus*——I would observe duty, I hate to be unseasonable? He that can light on the Mean, attains the accomplishment of Office; he that misses, may mean well, but is guilty of some defection towards an extream. But as that moral *Decorum* is the beauty of humane life; so a precise niceness with friends, has too much of scruple. Seemlinesse should not be transgrest, yet Friendship is not stern in her Laws. I may be bold with my self, and next with my friend. Whom endearment makes mutual, love intitles to a latitude of honest action. Sir, that I bear the stile of your Friend, is the greatest adjunct the world can make me happy in; I desire no more splendor of honor, no relation to me so pretious. My request is, it may continue; my endeavour shall be to deserve the continuance; not that I presume I can deserve it, but rather, that I hope, not by a voluntary guilt, to forfeit what you freely confer. Nor will you easily (your goodness is too constant) reject whom you have (with so much condescence,) adopted. My resolve is unchangeable to be,

SIR,

Ever and most intirely
your devoted servant,
D. W.

XVI.

To

XVI.

To a Mother.

Madam,

THis ſhort time of abſence makes me ſenſible of that great good which Nature gave me, when ſhe ordain'd you to be the Parent and me the child; for now I feel my ſelf deprived of thoſe joyes, which your preſence was wont to afford me; now I want thoſe lovefull aſpects, wherewith your indulgent eye was wont to ſolace me. In a word, I want all things, which an affectionate Mother did ever beſtow upon an undeſerving, yet dutifull child; for ſuch is

T. B.

XVII.

To beg acquaintance.

SIR,

YOu may wonder at this boldneſs: but your worth animates it, and the ſame I hope, will pardon what it cauſes. I have often heard of you, and once I ſaw you; and by the converſation of a few words, I perceiv'd plentifull evidence, that what I have heard of your merits, was anſwered in the truth. This your humility may reply, was too ſhort a time for experience. I grant it; but not to confirm what both the *Good* and *Wiſe* by report had made credible, the ſenſes ſhould not be deceived, in their proper objects; and *Hearing* is a ſenſe as well as *Seeing*: and (if it follow the right Rules)

Rules) perhaps as little erring; chiefly if a rationall hearing, to which I have some title by essence. Report the subject; that you are deserving, the reported this aver'd by wise men and good men, yea, all men that know you; which I must either believe or be irrational. Sir, the truth is, I am so fully perswaded of this verity, that I am truly ambitious of your more acquaintance; and that this may be by pen, till more joyn'd aboards afford a prefential intercourse. If your thoughts answer, no greater obligation can be laid upon

Sir,

Your most faithfull servant,

D. W.

XVIII.

In answer to a Complement.

SIR,

THat I live (though absent) thus fresh in your memory, I count my glory, and that you write to me, my happiness; which favours that I may seem in some measure to deserve, I addres these, not as satisfactory Acquittances (for such my weak merit, does not aim at) but as respective acknowledgments, which your greater goodness commands from me. I have now throughly both seen and felt the *Bath*, and as I find my self nothing ameliorated in complexion of face, or temperature of body; so is the disposition of my mind to serve you nothing lessened, but does adequately increase, with the obligations of

Sir,

Your unalterable servant,

T. B.

XIX.

XIX.

A facetious Letter upon sending a Christmas Pye to a friend.

SIR,

I Salute you with a poor token, a pastry Bak'd-meat, as a recognition of my gratitude for your noble entertainments, and not entertainments only but even harbour in a push of necessity, which I construe, to have multiplied the courtesie to many degrees of height. These to requite I confess my self unable, and to forget as unwilling. The mean of both I undertake, that is, to greet you with my grateful and remembring respects: which if you please to entertain in my sense, it shall be interpreted a new added favour, and speak me thankful. Grateful minds can acknowledge what they cannot retribute, and this is both my fortune and meaning. Sir, that I may be some imperfect Index or like the *Westminster Tomb-shewer*, tell who or what lies here: You have or shall finde in the center, a *Neats Tongue*, enpanched by a *Goose*, next both Tongue and Goose, like the Isle of *Candia*, swallowed up by the Turk; Round these, some few other *Volatils*, as lookers on, and though not main Partizans, yet not unimbroyl'd in the danger, for their curiosity. At last comes fierce General *Cook*, and fortifies all (as he hopes) with a strong line of *Circumvallation*, and, having perfected his works, sends the besieged captive to your best appetite, whereto they are left for triumph and conquest. Sir, now were it not for fear of making this our Post-paste over tedious, and coming too near the

heels of time, I could so compare these Animals, or their corps, that there might rise upon their conditions both Emblems and Morals. But this facetenes I will leave to your self and good company, to recreate and better your digestion with. What I chiefly desire to hear in this point, is, that you have been merry in parting the fray; friendly accepted what was cordially meant; That you have vanquished the *cruell Turk*, the *peevish Goose*, the *betraying Tongue*, the *wild Poulter*, the *long-nos'd Woodcocks*; yea, that you have raz'd the very proud outworks to the ground. This done, I pray, you may conquer your worse enemies, and number me in the Albe of

Your humble servants,

W.D.

XX.

To excuse Silence, and acknowledge past Favours.

SIR,

I Have long done you the service, not to trouble you with my lines, but durst no longer pursue this method, lest it might degenerate into the semblance of neglect. If vertue (for her better practice be enthron'd 'twixt two extreams, writing (as an act of vertue) must also keep due distance with them; neither lean to importune frequency

quency without leave, nor be benumb'd by the Lethargy of omission. And you, whose favours have always engaged me yours, will believe my aimes have no other end, than to be so, as well in forbearances as actions; provided I fail not as your votary, a crime I should hate my self to think I could be wicked enough to commit; and am sure I never yet was. Sir, you have, I know, received my former Letter, and dained the civility of receiving by it my humble gratitudes, for the liberalities it acknowledged. This will not so far encroach upon the Office of my better expressions, as to repent that duty, but must again and again pronounce me,

Sir,

Your grateful servant,

W. D.

XXI.

A Letter of thanks, &c.

Honoured Sir,

I Have received your friendly Letter, and (by Proxie) your bounty: I am obliged by both, yet am by you debar'd, by pen, to answer either. You fetter me in the limits of ten lines, and these too must be silent of your self, the best subject; I could observe your number, and yet be tedious, did I write short hand, or would I imitate the Lawyers length of a Chancery Bill. But I will not force a double sense on your sincerity; What you will not have in paper, shall warm my breast, those gratefull thoughts, and unfeign'd devotions, that vow and maintain me,

Sir,

Your ever most affectionate servant,

D. W.

XXII.

XXII.

To a Lady upon her weaving hair bracelets.

Madam,

LAst night when I found you in a pretty harmleſs employment, weaving hair bracelets, you commanded me to make you ſome Poeſies for that purpoſe, which I told you was a work fitter for Poets and men of wit, than for me, whoſe Cabinet enſhrines no ſuch Treaſure; yet (Madam) that you may ſee what a ſupremacy of power you have over all my faculties, I ſend you theſe incloſed; if any of which prove worth your uſe, the compoſure muſt be aſcribed to the vertue of your commands, rather than to any skil of mine, which as I diſclaim to have, out of a juſt ſenſe of my own imperfections; ſo, muſt I always ſubſcribe my ſelf (out of a like ſenſe of your worth)

Madam, *Your moſt devoted ſervant,*

T. B.

Qui eſt tout de Cœur; n'a point de langue.
Qui dedit, ſe dedit.
A ſe convertitur in ſe.
Nec fallit, nec fallitur.
Unus: una: unum.
Lo que ſe ſabe ſentir, ſe ſabe dezir.

Wear this (dear heart) and prove as true
In faith to me, as I to you.

This gift ſhall tell you, that I do
Love you alone, and none but you.

Dally not, but doe it.

No

No heart more true,
Then mine to you.

If you love, my love content you;
For all love, all Faith is ment you.

Cupid has bound me by this band,
To be your ſervant at command.

I finde it true, though you are gon,
That Love makes perfect union.

XXIII.

Complaining of Abſence.

Madam,

IF I could finde out words to expreſs the language of my heart, I ſhould then be able to demonſtrate how little I enjoy my ſelf, whilſt I am abſent from you, in whom all my joyes and all my felicities are ſo wealthily ſum'd up; that as I live; by none but you; ſo, were it as much in my power as deſires, I ſhould never be abſent from you; But ſince Fate has thus decreed a ſeparation, I beſeech you let nothing make you forget him, who always remembers you, in quality of

Madam,

Your greateſt Admirer,

T. B.

XXIV.

XXIV.

In answer to one that congratulated our arrival in the Country.

SIR,

THat you congratulated our well-coming to G. was so necessary for us, and so great a mark of kindness in you, that I believe without your good prayers, we had taken up our quarters on Saturday night in the Forrest, where we were benighted (a sad thing to think on) and lost our way; But being (as I say) arrived here, by the help of God, and your best wishes, I find little subject for envy in our enjoyments, not a *Deer* being left in the *Park* nor a *Kid* in season, (unless a wooden one) nor a *Walk* dry enough for a Spanish-leather shooe; and, I am sure, you will not envy us a little fresh air, since we have paid so dear for it, by the fatigues of a long journey. Trust me (Sir) these things (however you value them) bend my thoughts towards *London*, and the rather, in respect of your dear self, to whom I am (by manifold obligations)

An affectionate humble servant,
T. B.

XXV.

Upon the late Commotions.

SIR,

HAd not *Pythagoras* excepted our Terrestriall Orbe, when he asserted the Orbes harmonious; this Age had clearly confuted him. For how musical soever those higher are; this I am

ſure ſounds nothing but harſh Diſcords, and ſo lowd, we cannot but hear them; ſo unpleaſant, that the din diſcompoſes quiet minds. The way to eaſe our ſelves, is hard, yet not impoſſible: but what is it? 'tis this, *To elevate our abode: To compoſe our own interiour.* He that enjoys intim Peace, is not open to extern broiles: they may beat the out ſide, but cannot enter; batter the walls of fleſh and blood, but the Citadel of reaſon is ſafe; and, if reaſon ſway, we flye up to manſions undiſturb'd. We are all Citizens of the lower World, I grant, muſt wiſh its good; may deplore it's evils; Yet our own private welfare, ought to be to us moſt precious. This were a Paradox with Polititians (if not well gloſſed) and ſo I allow it (each part was made for the whole.) But our Placite ſtill ſtands; and ſtands in this: each mortal is neareſt to himſelf. My own preſervation leſſens not my contribution to the Publike, muſt I be, or I cannot be able? I muſt be able, or I cannot aid it. Of Aides, there is more than one ſort. All were not fram'd for the ſame function, or influence. The Martiall blade, and bullet has it's office; ſo policy military; theſe we leave to the ſons of *Mars*.

Yet we have our duty too, and this is piety. Piety firſt calms it's own *Fears*; then becomes inſtrumental to others reconcilement. When Heaven ſees me at peace within, I am approved, fit to pacify. To complain of exterior commotions, and my ſelf to be torn by the diſorder of my own Paſſions, is an improper addreſs, a mediation ineffectual. It was well dream't by *Scipio*, when he ſaid; as the intelligences guided (by a regular Order) the upper Spheres; ſo ought our intellectuall powers govern our own little World. Where the ſuperiour portion of the Soul obeys the divine Lawes, and the part irrational acquieſces to the mind; in the mind (and all

all men) resounds a harmony far surpassing *Pithagorean* accents. Ah! (my friend) were mental and private tumults appeas'd, the civil would cease, and whilest these (with you and I) are setled, the civil cannot annoy us. A compos'd Soul miseries may try, cannot disorder. Whilst others then, fight for earth, and purple it with native blood: let us aspire higher enterprises; pray for their peace, secure our own. Let us fix our thoughts where ambition reaches not, where War embroiles not, where tranquility eternally triumphs. Thus shall we offer our selves a piacular sacrifice before the high Altar of God, in our own condition acceptable, in alien behoof not despised. The incessant vowes, of

Sir,

Your most devoted servant,
W. D.

XXVI.

ANSWER.

SIR,

YOu have given us, (who are indeed Terrestrial Cosmopolites) most excel'ent prescriptions, for the Composure and regiment of the inward man in these times of fluctuation, whereby those that are at war within themselves, may know how to seek, and where to find a lasting peace, a peace with truth and endles repose, and those that are at peace may learn how to settle the Souls *Militia* in an unconquerable *posture of defence* against the *Common enemy*; In a word, there's a volume of rich Apopthegms abridg'd into the compendium of your letter; heavens make my breast a fit repository for such treasure. But in conclusion, you evidence the vertue of self-abnegation to be one part of the

Cargozan of your ſhip; For you ſtill work with the old Perſpectives, by ſerving your ſelf of a diminiſhing Glaſſe, when you mention your own perfections; and of one, that multiplies, when you make the mole hills of your friends qualities (if any were) to ſeem mountains. Alas! what is my plain ſong, if compar'd with your heavenly deſcant; *Majores majora canunt.* It muſt content me to contemplate you in a higher Orbe, whilſt I lye mudling here below, even

Sir,

The humbleſt of your ſervants,
T. B.

XXVII.

To a Lady, upon her leaving the City.

Madam,

EVer ſince you left *London*, all joyes and good fortune have left us, the heavens have not ceaſed to ſhed continuall || tears for your ab- || *It was a time* ſence, and *Mars* has frownd upon all *of great rain.* our undertakings; nor can we hope to receive good news or enjoy fair weather, till the rayes and vertue of your preſence return hither, to uncloud the watry element and uncharm the fortune of War. Whilſt in this ſadneſs, I was ſtudying what might render my lines worthy your acceptance, the encloſed arrives with the much wiſh'd for news of———And if this prove in any meaſure an Antidote to prevent the contagion of ſadder thoughts, which theſe times are apt to adminiſter, I ſhall enjoy the height of my ambition, which holds no title in competition with that of Madam

Your humble ſervant,
T. B.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

To excuse the not taking leave, and to acknowledge received favours.

BEfore I left *London*, I did endeavour to have given my personal attendance upon your noble self, with an address of thankfulnesse for your generous favours, and free entertainments; But this devoir (by your absenting occasions) being frustrate; I am forced upon pen-supply. Wherein yet the most I can expres to the purpose, is ingeniously to avow, I owe more to your bounties than I can expresse; more expressions to your high Worths, than I can make legible. Which defect of Language (I humbly yet conceive) you of all (Sir,) have most reason to indulge; since your great merits of me, and your own self-noblenes, has most put it to silence. Be then as much above my feeble Oratory, as your endearments transcend my mean deserts; 'tis praise enough, as you aim not at empty Epithets, so your real perfections are abundant and natively clear to be their own *encomiums*. I, with admiring gratitude, will remember what I cannot utter. Yet (Sir) take this unfeigned image of my thoughts; that from the first hour I received the honour of your acquaintance, I have singularly valued your self; and since you have bin pleas'd to rank me in the albe of your servants, and priviledge me not only with your friendly familiarities, but also signal favours, I confesse my self bound for requital of all, as to yeeld to none in my respect, so to be ever (as I professe I am obliged)

Sir,

Your servant and votary,

D. W.

XXIX.

A Ladies Answer to her servants first Letter.

SIR,

THat upon so small acquaintance, you should make me such friendly and passionate expressions, I cannot but take as a civility, being apt to make the best construction of every ones actions; yet (*Sir*) that so many moneths should passe in silence, since I saw you, is enough to make me believe your Letter meerly complementall; these times affording many of your sex, whose pens or tongues can speak one language, and their hearts another. When I find cause to believe your professions real, I shall set a greater value upon your respect: Mean time civility invites me to subscribe my self,

Sir,

Your humble servant,
V. T.

XXX.

An Address from one Lady to another.

Madam,

I Have not so much vanity to think my self able to make a return, worthy the honour I have received, nor do I bear so little justice to my own gratitude, as not to witness my resentment, though great, yet in huge disproportion to your merit, whose virtues and goodnes I hold in equal value with those of demi-Gods: I receive the new assurance of your Ladyships favour, as a blessing sent me from Heaven, which bids me cherish it and live, since I can relish no felicity without it. Indeed (*Madam*) I know

know not what Sacrifice to offer you for such a bounty: All hearts are made tributary to your Commands; yet none with so much obligation, as that of

Madam,

Your servant,

E. D.

XXXI.

The Answer.

Madam,

YOu may say of me, as a *Cavalier* once said of the late Synod, that *they had sate long, and at length hatch'd a Monster* (meaning the *Directory*:) So have I bin long in answering yours, and at length my dull *Genius* produces this ill-shap'd Letter. *Madam*, if the faculty of my pen were correspondent to the devotion of my heart, I could say much, when as now I must be silent; yea not silent neither; For every cast of my eye upon your lines begets a wonder, and wonder makes me break silence. I have always had your sweet person and vertues in a reverential esteem, and now the charms of your pen have hurld me into new admirations; yet not so as to forget the old, nor at any time to be lesse than

Madam,

The most humble of your Devotes,

A. T.

XXXII.

A Letter from the Author of a Book to the Approver, Sr N. B.

SIR,

THis hand which hath stood so long before your barre, comes now to accuse it self of a fault by which the Judge must needs have

suffered much from the offender, since the foulnesse of the Copy, is like to have tryed your patience, more than the worth of the cause can hope to have recompenc'd your pains. Wherefore these lines come before you to offer satisfaction at least to your civility, if they fail of giving it to your Judgement, and the course of my life qualifies me better for civil discharges, than for litterate satisfactions. You shall then, Sir, receive by this a return of much sense of your fair and obliging carriage towards me in the examination of my papers; wherein I must desire you to consider the whole design, which aims solely at moral regulations, and does rather decline than accept any inducements to controversall doctrines; if there be any point so incident to the subject, as my opinion must needs appear in some dark light, this may well be consider'd of by so ingenious a Judge as your self, who cannot expect I should dissemble my principles, though in discretion I was forbid to declaim upon them; So that perceive your abilities will make a due difference, between what may critically be sifted out, and what does litterally professe it self; and of this last sort, I presume you will find nothing in the whole Work, that has an open face of contention or offence; Wherefore upon your animadversions, I have changed the looks of such places, as had any apparant features of enmity, and have offer'd you such satisfaction upon the other points I have not alterd, as I hope your candor and dispassionate temper may admit; Upon the opinion whereof, I shall conclude, that if you have found, in these my Meditations, more matter promising good influencies upon the affections of your Country, then projecting any dangerous infusions, you will allow them

your contribution to that effect I have singly propo-sed in them; In order whereunto my prayers shall intend the suppliment of my pens deficiency; which the lesse worthy it is of this exposure to the World, the more must it owe your patience and civility for your favour to

Sir,

Your most affectionate servant,

W. M.

XXXIII.

Upon the New-year.

SIR,

MY present Theme is, to give you the cere-monies (in real wishes) of a happy New-year. Nor shall I doubt the effect, since I cannot your *Piety* or *Prudence*. No revolution of time can be inauspicious, where these fair pair of twin-vir-tues are fixt, and in action. Time sells our hours, produces change, but our happiness, or infortunes onely from our selves. 'Tis vain then to accuse deaf Fate, when we are our own destiny, or at least it, in our abitrement: *Prudence*, (the eye of our life) foresees, disposes our affaires: *Piety*, our selves. That discharges our devoirs, This guides all events (prosperous or adverse) to our eternal (if it cannot temporal) felicity. Hence we have a method either to prevent misery, or of turning it into better luck, by being unhappy. Cross chances

I grant are but ſower friends, rather to be entertain'd than invited; yet 'tis too viſible, none are more wretched, than thoſe that moſt court fortune. Give me indifferency, and I'le be fortunes ſate, and fortunate, maugre her deſpight. As to time it ſelf; the beſt deſcription of it is to employ it well. 'Tis a thing of ſo ſwift an eſſence, that 'tis gone before we can think what it is. 'Tis the meaſure of ſublunary beings, and proclaimes to us, (by its height) how faſt we our ſelves fade, and dwindle away. The paſt is no more ours, then frugal uſage has made it ſo. The future is not, and ſo uncertain whether 'twil ever be in our power. What of it we can own is only the preſent, and this ſo coy, that if not taken by the fore-top, 'tis vaniſht, like a Ghoſt, and leaves us nothing, but cauſe to repent and gaze. Ah! my friend, how pretious our moments! on theſe ſhort Inſtances depends our whole Eternity. Temporal exiſtence is as fickle as temporal happineſſe; both participate of the nature of time, are fletting. In this caſualty then, let us fix on what is truely durable above floating incertainties, beyond temporall laſtingneſſe. Whilſt our minutes fly from us, our ſelves ſpeed faſter towards unchangeable permanency; ſo we do in naturall tendency, but let us by virtue's vigorous. Each hour poſts away with it's length of our life, The old year is gone; if our imperfections with it, 'twas well ſpent; if not, there's the more need, we ſpend the New better. And leaſt we live not to the end, let's take advantage of the beginning: make that our own that is ſo. Thiſt of our dayes is th'only end to make our ſelves in time eternally happy. But I fear by this rude Rhapſody of the initiate year, I have waſted your hour-glaſs too much, rending my

prayer

prayer of your prosperous future, your present Domage; But pardon, because my subject (time) as well as my distracted capacity fail'd me. Suffice it, I wish you more than I can utter, or need prescribe you the way to; and whilst you are blest, I partake,

Sir,

31. Decemb. Your happy friend and joyd servant. W. D.

XXXIV.

To a Lady, residing in a Town that had lately bin besieg'd.

Madam,

AFter the disquiet of your late Alarms: I am bold to congratulate the re-enjoyment of your wonted repose, which (had I bin General) no cause nor quarrel should have made me hazard; since in all things I value your content above my own; My regard to your safety had bin in such case motive enough with me, to have suspended the chastisement of that mutinous City: *Madam*, if (as I hope and pray) you are now both free from disquietude and from fear; I have my hearts wish, desiring (as you know) nothing more, than by continued devotion to your self and service, to purchase at length the esteem of

Madam,

Your most faithfull servant,

R. T.

XXXV.

XXXV.

To his Lady Mrs. complaining of her cruelty.

Madam,

TYranny as ill becomes a Subject as a Prince, and cruelty is the natural issue of that Monster; To say your Ladiship is guilty of both in some kind, is a truth undeniable: For ever since fortune made me happy in your knowledge, my affection hath no centre, but your breast, my faith no fellow; and my constancy such as can never admit a change; yet my sighs are unpitied, my love unregarded, my faith and constancy answered with nothing, but your disproportionate denials; Nor can I, without wonder, consider, that your Ladyship should be to all the world so perfectly charitable, to me so cruell, unless 'twere ordained by fate. That the first fruits of my love (which should be the first step to happiness) must be made abortive by your incompassion. *Madam*, the more you deny, the more fuel you add to those flames, which (if not suddenly allay'd by your pity) will consume my very being into ashes of mortality; These are *Madam*, the reall dictates of a heart, that's wholly devoted

To serve you, T. B.

XXXVI.

A consolatory letter to a Mother upon the death of her first-born.

Honoured Madam,

THe sad need a Comforter, and a Soul in desolation, requires to be assisted with reasons to bear the cause of its griefs. That you are both sad

sad and grieved, I can no more doubt, than I can be without a share in your passions. That you have many comforters, because friends, many solid considerations from your own piety and pious wisdom to salve your sorrowes, I am as confident; Yet, as none more tenders your happinesse than my self, so could not I alone be silent in this motive of your teares; what I would say is; *Dearest Madam*, be comforted, and this (were't in my power) I would effect. The reason of your sable thoughts, the spring that streams from your cheeks, rise I know from the sad accident of your childs death. It was I confesse the first image of your likenesse, the first blessing that Heaven honoured your body with, the first pledge of nature, the first title you had to be a Mother. And to be deprived of this, almost as soon as 'twas given, could not but find and afford matter both for teare and grief; in a disposition so natural and good.

But *Madam*, there's a time for all, and a meane also. What could not be denied to your sweetnesse, must be moderated by your discretion. 'Tis true, that sweet infant was yours, 'twas your first, 'twas dear, and you suffered many dolours, to give it life; But withall you consider, as 'twas yours, so given you by God; as the first, so more due to him; as dear, yet could it not be too dear for him that hath it; Although of painfull birth; yet that your throwes brought forth a Saint, that your dolours were endured, so soon to enthrone a part of your self among the Angels; these dolours, these throwes, happily suffered. Those whom God makes Parents, he makes but Nurses of his own children, he lends them to be brought up for Heaven: and if he hath so soon discharged you of this obligation, 'tis not so much a crosse, as a blessing; Had it lived to

mature

mature age, perhaps he saw danger both to It and you: it might have been more cause of grief to you, more loss to it self; it might have been unfortunate in life, in death unhappy: 'Tis not the being children of either good or great exact that makes them always either good or happy. And this perhaps God (that provident Parent of all) foresaw. Be it so, or not; certain it is, the body is but the Souls prison, wherein 'tis no sooner breathed from Heaven, but 'tis maculated by this corrupt Earth: and in this as it longer sojourns, so is it not only debarred of its true happinesse and welfare, but also offends its great Creator; and consequently is miserable. Therefore would God make the cradle of yours, its death bed, that he might hasten its blisse. As he breathed a pure Soul into it, so would he again take it before defiled by the actuall blemishes of sin. Had it liv'd, it could have afforded no comfort to your piety, but being in health, prosperity, and pious; and can it be more pious, than in Heaven, more prosperous, than in heavens joyes, more healthfull than in the enjoyance of immortality? O consider, 'tis now past all danger, 'tis freed from all misery, 'tis blessed in blessednesse, it prayes for you. And can there be any sorrow so great that these considerations cannot consolate? O what more happy than to be so happy a Mother; no sooner a Mother, than a Mother to heaven. Nor doubt (dear *Madam*,) but he that gave you this dear pledge of his love, will give you more, and, as he took this to his own joyes, so will he leave in its stead more to your comforts. This he took to give it as soon happinesse as being, and therein to try your virtue and resignation to his will: this as I doubt not but he will find, so may you be confident he will be bountifull: a sure rewarder of your patience, a prosperer

ſperer of your Soul, body, and its fruitfulneſſe.

But pardon (moſt honoured *Madam*) my loves tediouſneſſe; and if in this unpoliſhed Conſolatory I have erred, let it be as it is, loves fault, a fault that your nobleneſſe I am certain will remit. Thus with humbleſt reſpects he takes his leave that will no longer be, than be yours, the daily Petitioner to heaven for your moſt wiſhed comforts of both Worlds.

Madam,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant, W. D.

XXXVII.

To excuſe the not anſwering a Letter.

SIR,

THat I have committed ſo great a Solœciſme in good manners, as to receive two Letters from you, without giving you humble thanks for either; I beſeech you aſcribe not to any want of zeal to your ſervice: for in earneſt you cannot make me more happy than in vouchſafing me the honour of your commands, which ſhall alwayes find as ready an obedience in me, as any thing that moſt concerns my own intereſt; In the aſſurance whereof I give you the humble reſpects of

Sir,

Yours, ad nutum, T. B.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Upon a motion of Marriage.

Dear Sir,

I Give you many humble thanks, for your tendring me a wife, and your good advise in that affair; I well remember the Counsel of a prudent friend was, not to marry till I were 30 years of age, and then to have a wife ten years younger than my self; because women (especially teeming ones) sooner decay than men. I have also read, that there are 3 principal motives to a wedded life: *Procreatio Prolis: Conservatio Domus:* and *Consolatio vitæ.* Now the Gentlewoman you write of, instead of being ten years younger, I believe is ten years elder than my self; and so may be in danger to frustrate the two first motives; by being issue-lesse. Yet if she have so many fill'd baggs as you mention, it may be a shrewd temptation: But in marriage, Love (as you well observe) is most preferrable, provided there be a competency of fewel (which is riches) to keep it warm. 'Tis like I might love the Lady you motion me to, with an ordinary conjugal love, but perhaps not with an eminent dear affection, and on this subject I remember to have read these old, but well meaning verses.

Who makes the object of his fancy, gold,
Grows cold in fancy, when his money's told:
And she, who faines to love, to live a Lady,
Is honors Fawn, I know not what she may be.

Examples are too frequent in this age of the infelicity of those Matches, which are meerly concluded for wealth, without love: Therefore in this (as a choise, whereon the happinesse of my whole life

life depends) I shall be very deliberate in resolving yet ever glad to receive your advice, as being

Sir,

Your most respective Nephew and humble servant. T.B.

XXXIX

The first Addres to his Mystres.

Madam,

THat fear is an individual companion to sincere affection, and that the heartiest devotions are brokenly expressed, are *Maximes* in Humanity, and however errors, yet venial. The discreetest love is seldom without some annexed passion, which oftimes fetters the faculties and leads understanding captive; that which did and justly might deter, doth now animate; The Moon in her farthest distance from the Sun, and greatest opposition, receives most light; The poorer they be to whom charity is extended, the greater the merit; Worth gains most honour by ennobling unworthy; Nature never ordain'd two Suns to shine in one Firmament. I list not to expatiate in this kind. In the description of your worth this short expression shall suffice; That would Earths Monarch pay his devotions before perfections Altar, he need seek no further then your breast. To expres my devoted affection by deep protests and multiplied vowes will not please, my *Motto* is, *rather in deed then in word.* Till matters be maturely discussed, and the artifice of friends on both sides made known, I am no higher, then to be entitled your servant; Deliberation (if in any case) in this is most necessary, I honour you too much to

wish

wish you the smallest amiss, though the sum of my earthly felicity depended thereon. My affection is no frenzy; if my Starrs mean mee not the enjoying of such happiness, I must frame a content. For conclusion, I will only add, that though you may have your choice of many in all points more accomplished, yet none that shall so truly love you. My lines are confused like my thoughts; your milder censure he presumes on who truly honors your worth and rests

Solely devoted to your vertues. T. B.

XL.

In answer to an expostulatory Letter.

SIR,

The receipt of yours brought with it some amazement to see my self almost ship wrackt in your good opinion, when my own Vessel was full fraught with respect, which I intended to dis-imbark at your haven. I am first to thank you, for your plainness and ingenuity in my charge, and shall assume the same freedom in my own acquital. The story told you by Mr. W. from Mistris P. a womans discourse, (for those I suppose the parties mentioned in yours) I deny to have been either Author or promulgator of, and must assure you, that such like, with other volatile reports were here before my return; yet I must tell you (since it so much concerns me) that I had Commission to make some inquisition in the Country upon a preconceived neglect in you, and other rumours; but do assure you, what I said was with such modesty, and so short of what common

fame

same delivered, nay with such regret to have said any thing at all, that it will hereafter appear, I have been so far from being disaffected to this your service, that I have run my self into an Oblique opinion elsewhere, for promoting it, and I am confident the young Lady, (when you shall be felicitated with her enjoyment) will assure you as much; nor indeed could I possibly have said less, in performance of the trust reposed in me. Sir, if this give you not satisfaction, I shall be glad to know what may, because I profess to owe you much service, and the more in order to that approaching happiness, which your Stars have assigned you, whereto no wishes of a happy confarreation shall more readily concur, then those of Sir

Your very humble Servant,
T. B.

XLI.
A REPLY.

Lady,

Till I was bless'd with the happy sight of yours I labour'd in a strange perplexity, believing that either the attempt of mine had purchased your disfavour, or otherwise (by some harder fate) I had suffered in your good opinion, then which *Jamaica* is to me of less value. These fears I must confess with-held me till now from a second address of service, though not from offering continual thoughts of respect to your merit, and of perfect obedience to your commands, nor shall I longer live, then breath the air of such devotion, being professedly,

Lady,

Yours in firme affection,
T. B.

XLII.

XLII.

IN ANSWER.

SIR.

I Am (as you say) indeed alwaies pleased to accept, what time permits you to write. Your lines please, and cannot chuse, being full of erudition, full of love, and guided by a judgment not vulgar; And, what ever your time is, your mentall store faites not: what others, with many a scratch'd brow, cannot invent, you with facility dictate and as copiously pen; Then for my acceptance, there's no benignity requited, but gratitude, and gratitude not common, but such as ought to quadre with merits, unparalleld. That you daigne to entertain mine but with a superficial view, adds honour and value, adds courage and alacrity. We see many things carry price, not from innate worth, but the esteemers fancy: So Jewels and other rarities, which humane estimate and not nature, have made pretious, The rule is *Opinion*; and if any mans approbation could make my lines accurate (that is, what they are not) sooner to yours should I yeeld the efficiency, and with much reason; for there's none I approve more. Whilst I am jejune and empty, you are polite, and, even upon my deficiencies, raise *Trophies* to your own *Genius*; Thus what I am not my self, I make you, by accident; So increases a black spot the candour of a blanch'd vesture; So gloomy shades seem to augment the Phœbean radiances, and so are your perfections set off by the foyles of

Sir,

Your servant, D. W.

XLIII.

XLIII.

A conceited letter of thanks for favours.

SIR,

YOu know that I (with *friendſhip* and *affection* my ſureties) ſtand already *bound* to you in an *obligation*, for requitall of a larger *ſum* of favours, than my poor abilities can any wayes ſatisfie, yet now you make a large addition to the *principall* debt by—Till fortune better enable me, I muſt beg your acceptance of *thankfulnes*, which I deſigne in lieu of *intereſt*, and (for your better *ſecurity*) my *Bond* renewed for the reſt, with the addition of another *ſurety*, my Service, *ſeald* with the privy ſignet of my love, *atteſted* by two *witneſſes*, *gratitude* and *acknowledgment*, and *ſubſcribed* by

Sir,

Your faithfull ſervant, T. B.

XLIV.

In anſwer to a letter from a dear friend.

SIR,

OF late my many evocations render me, as, inconſtant in reſidency, ſo in my letters and addreſſes both various and uncertain; Hence have proceeded (and a while I fear muſt) the languiſhment of my lines, the alternation of my weekes; Yet with this added diſadvantage, that the more time may ſeem given me to write, the leſs I have to be accurate. I received your laſt abroad, and am never yet more at home, than where they find me

mee, or I them. A virtue that (with mee) accompanies yours, and yours onely; And being it wants a name, let it be a Sympathy: a Sympathy 'twixt you and mee, so charming, that by reading your characters, I draw in my own Idea's (but abettered) and so fall, by an introversion, into my self. By this you may guess how much you endear your friend; by so expressing your self his, to make him (even in the midst of distractions, and fatigues) his own; and yet only to own him, to be more yours and Gods. Know then, I am yet free from misfortune, nor enfeebled by any mortal malady, that's sensible; Some grudgings of a *Cadaque* being, and the unwholsome seasons effects if I feel, they are but the antecedents of what I am sure at last must follow. But since you stile my sickness, your infirmity; my infortunes your mishaps. I would be well to encrease your Vigours; fortunate to lessen your least bad events. The Heavens influence and their interpreting Predictions now we hear begin to work in your clime, and as the operation bodens stupendious revolutions, so are we tickled with curiosity to know your changes, by what steps the main Designes ascend, and what you conceive will be the sequels chiefly of neerest connexion. In the mean, we will, hope and fear: Two passions that will blend all the fore-casts of humane life. Be careful of your health, that you may enjoy your self in a distracted Age. So shall you be safe in the guards of your own virtues; and in the innocency of your life, with comfort consolate your friends, Amongst whom not the least dependent, is ever,

Dear Sir,

Your intirely affectionate,
D. W.

XLV.

XLV.

Upon a promise to write to one.

SIR,

THe inconsiderate promise I made to render you my thoughts in writing during this absence, was grounded upon a just sense of my obligations, without the least reflection upon my disabilities for any such performance; And in this respect I might justly have been disobliged without breach of faith, but that (seriously) I had rather discover my imperfections in this kind, than be any ways wanting in my remercia-ments, which are much indebted to your many favours: And therefore I send this small tribute, as an earnest of the much greater affection of

Sir,

Your Cosen and servant, T. B.

XLVI.

Dear Cosen.

AMong the various contentments, which the Country yeelds in this season, I have met with none equall to that, which the receipt of your Letter affords me; for (trust me) I am so ravish'd with the contents, that whensoever I perceive that sadnes to invade me, which the want of your sweet presence often begets, I have instantly recourse to your Letter for cure. Thus do I honour the lines, for your dear sake that sent them, nor shall I ever cease to acknowledge your numberless favours, whilst I have breath but to pronounce me

Dear Cosen,

Your most affectionate servant, T. B.

XLVII.

XLVII.

In answer to an elegant Letter.

SIR,

WHen I observe the equal facility and felicity of your expression, I loath the rudeness and indigestion of mine; and when I consider the pith and plenitude of your lines, I look upon the emptiness and inanity of my own with much indignation: yet, though I were not born a *Cicero* for Eloquence, I am and must be another *Arbaces* for affection. If there be any thing in this World can deserve the name of good, 'tis really in the fruition of you; in and by whom I am so perfectly beatified, that I count my self in a Paradise, when I am gathering the fruits of your presence. Fortune (in other things less liberal) has given me many friends and Correspondents, yet none so real, none so learned, as your self; I never made so happy a bargain (if I may so rudely stile it) as when I contracted this intertraffick of love; I never hear from you or see you, but I make an infinite purchase of piety, and knowledge, from your weighty lines and solid discourse; But above all, I have gained (yet blush to think with how little desert) in you a friend, whose bosom is an Archive, fit to treasure up the greatest secret, and in whose hands I can repose my life, nay, (which is dearer) my Soul; O happiness; happiness said I? 'tis beyond the degree of common happiness; Such pious condescendings (where you give pure Gold & receive nothing but dross in exchange) argue a goodness in you beyond the reach of my pen to delineate, which I must content my self to admire. *Sir*, you have here the real dictates of my inmost thoughts, though wrapt up in a homely dress; for I am as yet hardly

hardly entered into the Suburbs of good Language; yet do but pardon these my rude expressions, and I may hope (by your conduct) in time to enter that City, where you, by due merit, command in chief. To morrow I am bound for the frigid Zone, yet will assure you, that no change of Climate shall have power to alter or coole the affections of

Sir,

Your devoted servant
and therein most happy.
T. B.

XLVIII.
REPLY.

SIR.

YOurs, as a suddain joy, have surprised mee. So accort your stile, so pathetike your love, that I am both rapt and inflamed: you could never in better time have made your friendly addresses; They came as cordialls to refresh my exhausted Spirits. I was even spent in dispatches, distracted with unexpected visits of friends. From these as a reviving refrigeration. I cast my eyes and thoughts on your emphatick straines. In which I am lost; Can wonder, but not reply. In short I am so variously divided this day, and chiefly for the moments of the Messengers stay, that I have not respit of reply. Before you direct your course, toward the North Pole. I hope to get so much pause, as to be my own, that I may make some suppletory addition. Pardon these extemporaries: what in sense and language is deficient, that affection supplies, which really ever stiles mee

Sir, *Yours*, D. W.

XLIX.
A further reply.

SIR,

MY *hestern* note answered yours, with apology, that I wanted time to answer them; I promis'd also to be more responsary, and now repent it. My leasure's as interrupted, and second revisings of your accurate lines disanimate. What is most delightful to view, is as hard to parallel. *Sir*, the flote of your Eloquence runs high, and where by the Art of self-annihilation,) you would seem to depress your sufficiency, there you most rise; And indeed skill cannot but by skill be hid, nor perspicuous abilities better blazon'd, then when most curiously mantled by arted invelopings. You are no *Cicero* born, 'tis confessed, yet I think born to be an English *Cicero*; of this, nature has given ripe specimens, and industry as fast polishes, judgement matures. In one Letter I trace you flourishing in various figures; in the property and store of words choise, in composure compt; in sense acute. Trust me, I admire, yet cannot envy; For whilst an *Achates* in affection, your imbellishments are mine. The *Accessory* (you know) in Law follows the *Principal*, and love makes all common. If then by this inviolable tie we are one, your endowments entitle me joynt owner; a riches, I prepone to Monarchies. *Sir*, I were happy did I rightly own the least degree in the literary attributes you please to give me; those of endeared passion I do; those of reality I cannot refuse. It is indispensably your claime; what e're I am or shall be (that's commendable) is dedicated to your loyal friend-

friendſhip; honour me with belief til I faile. My breaſt (as long as the harbour of a heart) ſhal be a ſafe repoſitory; I was never by ingenerate diſpoſition futile and porous, and with ſo prudent and emboſom'd a friend, I ſhall not ſure begin. Upon ſecrets I do not wittingly encroach, yet if (by freedom of a friend) commited, the gaſtly terrours of death unlock them not; He that wants this *gift* has no challenge to Amities ſacred intereſt. But I am now interturb'd, and my pen (dear friend) is ſnatch'd off, yet firſt take theſe votary wiſhes; Propitious be your guiding Stars; inſpiring the *Muſes*; a ſafe journey; fortunate your expeditions, and a ſpeedy circuit to your City entertainments, and ſuſpir'd retires; It is almoſt your Pecular felicity; that, where others are chiefly ſcattered, you can find or make an improving ſeceſs; An evidence as you are ſtudious; ſo you can be, in all places, the commander of your ſelf and houres. Well! my loves, longings and prayers ſhall accompany this forc'd vagary, and with as much joy welcom you home. Interſtices locall may devide bodies and abodes, united minds know no ſeparation. Hence wherever I, in my better part, am with you concomitant; and laſtingly

Oxford 29 Sept. Sir,

Yours, D. W

L.

ANSWER.

SIR,

HItherto I have been in a ſuperlative degree, both felicitated by the riches of your preſence, and enriched by the wealth of your lines.

But I have learnt there's nothing Permanent in this world, otherwise three weeks absence from the one, and deprivement of the other, would be more afflictive, then words can expres; for in earnest you are to me that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all my actions seem inanimate; detain but the food of your favours from me, and I am a meer nothing. Though I am now bound (as you know) for the *North*, yet believe it my daily best thoughts shall steer *west* ward, where (how far soever distant in person) I leave the hearty affections of

Sir, *Your faithfull servant,*

T. B.

LI.

Answer to a quaint Letter.

SIR,

WHen will your treasury of choise words be exhausted, when will your fountain of Eloquence be drawn dry, when will your Magazin of rich matter be emptied? never; I now plainly see the more you write, the more you have to write and may (with reverance) not ineptly compare your *Cranium* to the holy *Chrismatory* of *France*; you still take out, yet leave it without the least diminution; Prodigy of nature! It fares much otherwise with me; I (if at any time big with words) fall into a painfull labour, and after many throws, am alwaies by abortion diliver'd of a thing like a bears whelp, which I can like into no form. Every Bucket drawn from mine own well, goes neerer the bottome; the reason is, there's no springs for repletion of that store: yet in earnest the influ-

influence of your teeming Muſe has (me thinks) in ſome meaſure fertilis'd my ſiccaneous and Barren ſoyle. But whither rove I? Now for News (which is the *primum quærite* of theſe dayes) I muſt tell you thus —— Sir, the length of my letter and this ſhorteſt of dayes do not well quadre; This is the winter *Solſtice*. So is it alſo the Station both of my invention and paper; the firſt is at a *non plus ultra* of matter, the laſt only affords me roome to ſubſcribe my ſelfe

13 December. Sir,
Your vowed ſervant,
T. B.

LII.
To a Brother.

Dear brother,

YOurs equally full of love and good Counſell came to my hands with no ſmall contentment, ſince I perceive you intreſſe your ſelfe (as a very kind friend) in all things that concern my good, which as I can never forget, ſo do I ever account my ſelfe moſt happy, when I hear of your progreſſe in all perfections and good qualities, wherewith to ſee you accompliſhed is the paſſionate deſire of

Your moſt affectionate brother, T. B.

LIII.

To Mr. G.

Sir.

THis is only to give you many humble thanks for the favour you did mee to the D. If I live nor to be able to ſtrike Taleys with you, yet I ſhall alwayes record your kindnes, with a thankfull reminiſcence: And though I am *blunt* in my expreſſion, yet believe it, I ſhall moſt willingly in-*Gage* in any ſervice that may approve mee

Sir,

Your faithfull ſervant. T. B.

LIV.

Another to him in Fuſtin.

Sir,

MY laſt was from *Dunſtable*, and (though I am in perſon remov'd thence, yet) I fear the matter of this may come from thence too, being not as yet ſufficiently *rudimented*, in your Academy for ſuch ſuſceptions, I muſt tell you (with ſome regret) that I find not an Academick (except the noble Britan) in all our voiſinage; ſo that if we converſe at all, it muſt be with *Labradors*, and ſuch out of whoſe hebetudinous cerebroſity, we may as ſoon extract *Aurum potabile*, as the *Elixar* of any knowledge; Their querulous outcry is, that the continuall ſiccity of this ſeaſon, has inuſted all their herbiferous grounds, which may happily breed a dearth of Aliment, as there is already of literature in theſe parts. Thus much *ex obliquo*; now to the purpoſe; I hope your late obſtreperous Alarmes, have not interturb'd the procedure of your noble

Authors

Authors *Miſcellany*, which is a principal point in my *Card*. *Sir*, beleeve it, without ſome *Miſive of Conſolation* from you, the Countrey will ſoon put me into a *Chagrin*, therefore be no longer coſtive, as you love

10 Aug. *Your ſervant*, T. B.

LV.
ANSWER.

SIR,

HAving by the incloſed given you ſome few ſerious lines, let me now anſwer your facetious letter (of 10 *Auguſt*) with a jaculatory line or two; and firſt by way of allanding your acuminous *Exordium*; but withall of ſhewing, you immediately miſtake the word *ſuſception*, if you think it can ſtand in a ſober ſence for *undertaking*, however in a way of *Raillery* it may paſs. Again, *rudimented* for *taught* is harſh; ſo is *bebitudinous carebroſity*. *Documented* for *taught* may Paſs in a ſerious Line; and *plumbious*, better then *bebetudinous*; for, *inuſted*, you ſhould ſay *exuſted*; ſo for *herbiferous frugiferous*, becauſe herbes and plants are the leſs principal children of the Earth; whereas Corn and all ſorts of grain are the moſt principall for Mans uſe; for ſo you muſt mean by the word (*aliment*) that follows in the text of your letter.

And by this you ſee there is a kind of Elegance to be obſerved in a fuſtian phraſe; nay I ſay more, the lepid lines of fuſtian are loſt, when 'tis not genuine, but ſtrained; And truſt me (Sir) I hold it a piece of greater Art to line a letter with proper fuſtian, then with ſilken language, eſpecially when friends reſolve to be merry by diſtantiall

ſalutes; your *French Chagrin* and Spaniſh *Labrador* may paſs as appoſite, becauſe Proper, to the ſenſe, and nothing ſtrained; So the *miſſive of Conſolation* you deſire, by way of an amicable obſervation upon the Text of yours; And this is what I can ſpoit away, who muſt reſt

17 Aug. Sir,
Your Juſtianizing
friend: G. O.

LVI.
REPLY.

SIR,

This brings you humble thanks both for your news and your Criticiſmes, And though mine of the 10 of *Auguſt* were but *panis ſpeuſticus*, a doughbak'd peice of fuſtian, wherin I intended nothing *adamuſſim*, yet you muſt give me leave to make ſome defence. For *Suſception* I have *Rider* for my warrant in that ſenſe; *Rudimented* I hold to be good and (according to the new mode of converting Nounes into Verbs) I purpoſely avided *plumbeous cerebroſity* (not plumbious as you write it) as trite and thread bare; But for your exception to *herbiferous*, in that you miſtake the ſenſe for the ſeaſon hath bin of late very good for Corn and grain, which *frugiferous* includes, and as bad for graſs, the Sun having in ſome places not only burnt the very roots of it, but has alſo made ſtrange cleſts and impreſſions in the Earth, therefore I us'd *inuſted*, a word which though not ſo uſual, as *exuſted*, or *aduſted*; yet in this ſenſe I think no leſs proper, if not in a genuine, at leaſt in a metaphoricall way, and Cattle, that are fed by graſs and hay, are a conſiderable part of our *aliment*, &c,

Sed

Sed me reprimo, not at all presuming to enter the *Cirque* with you in *Logomachy* or the pugnacity of such disputes, but with submission in all things to your greater judgement; whence I must confesse to have received in these my junior years, a great increment to my smaller portion of knowledge both by these and other your documental redargutions, which I alwayes receive with a reverential respect, answerable to your merit and the obligation of

Sir,

24 Aug. *Your very humble servant,*
T. B.

VII.
Rejoynder.

SIR,

I Do hugely allaud your endeavour to *abonar* what I had vitiated in my last; For 'tis a signe you are Master of what you do, when you can avow it *ab ipsis primis principiis*, and thereby shew you are as far from being conscious of errour, as you are from being inscious how far you may use the latitude of sustiniatising, without exceeding the limits of modest avowment, *per modum inculpatæ tutelæ. Macte animo mi Thoma. & perge eo quo cepisti pede, &c.* Trust me *Sir*, I shall (without a blush) easily yeeld you the advantage of me in *logomachy*, as oftentimes deep *Divines* do to *Logicians* in point of reducing *Syllogismes* to all their possible variations into several *Moodes* and *figures*; because the one is actually conversant in that particular, whereas the other depends only upon the habitual use of such figures, without retaining the rule that leads to the rectitude thereof; So men speak true

Latine, without being able to give rule for it, and by this means sometimes are peccant against the Rule, which every school-boy can correct them in. And truly in this particular of Logomachy you may and will be able to read Lectures to the deepest of men, because you laudably make it your profess'd study, and consequently will make a world of men obliged to you, as well as

2 *Sept.* Sir,

Your Servant, G. G.

LVIII.

An Answer from one sick.

SIR,

SUch my present condition, that I receive your letters as sick men do visits, am gratefull, yet cannot returne the courtesie, but by feeble thanks; In this nature I have now been 3. weeks a decumbent; This the cause I have already faild in my wonted entercourse, and the same contiruate disability must render these, of my own complexion, infirm and faint, yet I beg you will not interrupt your turnes; For though I am not responsible, yet your lines are much solace, and no small divertisement from the sence of my weakness: What was before but a friendly correspondence, will (till it please God I mend) be an office of endearing charity, extended towards him, who is

Sir,

Entirely yours

D. W.

LIX.

LIX.

To his Mrs. after a long Journey.

My dearest friend,

I Have bin a long sad journey, which seemed so much the longer and so much the sadder, by how much I was farther distanced from your sweet abode, nor had the sadness of this forced vagary any solace at all, saving that of near 300. miles, I passed no one, without making a Relique of your memory, which had still the vertue to renew all joys in me, and expel the mists of melancholy, almost with equall force (so strong was my imagination) as if I had been really in your presence; If you have but bestowed one thought on me for every hundred I have dedicated to you, I am satisfied, beleeving that no love can come within so many degrees of mine, nor that there's any state so happy, as that of being

Your devoted servant,
T. B.

LX.

Another to the same.

My onely dear,

THat you may see I forget you not at any time nor in any place, I present you these, and if I seem importune by my frequent addresses, you must pardon me, since I profess to receive no solace in this absence, but what the comfortable entertainment of thoughts on you affords me, and should I but as often put such thoughts in writing, as my heart presents them, to my memory I should be no day, even no hour without a pen in my

my hand; And I may well hope from the excellency of your nature, that you will not leave such faith, such affection, without a just retribution, nor can I despair of your remembrance of me in some proportion answerable to mine of you; so may happiness in the end crown both, and I live eternally.

Yours as at first unalterable,
T. B.

LXI.

In answer to a friend, ill of a Cold.

SIR,

THe next degree to the happiness of not having evils, is to have had them: which imports, though not our immunity, yet riddance: and to have overcome anoiance may be better, then not to have suffered it. This since you say, you have been almost dead of a cold, congratulates your almost Resurrection: and hopes to find your short-windiness turn'd into free respiration. 'Tis a vulgar Problem, whether this malady may be called a disease, or Physick. You I believe, found it troublesome; but will not repent, if it prove medicinal, I imagine (allur'd by *April* forward Sun) you slipt too early into your Summer Apparel; which, though it prov'd too thin to defend you, yet not unable, to make you take a warier choise of your Wardrobe next Spring. *Gondamor* was of opinion, as there were in *England* many seasons of the year in one day; so a man had need of several suits: My fancy is, if you will not alwayes be shifting, 'tis best not to shift till you see nature in her best green Gown: whose fashion

you

you may harmlesly follow. *Sir*, you see by my spinning out this one Clause of your letter, I want matter; Yet you may see too, there's nothing drops so raw from you, but affords subject. Nor must you blame me, if your indisposition busie my Pen, since your ἰυκρασια is the Copy of it, and my own best constitution. Hence you have a double care lies upon your preservation; your love to your self, and indulgence to

Sir,

Your servant, D. W.

LXIII.

In answer to a Letter of Commends, &c.

SIR,

I Never looked awry (pardon the phrase) upon any of yours till now, and now (were not our mutual loves united with many a dear link) jealousie (that Canker of affection) would corrode my heart. I should, (and can yet hardly forbear to) judge, that you had some more deserving object in your mind, when you fancied me with such high commends, as hold no proportion with my merit. I know you never wrote, but your heart and Pen were coitinerants, yet (pardon me, if) I assure you that in this (and perhaps in this alone) love has purblinded your (otherwise much discerning) judgement; should I believe all you write of me, I might quickly be wafted into a Fools Paradise, and so become a *Ludibry*; I'le rather characterise my self, then own the least of your attributes; take it thus bluntly, yet with truth and candor: for I have studied that Sentence, which was engraven upon the gate of *Apollo's* Temple

Temple at *Delphos* (viz.) γνῶθι σεαυτὸν *I was born under the dull Planet Saturn, so that Mercury had no influence on my production, hence I am so far from being a* Lynceus *of nature, a* Pelops *of Wisdom, or* Cicero *of eloquence, that I never pretended to any of those vertues, which beget admiration, nor to have my mind embroidred with any studied ornaments of learning, I only claim some small title to those qualities, wich stir affection, as truth of Word, sincerity of heart,* &c. Having thus ingenuously premised, I now send you an inhibition from the Court of love, not to treat any more of that subject, but to redargue my Errors, and shew me the flats both of my pen and judgement, that what I write hereafter, may merit this only *Elogium*; As *here's no Eloquence, so likewise no incongruity of affection*; I am no higher, for in earnest, if it were possible, any thing of yours could nauseate me, the way were to send me a Laudatory Epistle, instead of a redargutory letter: But I have another task, therefore it is high time to put *Omega* to this, by subscribing my self,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. B.

LXIII.
THE REPLY.

SIR,

MY fancied excess in your praise, now recoils upon my self; you are, I see, your Arts-master: and what you could not divert by a just disclaim, you can stop by an exaggerated *Retorsion*. You may expect, I should now imitate your shame-fac'd modesty; right this paper,

per, with renouncing the abilities you heap upon me. But, I will not; ſhould I, We ſhould ſtill dwell in one Theme, and by the Nauſeous tautology, both impair, what ere we both merit. I dare not vindicate to my ſelf, a perfect *ſelf-knowledge*; nay, I avoid the reflex glance, that ſhould tell me what I am, leſt what I am, might caſt me into a dejection; and ſo, hinder amendment. puſillanimity, never yet attained any eminence. Do you ceaſe your own undervaluings, and I ſhall my more adjuſted expreſſions. I can let your *worths* be their own blazons, would you ſo let them; but, if you will wrong your ſelf, juſtice calls me, to your vindication. Nor, muſt the *Legiſts* Maxime, here ſway; *volenti non fit injuria*. Neither of us (pardon the parallel) are ſo accompliſht, but we ought to thrive in imbelliſhments. Whether our ſouls came *Ariſtotles Tabula raſa*, or written with *Plato's Idea's* into our earth; in our earth, they have either forgot much, or learnt little. The fault, doubtleſs, ours. For, by what we know, we know we might, and may, know more. Nature hath made us capable, that we become not better Proficients, our own truant inerty, the obſtacle. I am not ſo much a *Scotiſt*, as to confeſs a ſubſtantial difference in ſouls; nor yet, ſuch an Abcedary Philoſopher, as to deny the Organs muſt be fitted, where the Operation is to be excellent. You and I ſhould be ingrate, did we not aſſert, God has been liberal enough. To aſperſe his bounty with our wants, were a petty blaſphemy in Philoſophy it ſelf. Let us both confeſs our reſpective ignorance, and our ignorance to be only *ours*. This done, we are not to center in old dulneſs, but from the remorſe of loſt time, vigorouſly imploy the future. It imports the vulgar rout, more to be good than

ſagacious: We, are molded for higher action, yet muſt joyn vertue to knowledge. Reaſon's brutiſh, where the will's inculr. The Pattern we were effigiated to, was infinitely knowing, infinitely good; in both we are bound to imitate: bound to be the *Repreſentatives* of both, or, we forfeit our Original, and our ſimilitude, too. Man's a little world; his minde the heaven; the two great lights thoſe ſplendid faculties, his Intellect, and Will: the leſſer Stars, are the other powers: the intellect the Sun of all: all borrow his brightneſs, all muſt cooperate with his rates, by adding their proper vertues. Thus ſhall our Microcoſme be reſplendent and fruitful, and glorioufly rich; thus, we wiſe, and good, and thus nor good nor wiſe, I am

Sir,

Yours, D. W.

LXIV.

The *Rejoynder*.

SIR,

I Quarrel'd your laſt, in hope you would have retracted your tranſcendent elogicall commends, which whilſt you ſeem to intend in this, you have by a Rhetorical Artifice, added more fewel to that fire; So that I perceive whether I write or be ſilent, complain or acquieſce, I am every way dilemma'd; I muſt confeſſe to have nor wit nor language enough, to ſadome the depth of your abilities, by conſequence am rendred impoſſibilited to pay you in your own coine, which is of ſuch allay, that I may well ſay, you have truly found out the *Philoſopher*

losophers' stone, since you are able to convert any grosse matter into the gold of fine language; your prosaick lines are (for excellency) like those metrical ones of *Homer*, which as they excel in other points, so they seem to have an easie native slide in them, and to be conducted by a happy *Genius*. If I had abilities to expatiate upon this subject, I could not be held a *Patelin*, but rather a suffragan to truth; what I want words to express, silent admiration shall speak in the thoughts of

Sir,

Your obliged servant,
T. B.

LXV.

An Answer.

SIR,

'Tis well you are, as you are, the Rendevouz where all perfections meet, otherwise I should in this intercourse have one (and one onely) advantage of you; For whilst you at every return of the Tabellary, have your Theme to seek, and yet no sooner sought but found (such is the magazin of your invention) I have a plentiful subject alwayes ready at hand. If I had answerable abilities to make my election, and word it accordingly, and that is *news*, news which whilst there are men, will never cease to be in vogue; And since this week affords that which is somewhat palatical, I shall no longer tantalize you with a proletarious *Exordium*. Then know, &c.

——I shall on all occasions endeavour to serve you, having been cordially, ever since I told you so,

Sir,

Your faithful servant, T. B.

LXVI.

LXVI.

REPLY.

SIR,

I Am assaulted by your Martial metaphors, yet with this favour, that where others erect their engines, to ruine, your level aimes to strengthen the weak Fort you direct against; your continued Elogies at last mean to perswade me (I see) into some Ability, and could you infuse what you commend (instead of blush) your Rhetorique would make me doubtless eloquent. I will not say with that keen Satyrist, *recuso Euge tuum & Belle.* No I will with a modest guilt of non-desert embrace them, to profit, and that *nec te quæsiveris extra* (of the same Poet) was a good Monition, but our Muse is not so stoical!.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas? ... Sir, honour is the reward of Arts and fame the tongue of honour, nor are either honour or fame more the guerdons, then the intentives of Proficience. Do you see (my friend) how I hug your attributions? My vanity yet (in it) may be your lesson; not to be vain but ingenuous. Be not so squeamish, henceforward: Accept your Baies offered, or merit it conser'd. What praise findes not answerable, let it intice to answer; I know my insufficienties, but utterly despair not amendment; If by your encouragement I amend not, I shall confess my *British* nature, to be past cure. If I grant you an advantage over me, 'tis but what you have asserted: I answer the same Post, and to many besides yours; But what is this? my both matter, and the couching shews it, to be suddainly slight and rude,

rude, an odd perfection, and but ſuitable to both my leiſure and me; you have a ready ſubject for your pen, and how gratefully and ably you paint it forth, give me leave to be the Judge, that receive the delight: and I muſt keep it to my ſelf, for you are as coy to receive the titles of your worth, as I am conſcious they are due. Be then ſtill higher then words can expreſſe you, ſo I may ſtill be

Sir, *Exceſſively yours*, D. W.

LXVII.

The firſt Addreſs to his Miſtris.

Moſt honoured Lady,

IN * cauſe whereon the felicity of my whole life depends, and wherein I have moſt will, I finde leaſt power to unboſom the ſecrets of my heart, ſuch force has love to captivate my faculties. Hence 'tis I rather choſe this, then that other way of verbal delivery; For though in either I ſhould diſcover my own imperfections, yet in theſe lines my guiltleſs bluſhes will paſs unſeen. Hitherto I have onely appear'd a ſervant to your affairs, and in that quality had continued, if the excellency of your perſonall endowments had not (by ſome kinde of heavenly impulſe) driven me on to more aſpiring thoughts; Thoughts, which (with truth I ſpeak it) were ingendred by the only object of your goodneſſe, without any adulterate commixture of eſtate, which however valued by others) as is not of weight ſufficient to turn the ballance of my ſcale, if not otherwiſe well laden with

with pure and unbiaſs'd affection; which I profeſs to owe to none but you; and to you all things, even the being of

Your moſt faithful and devoted ſervant, T. B.

LXVIII.
Another to the ſame.

My ineſtimable Jewel,

IF the fumes of thoſe corroſives you gave me laſt night from other hands, had not been qualified with the ſweet odors of your own cordials, I had (unfeignedly ſpeaking) wholly ſacrifiz'd the enſuing night to the vigils of a diſquiet mind; But as your goodneſſe had not the will only, but the power to raiſe me from a hell of tormenting thoughts, to a Paradiſe of expected comfort, ſo does it multiply my endeared affections, which no misfortune ſhall have power to alienate, nor ſhall any thing but death determine. I am with much ſollicitude ſetting all my imaginations upon the tenter, in order to the removal of thoſe Rocks, which ſeem, and but ſeem, to threaten Shiprack to our approaching happineſs, whereto your utmoſt contribution is, by all the ties of true love, moſt earneſtly implored, with the continuance of him in your beſt thoughts, who is

Your own beyond expreſſes, T. B.

LXIX.

LXXI.
ANOTHER.

Dear pledge of my ſoul,

AMong all the obloquies, which the unrelenting malice of mine, and by conſequence your, enemies hath caſt upon me, none appears ſo ghaſtly in my thoughts, as that pretended want of love towards you, which (the heavens will witneſs) was never imbreaſted in any morral with more purity and plenitude; For 'tis the foundation, whereon I intend (by divine aſſiſtance) to build a frame of mutual and interminable happineſs; a happineſs that will be admired by ſome, but envied by others. Pleaſe to remember, that you are now *filia mancipata* (as Divines terme you) at your own diſpoſe, and that you have of me a ſervant, who only breaths by your favour and lives through your love, who will ever owe you fealty for the one, and ſtill do you homage for the other, a ſervant, who with unwearied expectation only waits for the happy houre, wherein that (*fiat*) ſhall be by you pronounc'd, which will in an inſtant (*Eliezar*-like) turn all my droſſy cares and anxieties into true contentments, and make me live eternally.

Yours without change,
T. B.

LXX

LXX.

ANOTHER.

My happy Choice,

IF a more preſſing occaſion had not detain'd me; I ſhould have thought the fulneſſe of the weather but an eaſie penance, in reſpect of the ſolace, which the ſweets of your preſence would have afforded me, for the enjoyment whereof I muſt (with much regret) adjourn my expectation till to morrow; Mean time I ſend you the promiſed Pictures, if the ſight of which do at any time erect your thoughts to heaven-ward; even then remember him, who on earth deſires no greater happines, then to live and die loving (and beloved by) you, in quality of

Your ſecond ſelfe,
T. B.

LXXI.

To excuſe the not taking leave of a Lady of quality.

Madam.

THough it be held a readier way to gain pardon, by acknoledging then excuſing a fault, yet the Eminency of your Ladiſhips perſon doth ſo aggravate it in me, that I muſt beg leave to leſſen, though I cannot hope to have it wholly remitted, in ſaying the juſtneſs of your Ladiſhips cauſe of ſtay, made me Preſume none had ſo little compaſſion as to deny it; and that I might expect the being freed from my Ague, without danger of loſing the opportunity of Preſenting my humble thanks

thanks for ſo many ſignal favours, undeſervedly conferred on me, but ſince that happineſs with many others is loſt by your Ladyſhips abſence, honour this paper ſo far I beſeech you, as to ſuffer it to ſupply my defects herein, and teſtifie how ambitious I ſhall be, by my future obſervance, to merit the title of

Madam. *Your moſt humble ſervant,*
A. B.

LXXII.

Upon the death of a fair Lady.

SIR,

AMong other impartments, your laſt tells me, *you were to uſher a fair Lady to her grave*; A Corporal work of Mercy, it is to bury the Dead, I grant; but to inter ſo great a Beauty ſeems to entrench on Pity and blaſt the Spring. Had ſhe lived till Autumn or even Midſommer, the funeralls of many flowers had lamented her Urn: yea if but till they had been blown, they would have loſt their lives to adorn her Hearſe; and have been ambitious (like thoſe Savages) to have been buried quick with their Lady Paragon, for her attendance in the other world. But ſhe has inverted Nature, and the Seaſon too; the flower of beauty died, when the beauty of flowers ſhould ſpring; and ſo has not onely left a withered World, but diſmayed the Blowth of what ſhould garniſh it. Flowers are diſheartened to open their fragrant Colours, ſince their Pattern is ſo early Cropt: and ſeem to intend (being ſhe's entomb'd under the Earths ſurface) to keep themſelves under Earth to accompany her duſt; yet I will free you of cruelty

in

in this fate; you had no hand (I am ſure) in her death, though you helpt her to her Grave. And who ſhould be a fitter Mourner at the exequies of a fair Lady, then ſo compleat a ſervant of Ladies? *Sir*, I ſee what grace you are entertained with by them: they not only love you living, but are loath to part with you, dead: will carry you as far as they can towards the other life, when they goe. That, if they may not have your company quite through (which were a wrong to Survivors) they may your funerall tears, ſighes, or prayers for their *Ultime: Vale*: you preface a happy *imprimis*, to this ſad diſcourſe, and ſay *having (firſt) done all that might tend to her future hapineſs*, Happy News: and it ownes you, I believe, an inſtrument of good effects and offices. Had all fair Ladies ſuch faithfull ſervants, More Idols of beauty would receive impreſſion of the divine Image, and become the ſervants of God. And ſhe had much reaſon to deſire your care of her bodies enterment, that had firſt aided her Soul, with a ſaving *Viaticum* for heaven. Long may you live the Author or helper of ſuch good deeds. In the interim, as here was a double work of mercy (Corporal and Spiritual) exploſted, ſo you, I am confident, have made your uſeful application of the Accident; beheld in the blaſting of this flower, the fate of Fairneſs, the frailties of the faireſt Clay, that feature, and white and red could embeliſh, if ſhe were not Superlative in Beauty, in beauty ſhe had many inferiours; if in fortunes, not the favourite of fortune, yet, ſhe had her ſmiles. Many beauties have faln ſooner, many may ſooner fade; yet in her all beauties, all fortunes, have expreſt, what fortunes and beauties are what is the *Exit* of the Fable of this temporary life; to wit, ugly death eternal depri

deprivation, the cold Tomb, and deformed dust. Fortunate life! that so contemplates mortal condition, as to be indifferent and ready to change; that fraile incertainties and vain glitter may be motives to assure and fix on lasting good, that by others death learns to live, and lives the life that fears not death; that so accompanies others funerals, as in that sable equipage, to behold the mournful Pomp of the Worlds fare-wel, and their own destiny: that reads in that earthy bed of death (the Grave of others) their own Motto, *We are dust, and all mortal things Momentany.* *Sir*, pardon this long slip of my pen, you see how a fair Ladies death and your living pietie, entrances me, to the forgetfulnes of other subjects. Thanks for your News, on which the only present comment shall be, that I am for ever

Sir, Your thankful Servant,
D. W.

LXXIII.

The Reply, relating the particulars of that Ladies death.

SIR,

SInce you have been pleas'd to sing so sweet a *dirge*, and to make so excellent a comment upon our late funerous text, I cannot think the particulars of that sad subject (how confusedly soever I deliver them) will be unacceptable to you; This Lady was three moneths continually dying, without any hope of recovery, and this occasioned by an ulcer in her throat, it was my good fortune (though others had essai'd it,) to gain her first assent to bring a spiritual Physitian to her. *Dr. G.* was next at hand and did act his part exceeding well; after 2 or 3

effective visits, the Patient (through the comfort and ease of the spirituall Caraplasmes and emplaisters, which the *Doctor* applied) was so rapt and piously enamor'd of him, as she even imbrac'd him at every appearance: When she drew near the confines of deaths kingdom, she did usually ejaculate not only most pious, but even eloquent or rather diviniloquent expressions, as this (among many others) which heaven grant I may never forget. *I have* (said she) *lived long in the vanity of this world, for which God hath placed me in this bed of sorrow; Were it his holy pleasure, I should act over one of them again, and the choice left to me, I would (by the grace of Jesus) rather choose the torments of this bed, and malady, then have any thing to do with the worlds vanities*, &c. Besides, nothing did so much trouble her, as that *she had lived* (as she did) *for fear of worldly endamagment) some years in an outward profession that contradicted her inward perswasion.* The *Doctor* was no less taken with his Patient, than she with him, for I heard him say, he was never more satisfied with the manner of any persons death; And I confess her *exit* did more tristitiate me, than that of my own Sister, the manner of it, not a little both mortifying and edifying me; For to see her picture in the Anti-chamber, and then go in and look upon the original, was subject enough for mortification, the one being so incomparably beautifull, the other so ghastly; In a word, the last breath she drew was *J E-* and in pronouncing *S U S* she expir'd. So that we may conclude, as she was a great beauty living, she was a greater dead; For whereas corporal beauty in others dies with the body, hers did not so, but by a secret transition pass'd into the Soul. Thus have you heard the brief (but sad) story of this good Ladies end, and that from

Sir,

Your humble servant, T. B.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

LETTER.

SIR,

THe punishment that *Apollo* inflicts of reading *Guicciardine* is a light one, compar'd to this you impose on your self, and yet you will only here play the Stoick, in not acknowledging you are in pain. Nothing can justifie me, but obedience, for presuming to offer this tedious *Romance* to those eyes that should only look upon *Iliads*. I give verses as *Galenists* do Physick, which clogs the stomack more than the disease. I must confess we may view Cities taken, Kingdoms ruin'd, and new Worlds discovered in lesse room. It is a Poem that hath neither height nor profundity, yet it has length; it overflows but swels not; it wearies without ascents, as *Promenades* do upon a flat: In a word I shall think, if you do not find fault with it and reprehend me, it is because you are angry and will do nothing in passion; however 'tis a trust I recommend to your secrecy, for follies are not things of the least consequence to trust a friend with. And having now performed my promise with you, I expect you should do the like with

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

J. C.

LXXV.

Upon the New-year.

SIR,

AS all things sublunary owe their being to the revolution of the upper *Spheres*, so their change; And 'tis just, they should submit to their

essential Guides. Among other novelties, the first mover has brought about the point of *circular motion*, that has begun us a new year; and promises many unwonted effects. Whilst these appear, let us be the same we were, constant old friends to God, heaven and our selves. Change, though to the better, argues imperfection; yet not to change to the better, were the worst of imperfections. As restless Rivers haste to their Ocean, so ought we to ours, which is God, the Ocean of bliss, repose, and Center of Eternity; Till here arrived, we are in flux and variety: Let us be so, but hold the right way. As *Grace* is elder then *Nature*, so she first begins her year; *Astronomers* commence theirs with the springs vigour, when the Sun's in *Aries*, the Church is content with *Capricorn*; When her Sun's in the Cradle, that Orient of Justice and Mercy, the Son of God, The signes melancholy; yet the fore-runner of more propitions. So let our sorrows shorten with the nights, our joyes with the dayes, lengthen. This solstice (if we follow the conduct of the right Star) will fairly move to a brighter height, a nearer approach; dispel our mists, warm our hearts, ravish our eyes.

This rambling Prologue, is but to bring in the prayer that wishes you a happy New-year, and that regard of times winged Carriers, which in running moments may take hold of the stedfast point of eternity. This is the Center of circumference; in which who truely fix, may be moved, but not from it. Then, as time whirls away the measure of our mortal being, it will hasten that, which shall know no alteration, but to be invariable. *Sir*, my complexion suits the dead season at present, and yields me but a languishing health: Hence my Pen's as dull. You know when the bodie's out of order, the spirits cannot but flag. I must suffer the one, you will

pardon

pardon the other. And so to affairs that require no politure, but what your patience shall give them, &c.

2 January. W. D.

LXXVI.

ANSWER.

SIR,

YOurs I have received, read, and read again, and the more I read it, the more I have a mind to read it, such are the incentives of your heaven-inspired lines, which as they clearly demonstrate the truth of that *Maxime* of a modern Author, that *Eternity is the Port and Sabbath of all humane Contemplations*: So, since my more earthly Soul and lesse heavenly cogitations are not able in due manner to comprehend them; I wrap my self in this your learned *sheet*, and say to it (with equal wonder) As *Aristotle* once did to *Euripus*, *Quia ego non capio te, tu capis me.*

T. B.

LXXVII.

To a friend upon his marriage.

SIR,

I Have of late with-held from you the Characters of my hand, though not the wel-wishes of my heart, conceiving you as close in the pursuit of your faire *Daphne*, as *Phœbus* was of his, when the breath of his mouth disorder'd her dishevelled hair: For I perceive you have now ran so, as happily to take

the Virgin prize; may you be ever mutually happy. There now only remains the *metamorphosis* (not into the Beast with two backs, which the knavish *Shakespear* speaks of) but of that more ingenious, two into one, *unus*, *una* into *unum*, which you have hinted so modestly in yours. Your *Daphne* I hope (before the arrivall of this paper) will be converted not only into *Bayes*, but Rosemary, which is one fragrancy, due to her perfections (if you have (as I doubt not) given her a true character) more than the Poet gave *Apollo*'s Mistress. Let this therefore suffice to give you both the *parabien* of *Hymen*'s honours and felicities and to let you know I shall both expect and be ambitious to wear a sprig in honour of her, nor will I fail heartily to commend you both to the great *President* of the wedding of *Cana* in *Galilee*, that he may turn the bitter *Waters* of your long expectation into the *Wine* of a happy and contented life, made up with the blessing of a good and pious posterity; In which devotion I affectionately rest

Sir,

Your humble servant, H. T.

LXXVIII.

In excuse of silence.

Madam,

I So much value your noble favors, that I rank them among my greatest Interests; what I may be guilty of by my silence, I know not, but am sure the poor man that asks not the price of a rich Jewell, commits no error. The high estimate I set on your goodness, shall be my retreat, in which I shall be safe, if you be what I deem you, good. More I cannot deliver, but that I had rather in an humble silence wait upon some

some occasion of service, than word out my dull expressions, among which there's none more real, than that I am

(Madam,)

Your most respective humble servant, T. B.

LXXIX.

Of comfort to a sick friend.

SIR,

WHen I first received the unwelcome news of your infirmity, I was much contristated; but afterwards considering, that as well Sickness, as all other afflictions come from God, and assuring my self he has sent you this for your great good, I took comfort, and with you may do the like; since 'tis a sign of his great love towards you; for He sayes, *Quos ego amo, arguo & castigo*. God deals with men, as Physitians do with Patients, who easily grant to the sick person, of whose health they despair, all he desires, but whom they hope to recover, they charge to observe a Diet, and abstain from those things that are obnoxious to health. So think God deals now with you, hereby to purge you from sin, and restore your Soul to perfect health. Hence 'twas the Angel *Raphael* said to *Tobias*, *Quia acceptus eras Deo, necesse fuit ut tentatio probaret te*. And as God will have all his true Servants to be tryed in the Furnace of Tribulation, like pure Gold in that of fire; so is he never more near to them, than in their Affliction, Himself having said, *Cum ipso sum in tribulatione*; From which you may raise a great comfort to your self, (suffering (as I hope you do) with patience and resignation; for tribulation is so notable a sign of Gods mercy and presence, That Saint *Bernard* desired of God he might never be

without it, saying, *Da mihi, Domine Tribulationem, ut semper mecum sis.* And St. *Austine* likewise, *Hic ure me, hic seca me, ut parcas in æternum.* Therefore be of good courage, and believe, That God by this Visitation, knocks at the dore of your Soul, and wils you to prepare your self for him.

Be truly constant in your holy Faith, what tentation soever you meet with to the contrary; Repose your only hope and trust in Christs Death and Passion; let your Charity be such as to forgive all persons that have injur'd you, even from the bottom of your heart, as you desire the forgiveness of Almighty God, to whose holy will and pleasure resign your self wholly, offering him freely life, paine and death, and whatever appertains to you; to dispose according to his blessed will. I perswade my self you have ere this orderly disposed your worldly affairs: Then make it now your only care to provide for the good of your soul (as a business of greatest import) humbly beseeching the mercy of God, and frequenting the holy Sacram. And then, by his Grace, whensoever it shall please him to call you hence, you may joyfully say with holy *Simeon*, *Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.* The best service I can now do you is to offer my poor prayers to our blessed Saviour for you, which shall be daily performed by

(Sir)

Your most affectionate servant, B. G.

LXXX.

To rectifie a Mis-understanding.

I Am doubtfull in what rank I stand in your good Opinion, which makes me addresse these,

to

to assure you, That as the advise I gave you, proceeded meerly from the affection of a Brother, and was not without a reasonable ground; so I may not doubt but it was candidly received, and that the whole matter and circumstances are buryed in perpetuall oblivion.

Believe it, though my nature be averse to Complements, yet my best Love is much affixed on your dear Self; which I shall be as ready to testifie upon any reall occasion, as I am now to write my self,

(Dear Brother)

Your affectionate servant,

T. B.

LXXXI.

Dear Widdow,

THough I stall neer an hour at the Goat, with desire of seeing you embark in your ‖ *Coach*, ‖ Land-ship, yet I dare say you will not believe I was, in some respect, glad you came not in that time, for I was not willing to discover my good nature to so much company as attended you, and I'm sure the parting with you would have had the same effects, which the sight of a direfull Tragedy is wont to work upon me. You know I cannot complement, and I know you do not expect it, yet must assure you, that under this grum outside, there lies a kind and affectionate heart for you within. I can tell you no news, but that *The Adventures of five hours*, or, *The shifting of the vail*, has bin acted nine days together with general applause, yet some malicious Poetaster has made a Libel on't, with this slovenly mock-title, *The Adventures of five Whores, or, the shifting in the valley*——— Oblige me by presenting my service to your Cosen K

and

and all your Relations, who are dear to me, because you are so, in whose memory I desire to live

Madam,

22 Jan. 166½. Your most faithfull servant,

T. B.

LXXXII.

To a sick Father.

Dear Sir,

WE came well to *London*, and I dare say we all parted from you with wet eyes, which nature exacted of us, as children to so good a Father. But when we raised our thoughts and considered first your great age, and that 'tis appointed for every man once to dye. Secondly your long declining sickness, and your patience and resignation in it, which must needs excellently dispose you for heaven, we were much comforted, and daily pray, that whatever Almighty God shall determine, you may readily submit to his holy will, and whether you live or dye, be alwaies his. To which end, I earnestly recommend the excellent Letany for the sick which I left with you, to be said every night or oftner at your bed side, which will put you in mind of what is chiefly requisite for your souls health; and at other times I beseech you often to present these and such like short ejaculatory prayers to our dear Saviour and Redeemer.

Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori.

Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam ——

Deus in adjutorium meum intende.

In

In manus tuas Domine commendo ſpiritum meum.
O Jeſu, fili David *miſerere mei.*
A mala morte, à poteſtate Diaboli, à pœnis inferni, libera me Domine.

Aſſure your ſelf, that neither my dear Mother, nor any of your children will longer live than they will offer up their continuall prayers to the Throne of Grace for you, and though we muſt part here, yet I hope we ſhall all meet in a joyfull eternity. So prayes

St. Michaels day, 1663.

Your moſt dutifull and obedient Son.

T. B.

Super-

Superscriptions

FOR

LETTERS,

TO BE

Addressed to all sorts of Persons, according to the usage of the present times.

If to a Duke;

To the most *Noble* (and sometimes) *Excellent* or *Illustrious Prince.*

And in discourse we stile him *Grace.*

If to a Marquess,

To the *right Noble*, or *Right honorable.*

And in discourse his attribute is,

Lordship or *Honour.*

If to an Earl, Viscount or Baron,

To the right honourable.

And to begin a Letter, we, either say,

May it please your Honor or Lordship!

Right Honorable!

My Lord!

Which last is used only by Lords to Lords, or by Gentlemen of some quality, otherwise it is held too familiar.

If

If to a Baronet, or Knight of the Bath, we ſay
To *the honourable* or *much honoured.*
And his attribute (in the beginning of a Letter) may be *Much honoured Sir.*
The like may be given to a Colonel.
The uſual attribute of a Knight was of old
Right Worſhipful.
And of an Eſquire
Worſhipful.
But theſe are much diſus'd, unleſs it be by perſons of inferiour rank.
We ſay (writing to a Knight)
To my noble, or *to my much honoured friend, Sir A. B. Knight, theſe preſent.*
To an Eſquire we ſay
To my much honoured, or *moſt worthy friend, T. G. Eſquire.*
Obſerve that (when you write to an Eſq;) you be ſure not to ſay Maſter *T. G.* Eſq; for the (Maſter) is ridiculous, the Eſq; including it.
So if you write to a *Doctor* of Divinity, a *Doctor* of the Civil Law, or *Doctor* of Phyſick, you muſt not ſay Mr. *Doctor* T. G. nor *Doctor* T. G. *Eſq;* for *Doctor* both comprehends Maſter and Eſquire, and of theſe the Divine hath firſt place, the Civilian next, and the Phyſitian laſt.

To an ordinary Gentleman thus,
To *my approved friend*
To *my moſt eſteemed friend*
To *my much valued friend*
To *my very much reſpected friend*
To *my worthy good friend*, or the like.

Note that all the younger Sons of *Dukes* and *Marqueſſes* are Lords for their lives only, and are called

called Lord *John*, or Lord *William*, &c. by their Christian names.

The eldest Son of an Earle is a Lord by birth, so is not a Viscounts Son, till his Father be dead.

The youngest Sons of Viscounts and Barons are but Esquires, yet are honourable, and take place of all Baronets and Knights.

The eldest Son of a Baron is but an Esq; during his Fathers life.

Esquire (comes from the French *Escuier*, in Latin *Armiger* or *Scutifer*, i. a bearer of Armes or a Shield) is that degree of Gentry, which is next to a Knight; It is conceived that originally *Esquires* were bearers of Armes to Lords and Knights, and thence had their title. Now, to be true *Esquires*, according to the Law of Armes, they must either be Lords younger Sons, Baronets or Knights eldest Sons, Members of the Commons House of Parliament, the Kings Servants, Sheriffs, Justices of Peace, Serjeants or Baristers at Law, (yet the late *Earl Marshal* would not allow *utter Baristers* to be *Esquires*, out of *Westminster*-Hall, but in the late Acts for Polemoney they were ranked by the Parliament as *Esquires*, and paid as such;) And in *Walsinghams* History of *Rich.* 2. we read of one *John Blake*, who is said to be *Juris apprenticius*, and has the title *Scutifer* there given him. Yet of late times (I know not by what warrant) all Gentlemen that have but a considerable estate in Lands, take this addition upon them, when as the estate, though never so great, adds no title. And that the title of *Esquire* should descend from Father to Son, as the estate of Gentry doth, is meer fabulous, says Mr. *Herne*, in his *Glory of Generosity*, *page* 100. yet with this exception, that the heir of a Knight in the right line shall be an *Esquire* to the worlds end.

Ladies

Ladies have (for the moſt part) the ſame attributes as their husbands.

Both in Letter and diſcourſe, we give a *Dutcheſs* the title *Grace*.

But to a Marchioneſs, Counteſs, Viſcounteſs or Baroneſs, *Right Honorable*, and in diſcourſe *your Honor*; and among their equals, or in more familiar diſcourſe *Madam*.

If you write to any of theſe; the title *Madam*, is very moding, both at the beginning and end of your Letter. But if the perſon writing be of much lower Rank, than the Lady written unto, it will be decent to ſay,

May it pleaſe your Honour, or,
Right Honourable!

All the Daughters of *Dukes*, Marqueſſes and Earls, are Ladies by birth, and are called Lady *Anne*, Lady *Mary*, &c.

But the Daughters of a Viſcount or Baron are but *Miſtris*, yet are honourable; And their Addition (being named in inſtruments of Law or Conveyances) is no more than a Yeomans Daughter hath, and that is *Spinſter*, wherein there ſeems to be ſome title wanting.

For better underſtanding the point of precedency, I have abſtracted two Decrees made by King *James* touching the ſame, in the 10th and 14th years of his Raign, which you may read more at large in Mr. *Seldens* Titles of Honour, *page* 906.

That the younger Sons of Viſcounts and Barons ſhall take place and precedence before all Baronets.

That ſuch Bannerets *(as ſhall be made by the Kings Majeſty, his Heirs and Succeſſors, or by* Henry *now Prince of* Wales, *under his or their Standard diſplayed in*

in an Army Royal in open war, and the King or Prince personally present) for their lives onely, and no longer, shall for ever in all places take place and precedence, as well before all other Bannerets whatsoever, as likewise before the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

The younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and all Baronets, shall take place before all Bannerets whatsoever other then such as shall be made by the King as aforesaid.

That the Knights of the Garter, Privy Counsellors to the King, the Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, the Chancellor and under-Treasurer of the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Dutchy, the chief Justice of the Kings Bench, the Master of the Rolls, the chief Justice of the Common-pleas, the chief Baron of the Exchequer and all other the Judges and Barons of the degree of the Coif of the said Courts, shall have place before the younger sons of Viscounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

That Baronets and their heirs Males shall alwaies have place next unto the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and their wives shall take place accordingly.

And in another Decree, 14 Jacobi.

That the eldest sons of Baronets and their wives as well during their husbands lives, as after; And the daughters of the same Baronets following next after the said wives of the eldest sons of Baronets, shall have place and precedence before the eldest son and the wife of the eldest son of any Knight of what Order soever; And likewise the younger sons of such Baronets and their wives shall take place accordingly before the younger Sons of any Knights, &c.

26 SE 60

FINIS.